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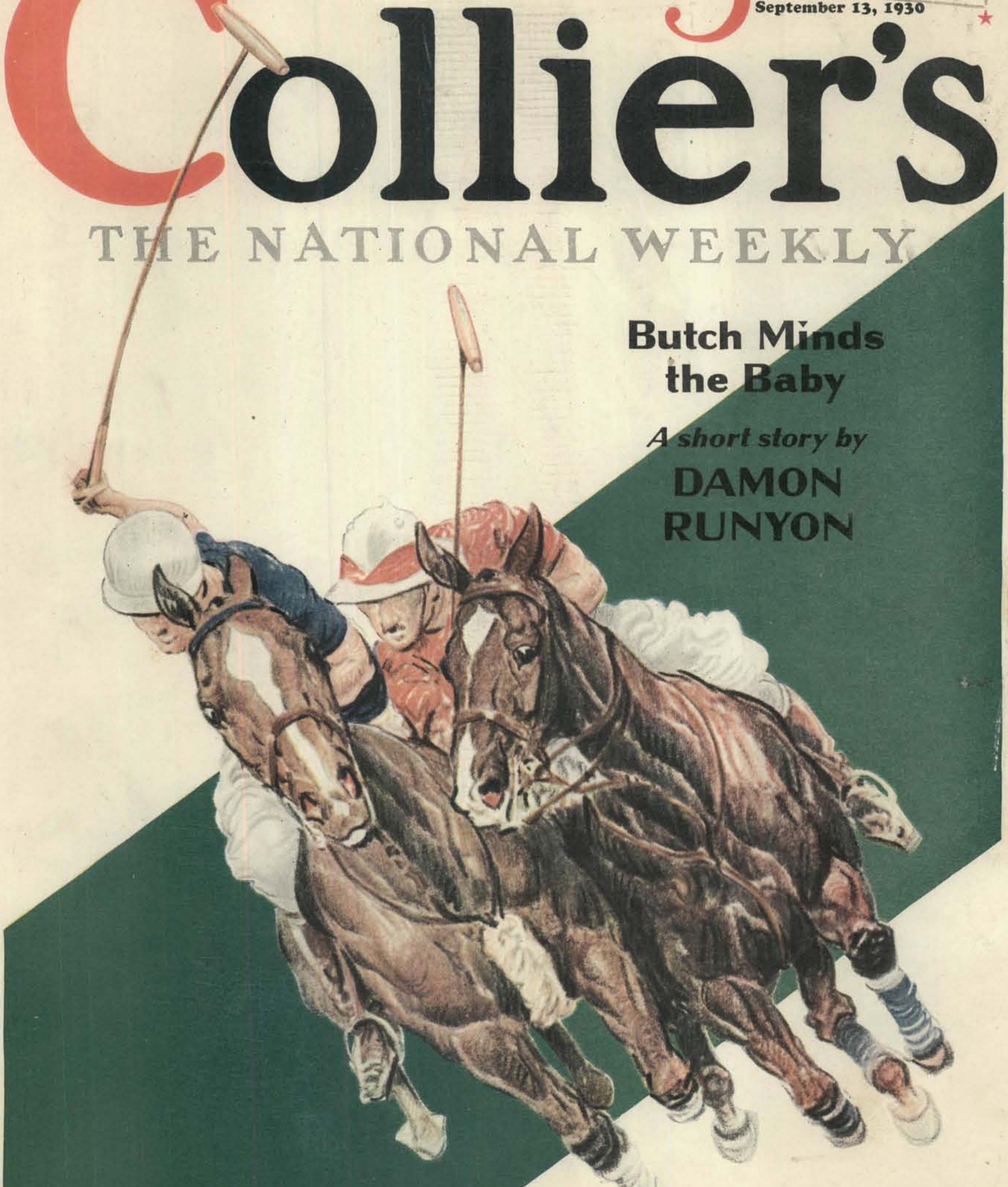
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

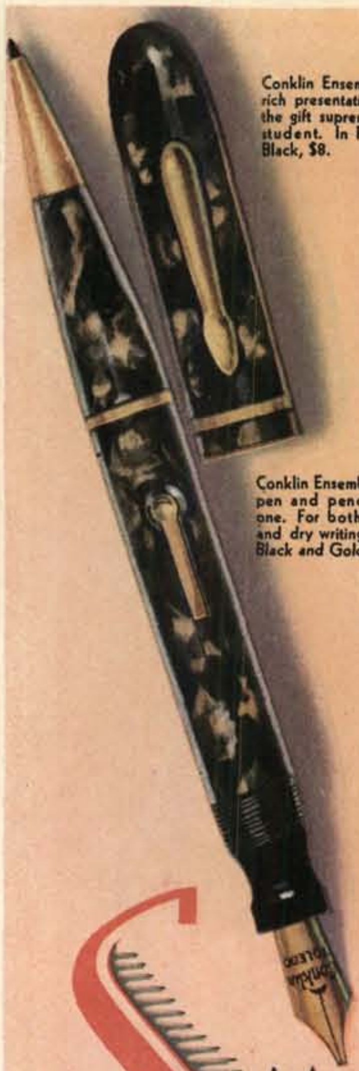


Butch Minds the Baby

A short story by
DAMON RUNYON

Hugh MacNair Kahler – George Creel – Guy Gilpatric – Frank R. Kent

SEPT. 13, 1930



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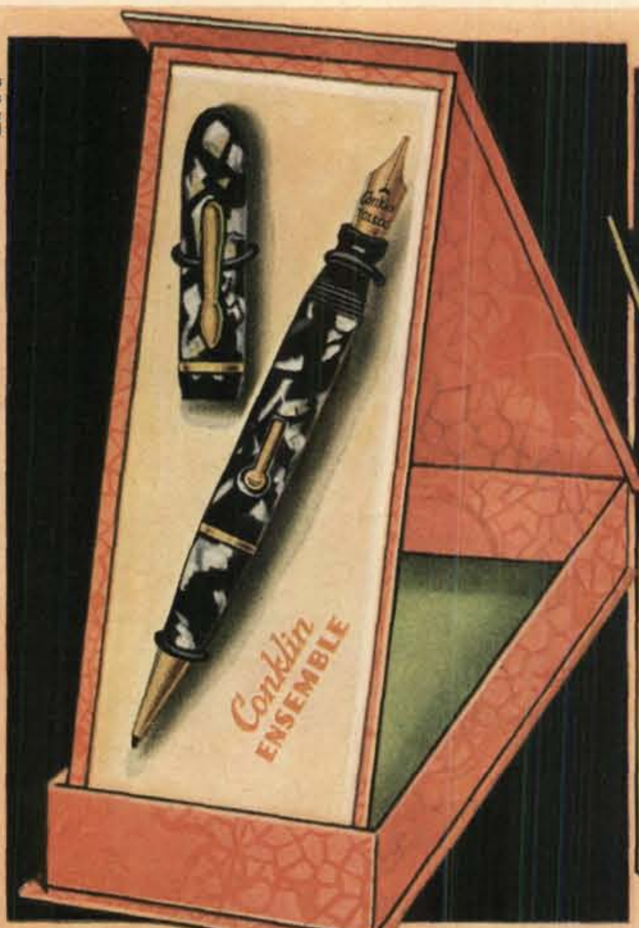

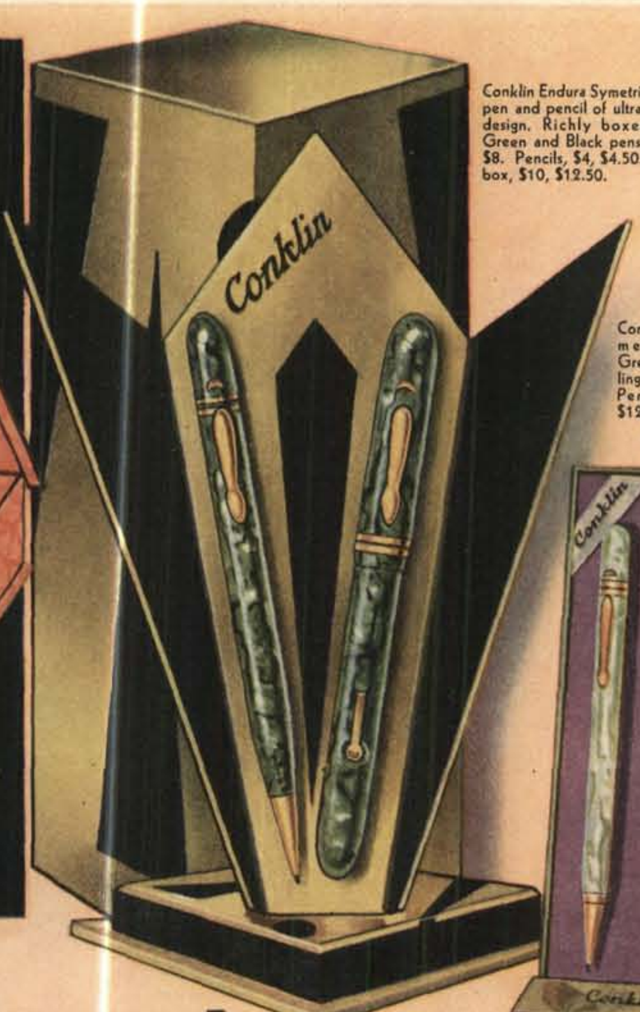

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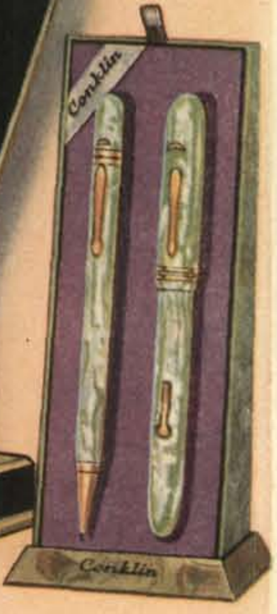

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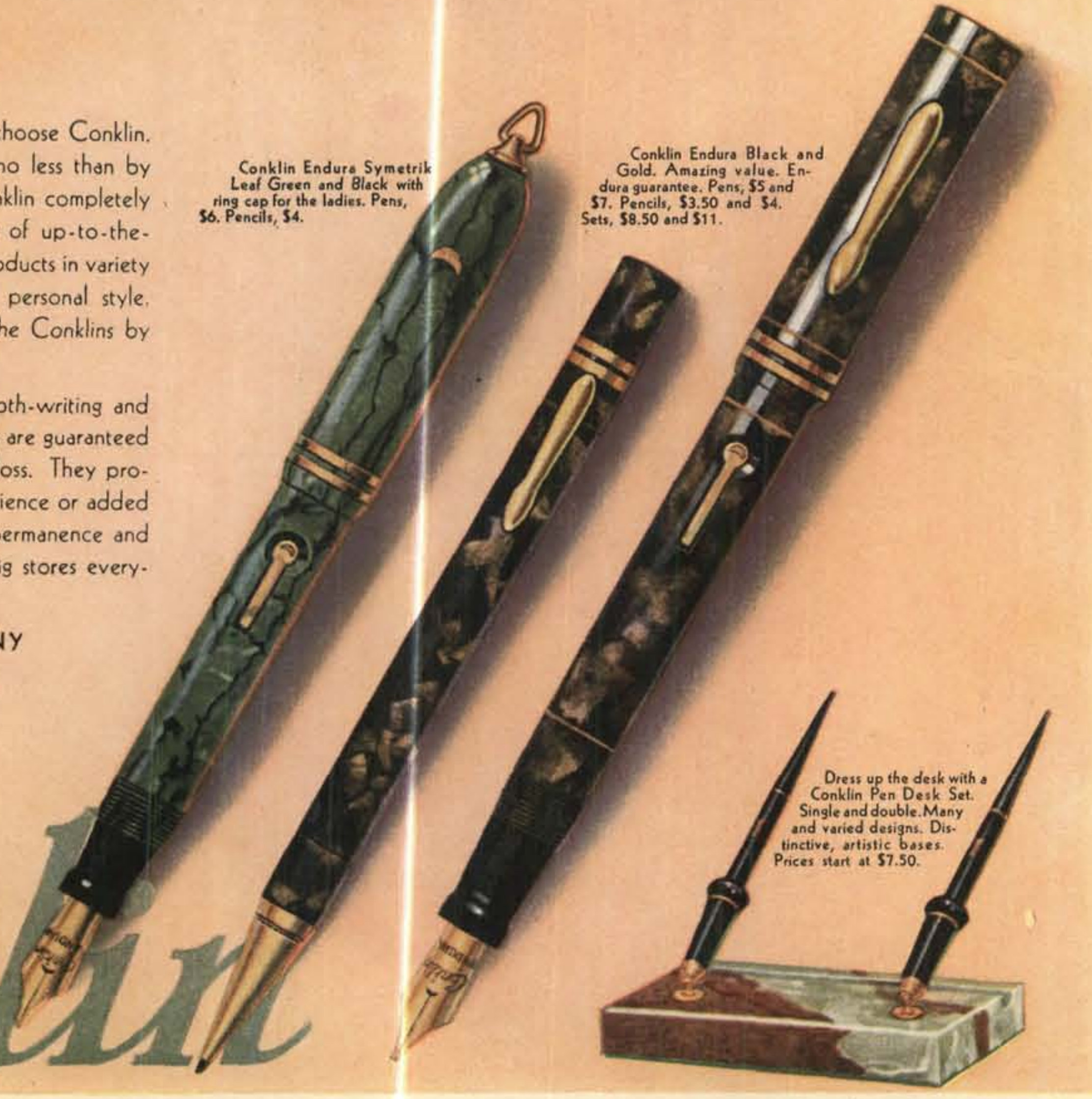

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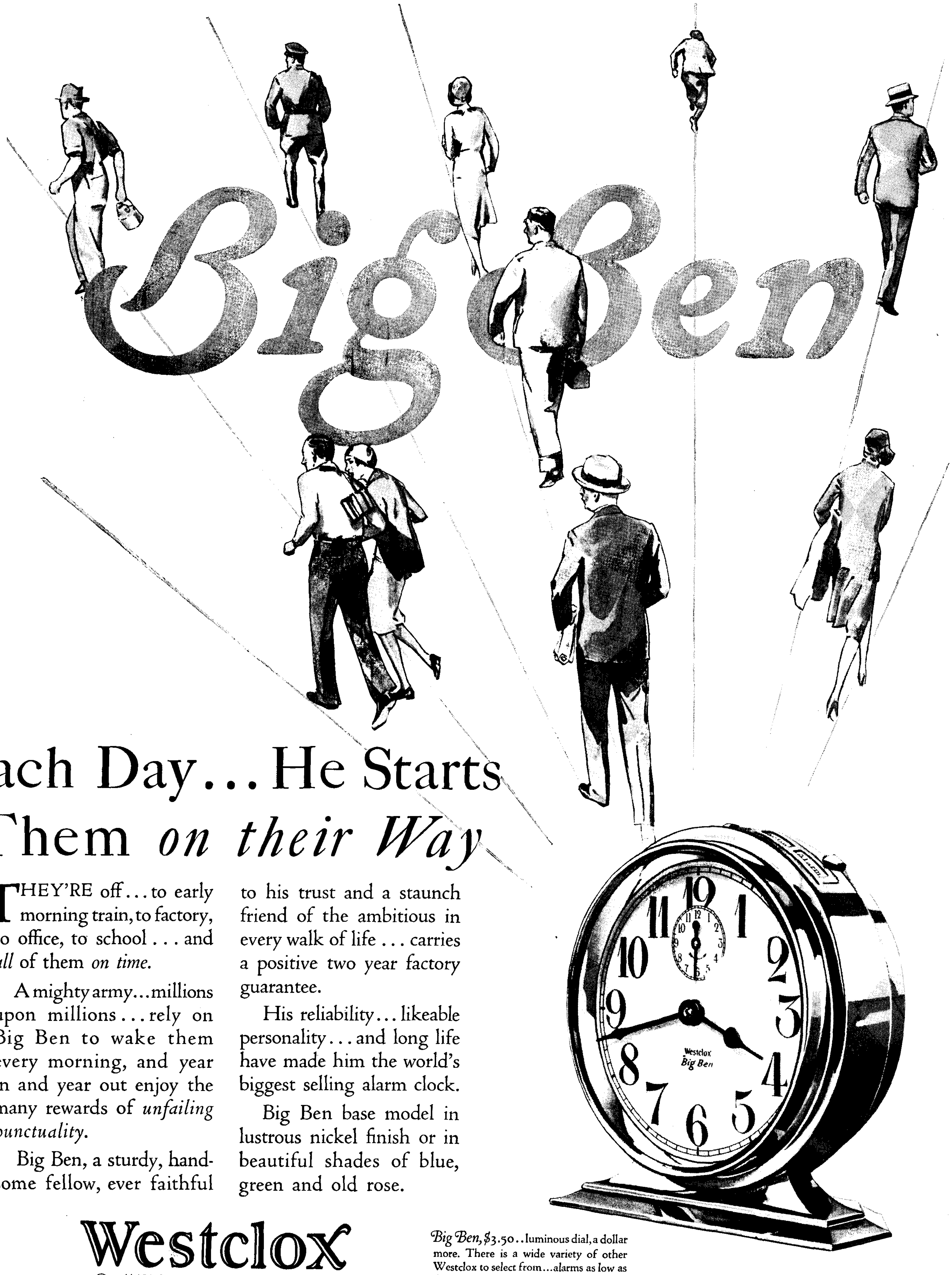

Each Day... He Starts Them *on their Way*

THEY'RE off... to early morning train, to factory, to office, to school... and *all* of them *on time.*

A mighty army... millions upon millions... rely on Big Ben to wake them every morning, and year in and year out enjoy the many rewards of *unfailing punctuality.*

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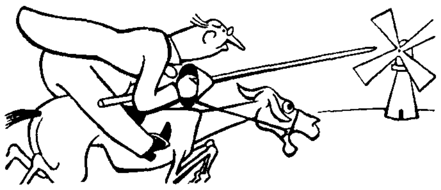
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

OUR favorite Wodehouse novel has been, until now, "A Damsel in Distress," a book which never failed to provide laughter and sunshine on days when life seemed to be somewhat more than we could bear. Its place is now taken by "Big Money," the new comedy by P. G. Wodehouse which *begins in the next issue.* We have read all of it and, avid for amusement, envy you who are about to meet a new cast of those charmingly self-centered characters who make Mr. Wodehouse's England such a delightful and vaguely incredible place.

There will be the usual crush at the news stands. All of our resources are thrown into the task of meeting emergencies like this. Even so, there will be, we fear, the usual complaining letters from those who get there too late.

"YOU look and you see me, and den you look again and you's mighty nigh bound to see a woman. Or else you look and see me and *don't* see no woman, well you better look again, 'cause it won't be me, neither." A bit of self-analysis by Roark Bradford's favorite roustabout, Bugaboo Jones. Such a fellow, we suspect, can't keep himself out of trouble. "Woman Up the River," Mr. Bradford's latest short story, proves it.



THE noise of election campaigns now afflicts widely separated parts of the country, but it is all a very piffling effort compared with the volume of sound coming from Alabama. In that state the vocal cords of Senator J. Thomas Heflin are vibrating steadily. Tom is engaged in battle for his political life, fighting with all his power to prove that he was right in 1928 and the Democratic party wrong.

We asked Walter Davenport to go to Alabama, listen to the oratory, travel about the state, talk to the politicians as well as the innocent and tell us what's going on. It's a diverting spectacle and Mr. Davenport has reported it with his accustomed fidelity in "Tom Quixote."

A LOVE story which begins at a Hollywood party and ends in a hospital might be a very devastating sort of story indeed, and if it weren't for leaving you with your eyebrows lifted that way we'd be tempted to tell you no more. But it is a delightful story and proves that love, an emotion in which we have complete confidence, is greater than others which are to be found more frequently in Hollywood—including fear, anger, hate, jealousy and, of course, avarice. To recover the feeling that all's well with the world, we recommend "The Wagon and the Star," by Ruth Burr Sanborn.

CECIL LEAN has written another yarn about Lou Wilson, of the Casting Wilsons; James B. Connolly's story of the America, the pilot boat that beat the best of England's yachts, is thrilling; Marie Beynon Ray, Grantland Rice, Dana Burnet, John B. Kennedy, Kathleen Norris, Carl Clausen and others—all present in an issue you can read twice—it's that good.

THIS WEEK

September 13, 1930

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Men to Measure: That old patronage trouble again.

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Sardines and Boned Chicken: A love story with delicatessen accompaniment.

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Caught in a Brainstorm: Or, more simply, punch-drunk.

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Mischief Makers: The party leaders.

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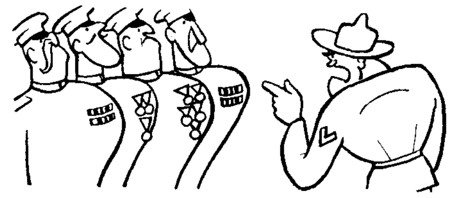
Time to Buy

Any Week

WE GATHER from his letter that Mr. Glenn Turbeck of Baltimore was a bit relieved recently when his newspaper informed him statistically of our country's preparedness for emergencies. Mr. Turbeck, a private in the 29th Division, A. E. F.—a capable outfit—read that the *United States contains at least 199,000* men who have been trained to be officers of our land forces—regulars, 12,000; national guard, 12,000; reserve officers' training corps, 72,000; and officers' reserve corps, 103,000.

"And this" writes Private Turbeck, "doesn't take into account 35,000 young fellows registered in the citizens' military training corps who, by a jab of a pen, could be second lieutenants. This ought to be very comforting to us old-timers who, when we were demobilized eleven years ago, were very apprehensive about the country's future safety. But with 199,000 brand-new officers ready to leap at the enemy's throat and 35,000 in the immediate rear we feel better. All they need now is a couple of good sergeants to take command of these officers and tell them precisely what to do when the foe appears. A good sergeant can do a lot with 234,000 men behind him, provided they are not all generals."



UP TO our eyes in gluey weather, we would have bet long odds that nothing a letter could have contained could arouse us from our lethargy. But we were wrong. Opening one from Parlier, California, we snapped to attention. It was from Mr. Dan Harrison, and while we couldn't possibly cram it into this space, we can tell you this much:

He says he's 84 years old. Also that he is a veteran of the Civil War (General Grant's private messenger), saw Mrs. Surratt and her associates hanged for Abraham Lincoln's assassination, saw service in China with the French Foreign Legion, enlisted in the Spanish-American War and subsequently went to the Philippines with rifle on shoulder, was taken prisoner at Ladysmith in the Boer War, helped the Russians in the Russo-Japanese fight and went out for England in the World War, putting in more than four years in France. Eleven wounds mark Mr. Harrison's body.

And now, aweary of peace, he is contemplating writing a book.

"IN SPITE of all you say," writes Mrs. Cora Lindley of Decatur, Illinois, "it is not respectable to be a wet even though some wets try to consider themselves just as good as other people of the community."

AND Miss Ethel P. Hansen of Staten Island, New York City, reports that she was so enthused by R. G. Kirk's "The Mugger and the Shadow" in Collier's for August 2d that directly after reading it she stopped at a dog store and boldly stroked its largest bulldog behind the ears. Two minutes later she was on her way to a hospital to have a well-bitten hand treated scientifically. She still thinks Mr. Kirk is an excellent writer, although she's sure the bulldog hadn't read his story.

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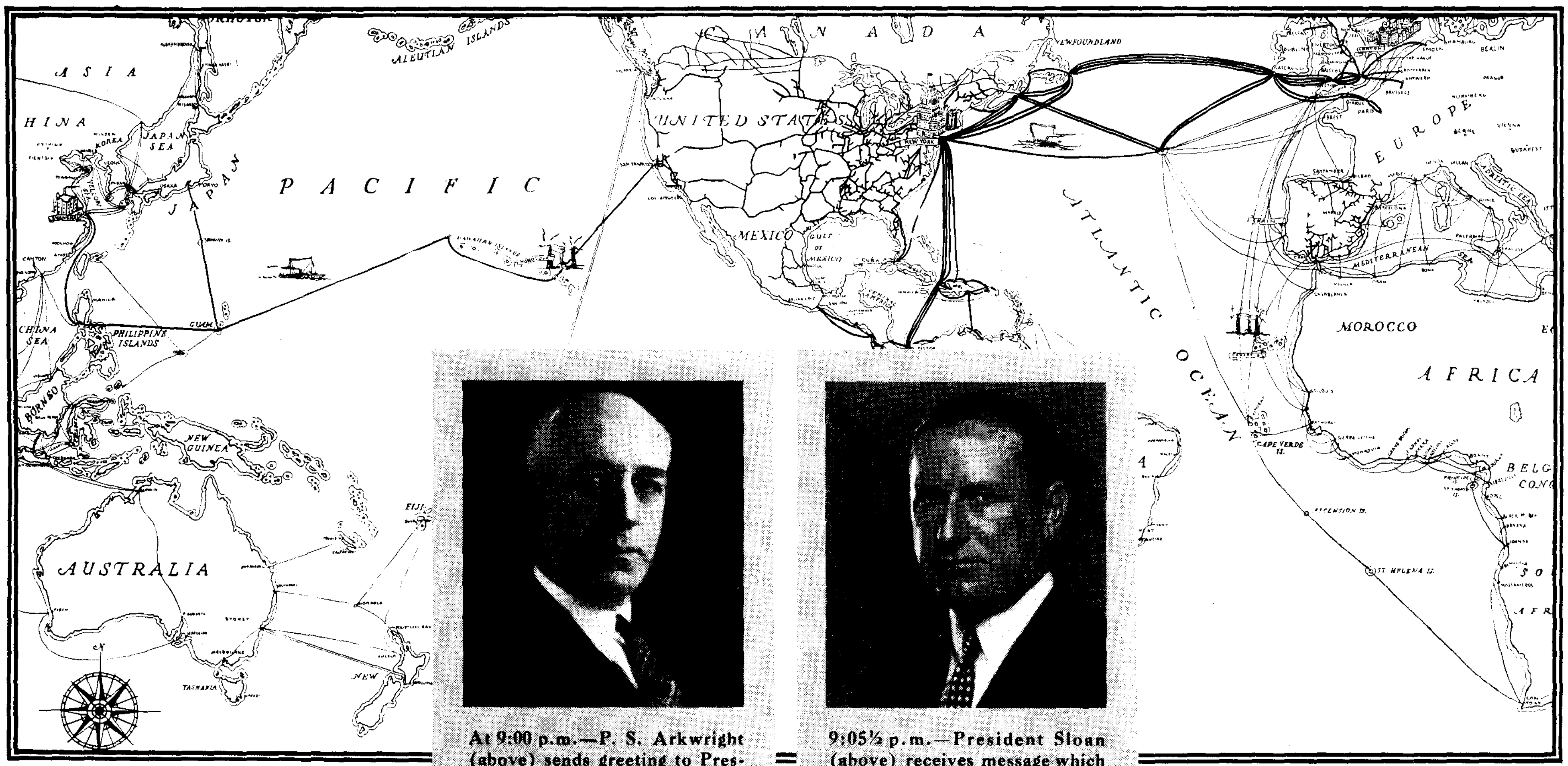
AT NELA CONVENTION

CHAIRMAN ARKWRIGHT GREETS PRESIDENT SLOAN WITH

Message that races round world in 5½ minutes



At 9:00 p.m.—P. S. Arkwright (above) sends greeting to President Sloan who is a few feet away—via Shanghai and London!

=

9:05½ p.m.—President Sloan (above) receives message which circles the earth in just five minutes and thirty-two seconds.

Postal Telegraph is the only American telegraph company offering a world-wide service of coördinated record communications.

Cable, wire and radio facilities of International System demonstrate advantages of coördinated communications

A MAP OF THE WORLD hung before the ten thousand delegates and guests at the recent convention of the National Electric Light Association in the Civic Auditorium, San Francisco. On it was traced the vast network of cable, landlines and radio which make up the International System.

Across the map, electric lights blinked on and off, showing the speedy progress of a message racing around the world.

It was a greeting from P. S. Arkwright, Chairman of the Public Policy Committee, to President Matthew S. Sloan of the N E L A, who sat in the Civic Auditorium with him. At 9:00 p. m. (P. C. T.) Mr. Arkwright had handed his message to an operator at a Postal typing telegraph machine.

Click, clickety, click! The message flashed under the depths of the Pacific through Commercial Pacific Cables . . . flowed uninterruptedly through Honolulu, Midway Island, Guam and Manila . . . and completed the first leg of its journey at Shanghai, China—more than 9,000 miles away. Here it was whisked through pneumatic tubes to another operating room . . . taken up by the Great Northern Telegraph Company and flashed over the vast stretches of Siberia. Passing through Irkutsk, skirting the shore of Lake Baikal . . . on through Ekaterinburg, Stalingrad and then to London, it had spanned another 9,000 miles.

At London, pneumatic tubes passed the message to the offices of Commercial Cables, which rushed it under the Atlantic to New York City. Here Postal Telegraph took charge and sped it back to the very typing telegraph machine from which it had started in the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco. When Mr. Sloan received the message neatly pasted up on a telegraph blank, a stop watch showed 9:05½ p. m.—it had girdled the globe in just five minutes, thirty-two seconds.

Other messages were dispatched to distant cities and ships at sea—via wire, cable and radio. Replies were received in record time.

• • •

EVERY Postal Telegraph office is a local nerve center of the International System. Reaching 70,000 points in the United States, 8,000 in Canada . . . Postal Telegraph, through its world-wide affiliations, can also put you in swift contact with world-wide markets.

Europe, Asia and the Orient over Commercial Cables . . . South and Central America and the West Indies by All America Cables. And Mackay Radio provides a lightning link between ship and shore. On your next telegram, cablegram, radiogram . . . call Postal Telegraph. You can always be sure of swift, reliable, accurate service.

Postal Telegraph

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Commercial Cables All America Cables Mackay Radio

▲▲▲ "Insist Upon RCA RADIOTRONS"

says

E. A. HANOVER

Vice-President

in charge of Purchases and Manufacturing

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MANUFACTURING CO.

"THE highest quality instrument may perform like a mediocre set if it is not equipped with uniformly high quality vacuum tubes. We use RCA Radiotrons for testing every Stromberg-Carlson Radio. RCA Radiotron precision and dependability and long life are proved by our tests. We urge every Stromberg-Carlson owner to insist upon having a complete installation of RCA Radiotrons in his new set and to use them for replacement purposes."

RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC.
HARRISON, N. J.

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Replace all the vacuum tubes in your radio set with RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. This is the only sure way to maintain good performance and minimize disagreeable noises and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. RCA Radiotrons will give you the maximum in selectivity, sensitivity and *tone quality.*

Old tubes may impair the performance of the new.

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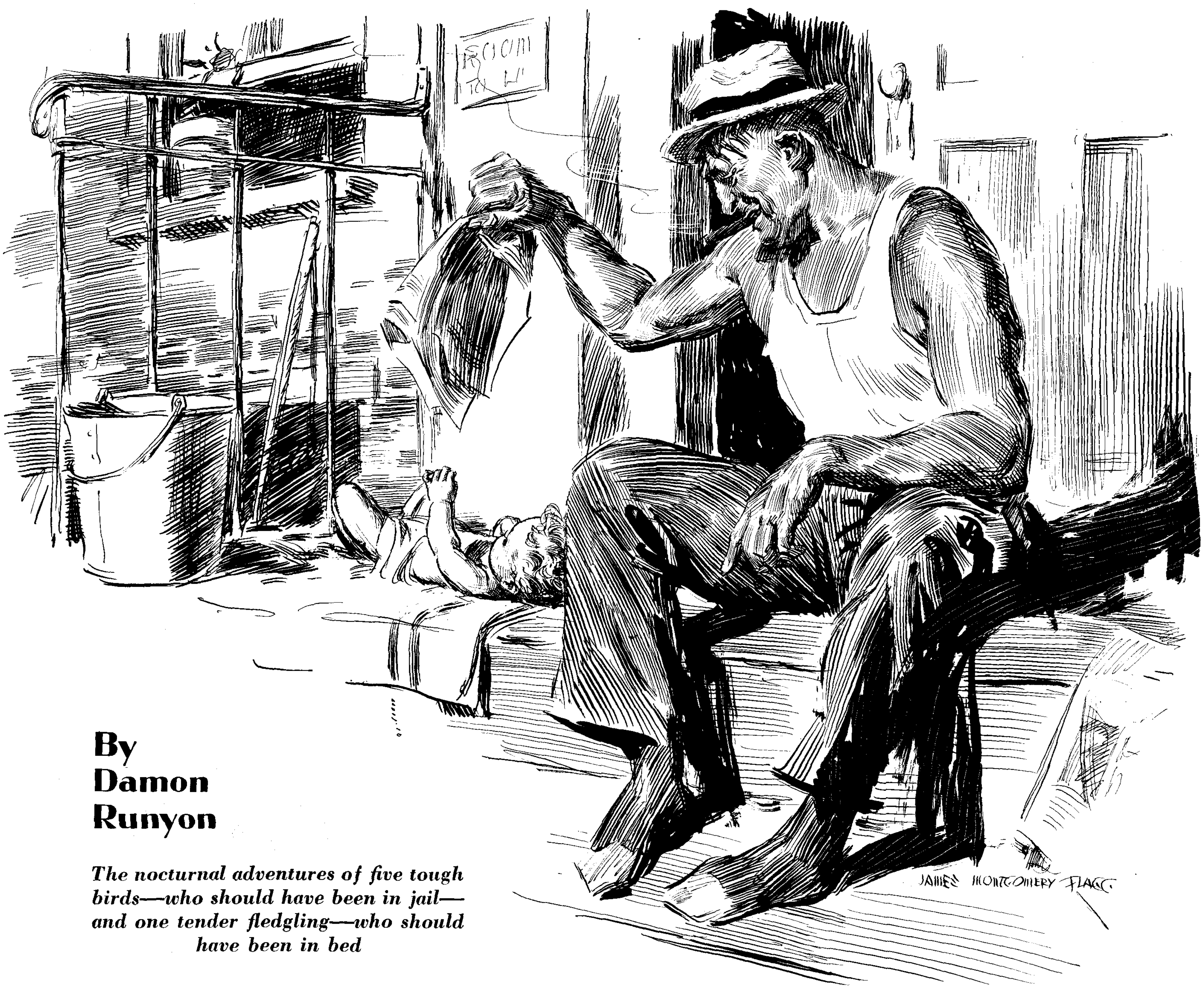
THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO

Collier's The National Weekly for September 13, 1930



By Damon Runyon

The nocturnal adventures of five tough birds—who should have been in jail—and one tender fledgling—who should have been in bed

Butch Minds the Baby

This baby seems to be asleep and every now and then Butch fans it with a folded newspaper to shoo away the mosquitoes

ONE evening along about seven o'clock I am sitting in Mindy's restaurant putting on the gefillte fish, which is a dish I am very fond of, when in comes three parties from Brooklyn wearing caps as follows: Harry the Horse, Little Isadore and Spanish John.

Now these parties are not such parties as I will care to have much truck with, because I often hear rumors about them that are very discreditable, even if the rumors are not true. In fact, I hear that many citizens of Brooklyn will be very glad indeed to see Harry the Horse, Little Isadore and Spanish John move away from there, as they are always doing something that is considered a knock to the community, such as robbing people, or maybe shooting or stabbing them, and throwing pineapples, and carrying on generally.

I am really much surprised to see these parties on Broadway, as it is well known that the Broadway coppers just naturally love to shove such parties around, but here they are in Mindy's, and there I am, so of course I give them a very large hello, as I never wish to seem inhospitable, even to Brooklyn parties. Right away they come over to my table and sit down, and Little Isadore reaches out and spears himself a big hunk of my gefillte fish with his fingers, but I overlooked this, as I am using the only knife on the table.

Then they all sit there looking at me without saying anything, and the way they look at me makes me very nervous indeed. Finally I figure that maybe they are a little embarrassed being in a high-class spot such as Mindy's, with legitimate people around and about, so I say to them, very polite:

"It is a nice night."

"What is nice about it?" asks Harry the Horse, who is a thin man with a sharp face and sharp eyes.

WELL, now that it is put up to me in this way, I can see there is nothing so nice about the night, at that, so I try to think of something else jolly to say, while Little Isadore keeps spearing at my gefillte fish with his fingers, and Spanish John nabs one of my potatoes.

"Where does Big Butch live?" Harry the Horse asks.

"Big Butch?" I say, as if I never hear the name before in my life, because in this man's town it is never a good idea to answer any question without thinking it over, as some time you may give the right answer to the wrong guy, or the wrong answer to the right guy. "Where does Big Butch live?" I ask them again.

"Yes, where does he live?" Harry the Horse says, very impatient. "We wish you to take us to him."

"Now wait a minute, Harry," I say, and I am now more nervous than somewhat. "I am not sure I remember the exact house Big Butch lives in, and furthermore I am not sure Big Butch will care to have me bringing people to see him, especially three at a time, and especially from Brooklyn. You know Big Butch has a very bad disposition, and there is no telling what he may say to me if he does not like the idea of me taking you to him."

"Everything is very kosher," Harry the Horse says. "You need not be afraid of anything whatever. We have a business proposition for Big Butch. It means a nice score for him, so you take us to him at once, or the chances are I will have to put the arm on somebody around here."

WELL, as the only one around there for him to put the arm on at this time seems to be me, I can see where it will be good policy for me to take these parties to Big Butch, especially as the last of my gefillte fish is just going down Little Isadore's gullet, and Spanish John is finishing up my potatoes, and is donking a piece of rye bread in my coffee, so there is nothing more for me to eat.

So I lead them over into West Forty-ninth Street, near Tenth Avenue, where Big Butch lives on the ground floor of an old brownstone-front house, and who is sitting out on the stoop but Big Butch himself. In fact, everybody in the neighborhood is sitting out on the front stoops over there, including women and children, because sitting out on the front stoops is quite a custom in this section.

Big Butch is peeled down to his undershirt and pants, and he has no shoes on his feet, as Big Butch is a guy who likes his comfort. Furthermore, he is smoking a cigar, and laid out on the stoop beside him on a blanket is a little baby with not much clothes on. This baby seems to be asleep, and every now and then Big Butch fans it with a folded newspaper to shoo away the mosquitoes that wish to nibble on the baby. These mosquitoes come across the river from the Jersey side on hot nights and they seem to be very fond of babies.

"HELLO, Butch," I say, as we stop in front of the stoop.

"Sh-h-h-h!" Butch says, pointing at the baby, and making more noise with his shush than an engine blowing off steam. Then he gets up and tiptoes down to the sidewalk where we are standing, and I am hoping that Butch feels all right, because when Butch does not feel so good he is apt to be very short with one and all. He is a guy of maybe six foot two and a couple of feet wide, and he has big hairy hands and a mean look.

In fact, Big Butch is known all over this man's town as a guy you must not monkey with in any respect, so it takes plenty of weight off of me when I see that he seems to know the parties from Brooklyn, and nods at them very friendly, especially at Harry the Horse. And right away Harry states a most surprising proposition to Big Butch.

It seems that there is a big coal company which has an office in an old building down in West Eighteenth Street, and in this office is a safe, and in this safe is the company pay roll of twenty thousand dollars cash money. Harry the Horse knows the money is there because a personal friend of his who is the paymaster for the company put it there late this very afternoon.

It seems that the paymaster enters into a dicker with Harry the Horse and Little Isadore and Spanish John for them to slug him while he is carrying the pay roll from the bank to the office in the afternoon, but something happens that they miss connections on the exact spot, so the paymaster has to carry the sugar on to the office without being slugged, and there it is now in two fat bundles.

Personally it seems to me as I listen to Harry's story that the paymaster must be a very dishonest character to be making deals to hold still while he is being slugged and the company's sugar taken away from him, but of course it is none of my business, so I take no part in the conversation.

Well, it seems that Harry the Horse and Little Isadore and Spanish John wish to get the money out of the safe, but none of them knows anything about opening safes, and while they are standing around over in Brooklyn talking over what is to be done in this emergency Harry suddenly remembers that Big Butch is once in the business of opening safes for a living.

In fact, I hear afterwards that Big Butch is considered the best safe opener east of the Mississippi River in his day, but the law finally takes to sending him to Sing Sing for opening these safes, and after he is in and out of Sing Sing three different times for opening safes Butch gets sick and tired of the place, especially as they pass what is called the Baumes Law in New York, which is a law that says if a guy is sent to Sing Sing four times hand running, he must stay there the rest of his life, without any argument about it.

So Big Butch gives up opening safes for a living, and goes into business in a small way, such as running beer, and handling a little Scotch now and then, and becomes an honest citizen. Furthermore, he marries one of the neighbor's children over on the West Side by the name of Mary Murphy, and I judge the baby on this stoop comes of this marriage between Big Butch and Mary because I can see that it is a very homely baby, indeed. Still, I never see many babies that I consider rose geraniums for looks, anyway.

Well, it finally comes out that the idea of Harry the Horse and Little Isadore and Spanish John is to get Big Butch to open the coal company's safe and take the pay-roll money out, and they are willing to give him fifty per cent of the money for his bother, taking fifty per cent for themselves for finding the plant, and paying all the overhead, such as the paymaster, out of their bit, which strikes me as a pretty fair sort of deal for Big Butch. But Butch only shakes his head.

"It is old-fashioned stuff," Butch says. "Nobody opens pete boxes for a living any more. They make the boxes too good, and they are all wired up with alarms and are a lot of trouble generally. I am in a legitimate business now and going along. You boys know I cannot stand another fall, what with being away three times already, and in addition to this I must mind the baby. My old lady goes to Mrs. Clancy's wake tonight up in the Bronx, and the chances are she will be there all night, as she is very fond of wakes, so I must mind little John Ignatius Junior."

"Listen, Butch," Harry the Horse says, "this is a very soft pete. It is old-fashioned, and you can open it with a toothpick. There are no wires on it, because they never put more than a dime in it before in years. It just happens they have to put the twenty G's in it tonight because my pal the paymaster makes it a point not to get back from the jug with the scratch in time to pay off today, especially after he sees we miss out on him. It is the softest touch you will ever know, and where can a guy pick up ten G's like this?"

I CAN see that Big Butch is thinking the ten G's over very seriously, at that, because in these times nobody can afford to pass up ten G's, especially a guy in the beer business, which is very, very tough just now. But finally he shakes his head again and says like this:

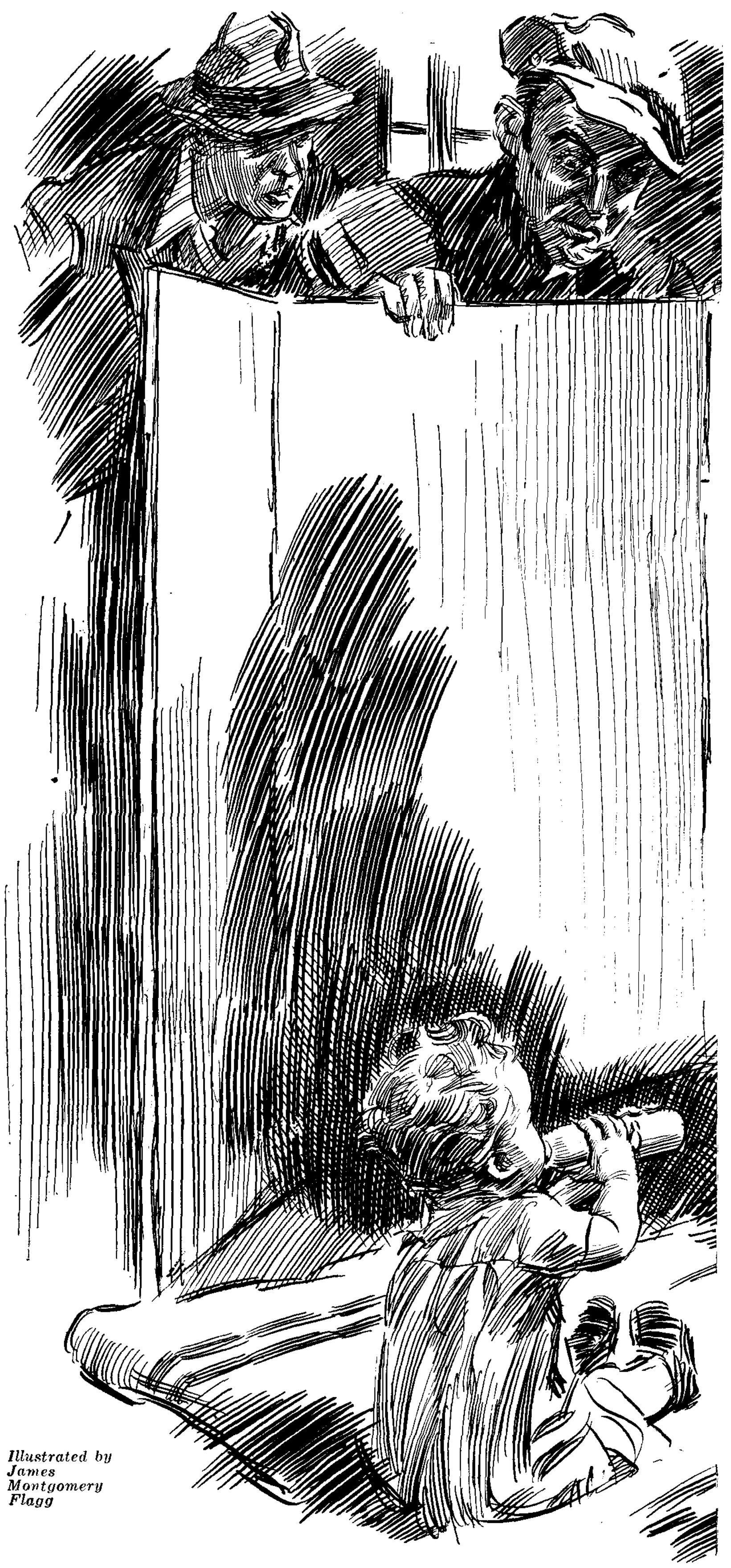
"No," he says, "I must let it go, because I must mind the baby. My old lady is very, very particular about this, and I dast not leave little John Ignatius Junior for a minute. If Mary comes home and finds I am not minding the baby she will put the blast on me plenty. I like to turn a few honest bobs now and then as well as anybody, but," Butch says, "John Ignatius Junior comes first with me."

Then he turns away and goes back to the stoop as much as to say he is through arguing, and sits down beside John Ignatius Junior again just in time to keep a mosquito from carrying off one of John's legs. Anybody can see that Big Butch is very fond of this baby, though personally I will not give you a dime a dozen for babies, male and female.

Well, Harry the Horse and Little Isadore and Spanish John are very much disappointed, and stand around talking among themselves, and paying no attention to me, when all of a sudden Spanish John, who never has much to say up to this time, seems to have a bright idea. He talks to Harry and Isadore, and they get all pleasured up over what he has to say, and finally Harry goes to Big Butch.

"Sh-h-h-h!" Big Butch says, pointing to the baby as Harry opens his mouth.

"Listen, Butch," Harry says in a whisper, "we can take the baby with us, and you can mind it and work, too."



Illustrated by
James
Montgomery
Flagg

Big Butch goes to work on the safe again, with John Ignatius

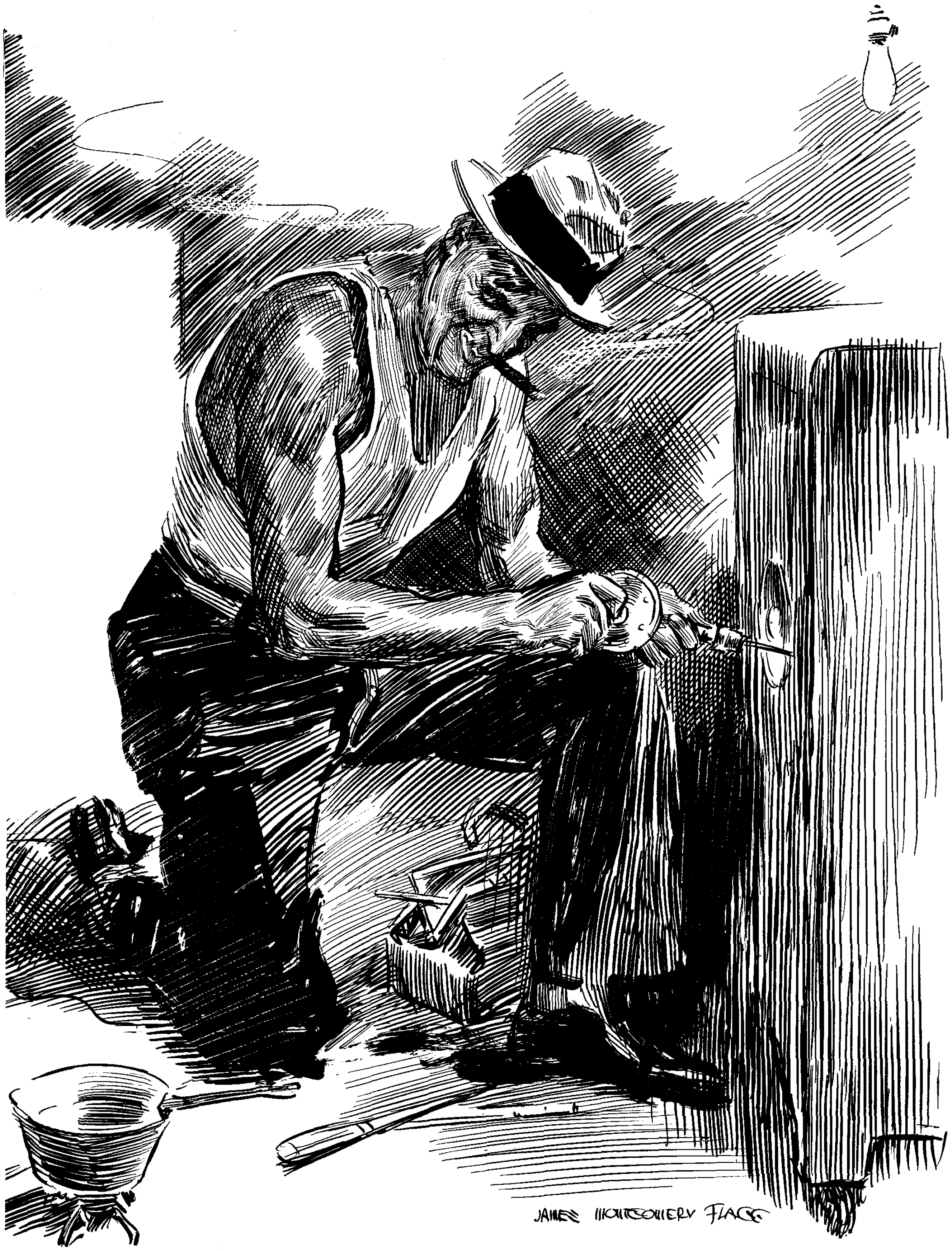
"Why," Big Butch whispers back, "this is quite an idea indeed. Let us go into the house and talk things over."

So he picks up the baby and leads us into his joint, and gets out some pretty fair beer, though it is needled a little, at that, and we sit around the kitchen chewing the fat in whispers. There is a crib in the kitchen, and Butch puts the baby in this crib, and it keeps on snoozing away first rate while we are talking. In fact, it is sleeping so sound that I am commencing to figure that Butch must give it some of the needled beer he is feeding us, because I am feeling a little dopey myself.

Finally Butch says that as long as he can take John Ignatius Junior with him he sees no reason why he shall not go and open the safe for them, only he says he must have five per cent more to put in the baby's bank when he gets back, so as to round himself up with his ever-loving wife in case of a beef from her over keeping the baby out in the night air. Harry the Horse says he considers this extra five per cent a little strong, but Spanish John, who seems to be a very square guy, says that after all it is only fair to cut the baby in if it is to be with them when they are making the score, and Little Isadore seems to think this is all right, too. So Harry the Horse gives in, and says five per cent it is.

WELL, as they do not wish to start out until after midnight, and as there is plenty of time, Big Butch gets out some more needled beer, and then he goes looking for the tools with which he opens safes, and which he says he does not see since the day John Ignatius Junior is born and he gets them out to build the crib.

Now this is a good time for me to bid



Junior sitting on the blanket, pulling on the bottle and looking wiser than a treeful of owls

one and all farewell, and what keeps me there is something I cannot tell you to this day, because personally I never before have any idea of taking part in a safe opening, especially with a baby, as I consider such actions very dishonorable. When I come to think things over afterwards, the only thing I can figure is the needled beer, but I wish to say I am really very much surprised at myself when I find myself in a taxicab along about one o'clock in the morning with these Brooklyn parties and Big Butch and the baby.

Butch has John Ignatius Junior rolled up in a blanket, and John is still pounding his ear. Butch has a satchel of tools, and what looks to me like a big flat book, and just before we leave the house Butch hands me a package and tells me to be very careful with it. He gives Little Isadore a smaller package, which Isadore shoves into his pistol pocket, and when Isadore sits down in the taxi something goes wa-wa, like a sheep, and Big Butch becomes very indignant because it seems Isadore is sitting on John Ignatius Junior's doll, which says "Mamma" when you squeeze it.

IT SEEMS Big Butch figures that John Ignatius Junior may wish something to play with in case he wakes up, and it is a good thing for Little Isadore that the mamma doll is not squashed so it cannot say "Mamma" any more, or the chances are Little Isadore will get a good bust in the snoot.

We let the taxicab go a block away from the spot we are headed for in West Eighteenth Street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, and walked the rest of the way two by two. I walked with Big Butch, carrying my package, and Butch is lugging the baby and his satchel and the flat thing that looks like a book. It is so quiet down in West Eighteenth Street at such an hour that you can hear yourself think, and in fact I hear myself thinking very plain that I am a big sap to be on a job like this, especially with a baby, but I keep going just the same, which shows you what a very big sap I am, indeed.

There are very few people in West Eighteenth Street when we get there, and one of them is a fat guy who is leaning against a building almost in the center of the block, and who takes a walk for himself as soon as he sees us. It seems that this fat guy is the watchman at the coal company's office and is also a personal friend of Harry the Horse, which is why he takes the walk when he sees us coming.

It is agreed before we leave Big Butch's house that Harry the Horse and Spanish John are to stay outside the place as lookouts, while Big Butch is inside opening the safe, and that Little Isadore is to go with Butch. Nothing whatever is said by anybody about where I am to be at any time, and I can see that, no matter where I am, I will still be an outsider, but, as Butch gives me the package to carry, I figure he wishes me to remain with him.

IT IS no bother at all getting into the office of the coal company, which is on the ground floor, because it seems the watchman leaves the front door open, this watchman being a most obliging guy, indeed. In fact he is so obliging that by and by he comes back and lets Harry the Horse and Spanish John tie him up good and tight, and stick a handkerchief in his mouth and chuck him in an areaway next to the office, so nobody will think he has anything to do with opening the safe in case anybody comes around asking.

The office looks out on the street, and the safe that Harry the Horse and Little Isadore and Spanish John wish Big Butch to open is standing up against the rear wall of the office facing the street windows. There is one little electric light burning very dim over the safe so that when anybody walks past the place outside, such as a watchman, they can look in through the window and see the safe at all times, unless they are blind. It is not a tall safe, and it is not a big safe, and I can see Big Butch grin when he sees it, so I figure this safe is not much of a safe, just as Harry the Horse claims.

Well, as soon as Big Butch and the baby and Little Isadore and me get into the office, Big Butch steps over to the safe and unfolds what I think is the big flat book, and what is it but a sort of screen painted on one side to look exactly like the front of a safe. Big Butch stands this screen up on the floor in front of the real safe, leaving plenty of space in between, the idea being that the screen will keep anyone passing in the street outside from seeing Butch while he is opening the safe, because when a man is opening a safe he needs all the privacy he can get.

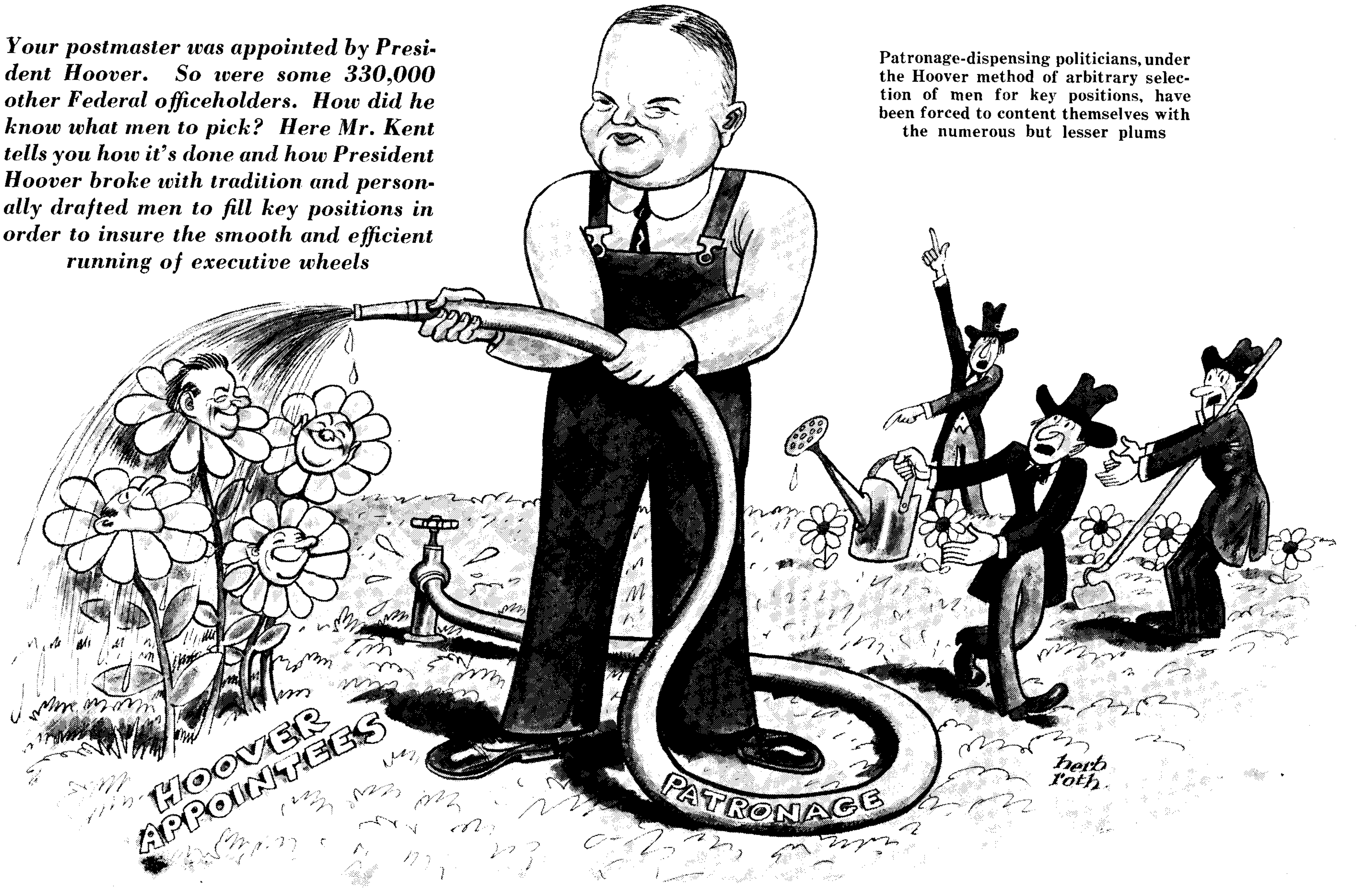
BIG BUTCH lays John Ignatius Junior down on the floor on the blanket behind the phony safe front and takes his tools out of the satchel and starts to work opening the safe, while Little Isadore and me get back in a corner where it is dark, because there is not room for all of us back of the screen. However, we can see what Big Butch is doing, and I wish to say while I never before see a professional safe opener at work, and never wish to see another, this Butch handles himself like a real artist.

He starts drilling into the safe around the combination lock, working very fast and very quiet, when all of a sudden what happens but John Ignatius Junior sits up on the blanket and lets out a squall. Naturally this is most disquieting to me, and personally I am in favor of beaning John Ignatius Junior with something to make him keep still, because I am nervous enough as it is. But the squalling does not seem to bother Big Butch. He lays down his tools and picks up John Ignatius Junior and starts whispering, "There, there, there, my itty oodleums. Da-dad is here."

Well, this sounds very nonsensical to me in such a situation, and it makes no impression whatever on John Ignatius Junior. He keeps on squalling, and I judge he is squalling pretty loud because I see Harry the Horse and Spanish John both walk past the window and look in very anxious. Big Butch jiggles John Ignatius Junior up and down and keeps whispering baby talk to him, which sounds very undignified coming

(*Continued on page 76*)

Your postmaster was appointed by President Hoover. So were some 330,000 other Federal officeholders. How did he know what men to pick? Here Mr. Kent tells you how it's done and how President Hoover broke with tradition and personally drafted men to fill key positions in order to insure the smooth and efficient running of executive wheels



Patronage-dispensing politicians, under the Hoover method of arbitrary selection of men for key positions, have been forced to content themselves with the numerous but lesser plums

Men to Measure

By Frank R. Kent

Illustrated by Herb Roth

IN a party government with 80,000 employees in Washington and nearly 250,000 more scattered throughout the country, the White House distribution of Federal patronage is perhaps the heaviest of the Presidential burdens. Nearly every President has groaned under it. The rugged Cleveland once cried out that it made him wish he had not been elected. The sordid and incessant struggle sickened Lincoln's soul. Woodrow Wilson lost his temper many times, incurring enmities that outlasted his life. Poor Mr. Taft never was out of trouble with the job-seekers; he worried about it, lost flesh, "bellyached" to his friends. Harrison suffered intensely, and said so. Chester Arthur once let his feelings go and icily rebuked a patronage-hungry group of New York political friends who gathered in the White House.

Patronage is the source of more friction, feeling, heat and heartburn than anything else. It is the hidden reason for the bogging-down of many an ambitious program. The weight of the problem grows with every administration. The jobholders, in proportion, increase faster than the population. The expansion of the government more than keeps pace with the expansion of the country.

To members of the House and Senate (particularly of the Senate because under the Constitution they have the confirming power) Federal patronage is of vital concern. The basic interest of every senator is his renomination and reëlection. He permits no policy, issue, conviction or belief to interfere with that. When it comes to increasing his chances of staying in the Senate every senator will "rise above principle." That is his primary interest. It overshadows all others. If there is an exception it cannot now be recalled.

The basis of every state political machine is patronage. The men who run politics in the states and deliver the goods in the primaries, which are the key to all politics, are the fellows who hold the jobs. In the Democratic party, which has won the Presidency but four times since the Civil War, the machines in the states are based on state or municipal patronage. It is the Republican party, except for sixteen years in continuous control of the Federal government since 1860, whose state organizations are founded upon the Federal jobs and sag badly without them.

With these facts in mind it is interesting to consider the relations between President Hoover and the present Senate in respect to appointments.

The Senate Ignored

You will find plenty of Republican senators—the Democrats don't count in this patronage business—who are excessively irritated over appointments, or pretend to be. You will hear stories of Hoover's failure to consult senators about appointments from their states, and of his disposition to disregard senatorial recommendations.

There is the story that news of the selection of Dwight F. Davis for governor-general of the Philippines was broken to Senator Patterson of Missouri by newspaper men. Though Mr. Davis was a neighbor and a friend and Senator Patterson would have endorsed him, he did not get the chance. And Senator Goldsborough of Maryland found a friend of his—Colonel Amos W. Woodcock—had accepted the post of prohibition director before Senator Goldsborough knew it had been offered. He had previously endorsed Colonel Woodcock for another office. He knew Colonel Woodcock had been tentatively approached for the larger one, but the approach was not through the senator. His recommendation would have been forthcoming but it was not necessary. There have been quite a few other instances of this sort when a senator has found a man chosen from his state for an important Federal post without consultation, coöperation or conference with the senator. The senator has been told about it after the deal was closed, not before.

Alexander Legge, chairman of the Farm Board, was chosen in this way. Senators Deneen and Glenn of Illinois had nothing to do with that appointment. And the new head of the reorganized Tariff Commission, who may be named before this article is printed, but is not named yet, undoubtedly will be another appointment with which no senator will have anything to do.

All this sounds as though Mr. Hoover were deliberately ignoring senators in the matter of patronage, making his appointments regardless of politics and politicians, and that the senators of his party were naturally and generally angry with him.

Not one of these three things is true, however.

So far from ignoring senators, Mr. Hoover has been punctilious in consulting them about the "ordinary run of shad"—to wit, local appointments such as internal revenue collectors, collectors of the port, United States marshals, postmasters, appraisers, customs inspectors, and so forth, of which there are thousands in the country and which in the states are the really vital political plums for the Republican senator concerned about his primaries—which means all senators.

Standing by the Party

So far as these places are concerned, the regular Republican senators—and some who are not so regular—have been well treated by the White House, as well treated as any Republican President ever treated them. The organization has been recognized. The senatorial recommendations have been accepted—accepted by Mr. Hoover even when, as in the case of Hopkins in Kansas, recommended by Senators Allen and Capper for the Federal bench, and Watkins in Pennsylvania, recommended by Senator Reed and William Wallace Atterbury, they resulted in fierce opposition from other senators and scathing criticism from the press.

It may be—and probably is—true that Mr. Hoover, now he has his job, would like to be a nonpartisan President and serve the country with its best men regardless of politics and politicians. But Mr. Hoover is much too clear-headed to think that can be done successfully under our political system. Ours is primarily a party government and any President who in these matters was not a party President would be a ruined President—a one-termer, futile, feeble and a failure.

So far as the country is concerned it would be an ideal thing if after his election a President could disregard politics and consider only fitness in his appointments for every office. Aside from the political reasons why this cannot be done, there is a practical reason. . . . The sheer job of finding responsible men for the smaller places would leave him no time for anything else. It would be an impossible burden.

Without the politicians to recommend and the organization to hold responsible he would be utterly at a loss. He could not advertise for "help." He could not himself sift and see the applicants. Somebody must propose and vouch for them.

Any President who tried to ignore the party machines in these matters, except in isolated cases (and in them he would have to rely upon recommendations from a faction, anti-machine but equally political), would be not only himself politically sunk, but would find the great governmental engine clogged by the inexperienced, untrained and irresponsible "run of shad" dredged up by the personal method of selection.

It is not easy to exaggerate the difficulty of finding, these days, first-grade men for the smaller-salaried public jobs. To those who think politics a dirty game and all politicians inherently crooked (which is far from the truth) it will seem strange to state that a President who personally picked the thousands of small cogs for the government machine instead of obtaining them through the party organization would load himself with inferior rather than superior material. Yet such is the indisputable fact.

Even if it could be done, it would be an unsound and inefficient thing to do—and it can't be done. Mr. Hoover has too much sense to try it. He has, of course, tried to insist in the smaller places upon qualified men, but he has taken the party recommendations as to the qualifications just the same.

With a different and more diluted party history than any other Republican President, in this respect he is a party President—and a strong one. Where he has stepped aside from the recognized Presidential party procedure is not in selecting the "ordinary run of shad," but, to pursue the piscatorial metaphor, in dealing with the "kingfish," who fill the key positions.

The good or bad administration of our government in Washington does not depend very much upon the quality of the members of the President's Cabinet, who most often are mere "window dressing." There are some fine specimens in this President's Cabinet. Nor does it depend upon the thousands of little jobholders who perform the routine work in the various departments and throughout the country. The question of whether the government's business in any administration is efficiently performed hinges largely upon the character and capacity of the relatively small group of men who hold the above-mentioned key positions.

These are the assistant secretaries, not the secretaries; the deputies, not the chiefs in the departments; the chairmen of the big, independent administrative boards and the heads of the important commissions created by Congress, appointed by the President, but not much in the spotlight. It is by these the real work is done and the real power exercised.

He Knows His Job

In his eight years as Secretary of Commerce under Harding and Coolidge Mr. Hoover had a great opportunity to study the government. To a man of his taste, temperament and training, cherishing from the start the ambition to run the government, it would be surprising indeed if, better than anyone else, he did not know which are and which are not the vital parts of the machinery. It is conceded even by his critics that he does know. Appreciating the political necessity of recognizing the party people for the "ordinary run of shad," and the extreme foolishness and futility of not doing so, his head and heart were—and are—set upon filling the key positions with personally picked men who, he personally knows, can handle their jobs.

This wasn't a job for the politicians—it was a job for the President. Moreover, it was a physically possible job for him. Under previous Republican administrations, Republican senators have made recommendations for the key places as well as for the others. Former Presidents have "window dressed" their own Cabinets, with due regard to geographical and political considerations, but were in the main free from strenuous party pressure.

In the past, however, the larger politicians, particularly the senatorial politicians, have concentrated on the key positions. What happened when they were successful all down the line was notably and sadly illustrated during the Harding régime.

The pressure upon Mr. Coolidge was not very great. He came into the White House through an act of God, made as few changes as possible, rode inertly upon the flood tide of an undreamed-of prosperity, and, protected from criticism by conditions, made in two years one fourth as many appointments as Hoover has made in fifteen months. In this matter he was the routine Republican President.

So far as the "ordinary run of shad" goes, Hoover has been the routine Republican President, too. So far as the key positions go, he has not been. His idea for them has been first to find the best available man in the country. Then, by personal persuasion and appeal, convince him that the acceptance of a subordinate position in which there was much hard work, large room for criticism, little chance for honor, glory or fun, and a considerable financial sacrifice, constituted a public duty which he had to perform. It is greatly to Mr. Hoover's credit that he has succeeded in doing this in so many instances, a genuine tribute to him that there are today in the key governmental positions more men of the type thus described than under any previous administration.

Amos W. Woodcock, Prohibition Director, had senatorial endorsement, but for another office

Hoover Men All

The most conspicuous example of this kind is Mr. Legge of the Farm Board, who gave up his $100,000 salary as president of the International Harvester Company to take, at $10,000, the meanest and hardest and most thankless job any man has had in Washington in a long time. No senator could have got Mr. Legge to come to Washington. It took the strong personal appeal of the President of the United States.

Mr. Legge is a shining instance, but there are plenty of others. Here is a partial list: Ferry K. Heath, of Michigan, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Joseph P. Cotton, of New York, Undersecretary of State; Walter E. Hope, of New York, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Charles E. Hughes, Jr., of New York, Solicitor-General; Frederick A. Tilton, of Michigan, Assistant Postmaster-General; Ernest Lee Jahncke, of Louisiana, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; G. Aaron Youngquist, of Minnesota, Assistant Attorney-General; Major Clarence M. Young, of Iowa, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics; F. Trubee Davison, of New York, Assistant Secretary of War; Seth W. Richardson, of Iowa, Assistant Attorney-General; Charles P. Sisson, of Rhode Island, Assistant Attorney-General; Robe Carl White, of Indiana, Assistant Secretary of Labor; Arch Coleman, of Minnesota, First Assistant Postmaster-General; Charles J. Rhoads, of Pennsylvania, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, head of the reorganized Veteran and Pension bureaus.

Then there are all the members of the Law Enforcement Commission, headed by Mr. Wickersham and including Newton Baker and Roscoe Pound. Anyone who thinks these men did not have to be "drafted" or could have been got through the regular political channels is not very thoughtful.

Mr. Hoover selected Dwight F. Davis as governor-general of the Philippines without senatorial advice

On the whole, notwithstanding the nonpolitical methods by which Mr.

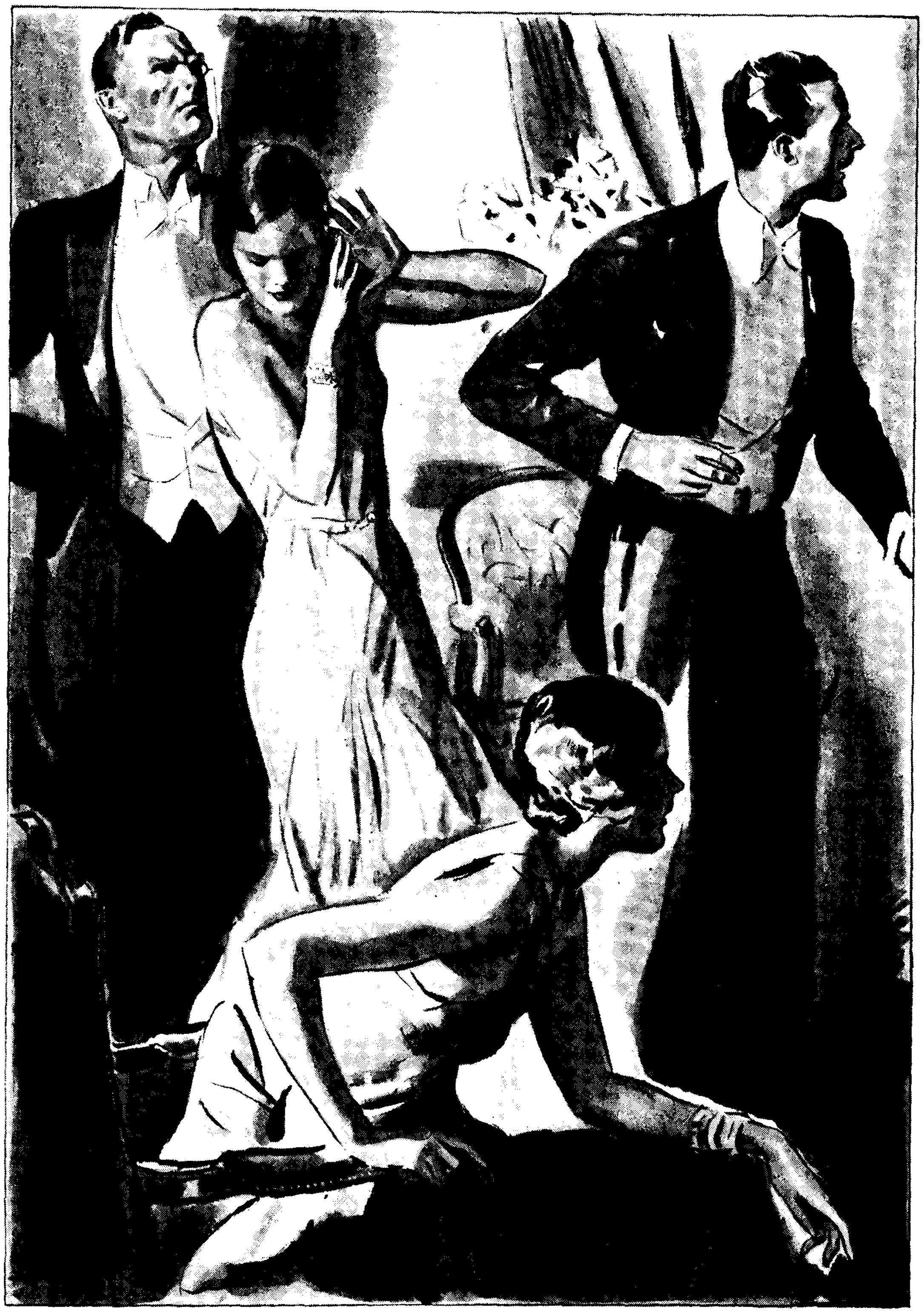
(*Continued on page 71*)

The story of a little war, in which a lowly feline plays a leading rôle—and both sides win a victory

Sardines and Boned Chicken

By Hagar Wilde

Illustrated by Carl Mueller



Derek said, "If you'll pardon my outfit I'll give you a sight of the portrait immediately."

AFTER the stock market debacle, Patricia Stafford found her assets totaled one Persian cat and his carrying box, one antique medallion bearing the resemblance of her great-great-grandmother, one Spanish credenza (which nobody could be persuaded to buy) and five hundred dollars in cash. Her liabilities were: one Persian cat, a lease on an apartment at Seventy-second Street and Park Avenue (which nobody could be persuaded to rent) and the soul of a spendthrift.

So she took the five hundred dollars and started for Bermuda and the Blantons. Being Patricia, the five hundred dollars went for the regal suite.

She arrived at Hamilton, Bermuda, with two trunks, the cat and his carrying box and six dollars.

When the boat docked, she sat on the bed swinging her heels against the baseboard and whistling. When things were very bad, Patricia always whistled so that she couldn't hear herself think.

The whistle died off when the steward appeared in the doorway. "We're docking, miss," he said.

"I know it," Patricia said. "I'll take the cat and you take the trunks. That's a fair exchange."

She gave him five of her six dollars. He accepted them graciously.

Plutarch, the cat, meowed unceasingly while she was clearing the customs. A velvet paw came squeezing out of the small round hole in the carrying box and said in pantomime that a cat can't exist upon air and please would she stop at the first opportunity and purchase steak, or possibly a sardine?

Patricia touched the paw gently. "You shall be fed," she said, "when we get to Ann's."

The invitation from Ann Blanton which reposed in her bag was four months old and read as follows:

DEAR PAT:

We've taken a house in Paget and Tony has the doldrums. He's moaning for company, and I'm not temperamentally suited to double for three hundred and ninety-nine of New York's four hundred. Do come down and help me out. Cable us if you can come, or, better still, surprise us. You'll find carriages at the wharf, have the driver take the middle road and ride until you pass the deserted church. Ours is the first shanty on the left. The house is pink and the shutters are blue. You can't miss it. If possible, bring along some of the gang. Lovingly, ANN BLANTON.

Patricia hadn't cabled because she loved surprising people, even four months later.

She followed instructions and found the house. It *was* pink, and one of the blue shutters hung forlornly from one corner and leered at her. When she released Plutarch, he took refuge in a crotch of the nearest tree, telling her plainly what he thought of the method, if any, of feeding cats on an ocean voyage. He informed her that he had been seasick, that there had been dogs around, that he disliked the surrounding country, and that if she must know he had need of solid substance such as steak or a sardine.

He seemed to take no stock in her assurance that he would be fed.

PATRICIA found the door to the cottage unlocked, and getting no answer to vigorous poundings she took advantage of it and went in. Ann and Tony were absent. After foraging in the kitchen she emerged with a saucer brimming with milk. Plutarch regarded it with disfavor. "Sorry," Patricia said humbly, "but there wasn't a bit of steak nor a sardine anywhere about."

"An English province and no sardines?" Plutarch's manner said plainly. "What a situation!" But he swallowed his pride and then the milk, proceeding with dignity back to his tree crotch immediately thereafter. He looked sleepy. Plutarch never slept well on boats.

Patricia went in and curled up on the divan to await Ann's return. She fell asleep and roused at dusk to find a long, dark young man sitting in the chair opposite regarding her curiously.

Patricia sat up so quickly that her little French heels clicked on the bare floor and made a mark. "You!" said Patricia.

He nodded brightly.

"Well!" Patricia said then.

"Oh, not at all," said the young man, and frowned a bit.

"I thought," Patricia said, "I thought that . . ."

"You thought," the young man said, "that I'd thrown myself in the East River. Well, you were wrong."

"Of course," Patricia said politely, "I'd hoped never to see you again, but since you're visiting Ann . . ."

"I'm not visiting Ann," Derek Arden said. He seemed to have a mind that jumped from one thing to another. This time it jumped to Plutarch. "I suppose that's your cat sitting in my tree," he said.

"That's my cat sitting in Ann's tree," Patricia said.

"IT ISN'T Ann's tree unless he's changed trees in the last five minutes. I've been watching him."

"You hate me as much as ever, don't you?"

Derek Arden nodded.

"Just because I happened to push you in the pool with your tuxedo on. . . ."

"Happened!" Derek muttered. "Ha!"

"Well, then, I just happened to want to get even for the night you cut my tires because I wouldn't drive you home."

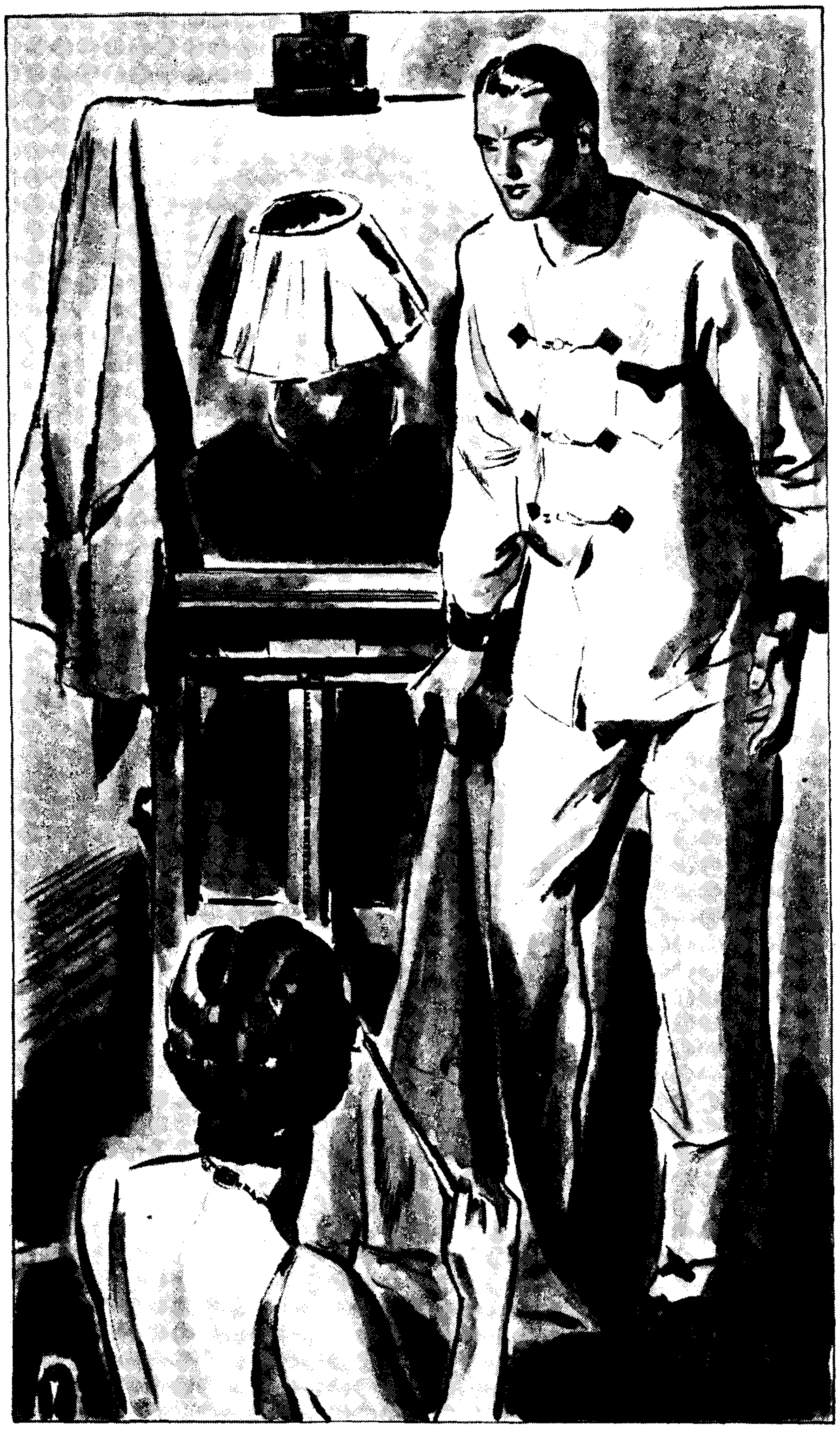
"I wanted to kiss you," Derek said blandly, "and I couldn't with all of the Redmont Country Club looking on. I don't take to being thwarted."

"Isn't it my luck that you'd have the house next door! I was born with a wooden ladle in my mouth."

"It looks it," he said. "As it happens, I haven't the house next door. I have this one."

"*This one!* You are visiting Ann, then?"

"Nope. Ann's in England. Tony's father died and they've gone on to be landsmen."



The drape came off and Patricia closed her eyes. She could not bear to look

Patricia moaned and collapsed into the shelter of the nearest cushion. Here she was in Bermuda, with no money to go home, no money to stay, with two trunks, innumerable hatboxes and a cat who persisted in sitting in a tree. And she was in Derek Arden's house.

She recovered long enough to say, "My trunks are on the porch."

"I know," he said. "I fell over them."

"My hatboxes are in someone's bedroom."

"Mine," he said. "I fell over those too."

"My cat's in your tree."

"I know. He scratched me."

Patricia laughed. "Good," she said.

She rose and began restlessly to pat her frock and hair into place. She had exactly fifty cents to her name, having given the driver of the carriage fifty cents for wrestling two trunks up a forty-eight-foot walk. Maybe fifty-foot. "Well," she said, as though she had some place to go, "I guess I'll be going."

"Ah," he said.

Ah. Like that. Short and snappy. The manners of a stableman. Not even an invitation to stop for tea!

"I owe you a dime," she said coldly, "for milk which I fed my cat when I first came. I looked for sardines but there weren't any."

A look of mild triumph spread itself over his face. "I keep my sardines locked in the cupboard," he said.

"You would," said Patricia. She threw ten cents on the table. That left her forty. She stalked out and paused on the top step. "I can't carry my trunks with me," she said bitterly. "You may throw them in the road if you like."

"All right," he said.

SHE popped Plutarch into his basket and started toward Hamilton, ignoring his wrathful howls. She whistled furiously for fifteen steps, and then ground out between her teeth, "Pretty funny, isn't it? Ha-ha. Ha. Patricia Stafford, the Giddy Girl, in Bermuda. Patricia Stafford, the Giddy Girl, in a haystack somewhere eating grass and killing wild Bermudian cows for sustenance. Patricia Stafford sacrificing her life to support a Persian Maltese cat that does nothing but howl. Shut *up*, you!" (This last to Plutarch, who was making demands in his bassest voice.)

A large yellow moon rose. Hamilton was a good two miles away, and she was wearing French heels. The farther she walked, the more she hated that young man.

Wearily, she took refuge on a large stone which hadn't even the grace to be flat. Plutarch's complaints had died to a low, ominous rumble. She snapped the catch of the basket and he tumbled out, disheveled and injured. Gathering what shreds of dignity were within easy reach, he twitched his silver tail plume and marched off to sit down at a discreet distance. He demanded silently what she intended doing about their plight. Plutarch had a way of shifting the responsibility. "Well," Patricia said, giving him look for look, "I don't know, and what are you going to do about that?"

"We have friends in New York," Plutarch's accusing glare said.

"Never," Patricia said firmly. She became more emphatic. "Never, never," she said, and Plutarch's opportunistic gaze faltered. "We have to have money," Patricia said. "Come on, Useless, a suggestion."

But Plutarch had given up. He was sleepy and disinterested. If they got money and he lived on boned chicken, all right. If they didn't, and he didn't, he could catch field mice, and Patricia Collins would be without a silver Persian cat, that was all. On her head be it. He turned around and around and settled down in a nice, warm little nest of grass.

One thing was certain, Patricia decided as she whistled, and that was: She was a fixture in Bermuda for the length of time it would take to abase that fiend in human form who was prowling around on Ann Blanton's rugs and eating his locked-up sardines in lonely, selfish splendor.

A CARRIAGE clattered past, and Plutarch started up in terror. Being sleepy and confused, he scuttled directly toward it. Patricia jumped and screamed, and the carriage stopped. "Kitty, kitty," a woman's voice said. "*Nice* kitty."

"Nice kitty the devil," Patricia said sourly. "The most ornery cat that ever came out of Persia. How are you, Fanny?"

"Pat Stafford!" Fanny Shadd said. "What are you doing here?"

"Sitting," said Patricia, "and whistling occasionally."

"Well, my Lord," Fanny said, and sat down on the stone beside Patricia. She raised her voice slightly: "Cam, it's Pat Stafford! She's sitting here. Tell Percy to drive to the side of the road and wait."

Cam left the carriage and ambled leisurely over. He sat down on what was left of the stone. Fanny held Plutarch and soothed him. Cameron regarded Patricia approvingly. "Funny to find you here," he said.

"Oh, I get around," said Patricia. "I came to visit Ann."

"Ann left last month," Fanny said. "I helped her pack."

"I heard about it."

"Then you saw Derek?"

"Yes," Patricia said, after a long pause. "I saw Derek."

"He's here to paint Mrs. Sanderson Simms' portrait," said Fanny.

"She's a fright," Cam said, "and her daughter's in love with him."

"Mrs. Simms was, too," said Fanny, "only he said he'd have to flatter her to make it any kind of a portrait."

"Now that you're here, Pat," Cam said, "there's no sense going back, is there? Stick around a while."

"There's no reason why you shouldn't stay, is there?" Fanny said.

Patricia turned thoughtful eyes upon the horizon. She smiled slightly. "No," she said, "I'd like to stay for a while. Could you stand Plutarch?"

"*Nice* kitty," Fanny said, stroking Plutarch. "Tood we *stan'* him? I dess we *tood.*"

SO PATRICIA and Plutarch took up their residence with the Shadds and their wire-haired terrier. There was a Royal Poinciana tree in the front yard, so Plutarch was happy, and Nig, the wire-hair, couldn't climb it, so he was unhappy.

Sandy Barlum was stopping at a hotel in Hamilton but he made his headquarters at the Shadds'. Constance Greer could be found in a corner of the Shadd ménage at almost any time of day or night, encouraging a new young man. It kept Patricia pretty busy walking away from Constance's new young men. She was always walking away from one or another of them and not coming back.

"I've a hunch," Cameron said to Patricia one day, "that you don't care much for young Arden."

"To put it mildly," Patricia said, "I detest his interior."

For the first time in her life, she was a girl with a purpose.

She spent her days wandering around and figuring. She had a fairly adequate solution when she stopped figuring and started waiting. She hadn't waited long when Derek wandered in one day. He wanted to borrow a dish of salt.

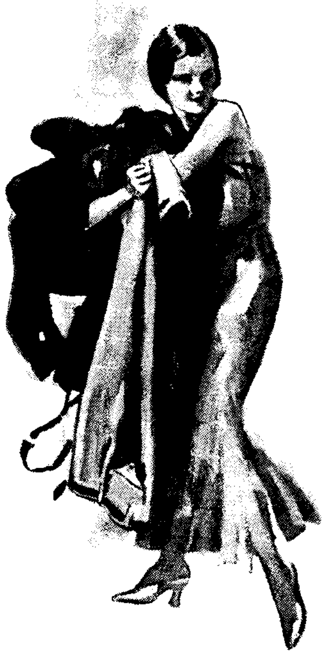
Fanny gave him the salt and persuaded him to stay for tea. Patricia came in from swimming and there he was. Slouched in a chair drinking tea and throwing silent insults at Constance Greer with his eyes.

Patricia looked very nice. She wore her nicest beach pajamas over a wet sun suit, and her hair was squidging up in tight auburn curls around her temples. Her mouth was very red, and she had Plutarch hugged under one arm, tickling his chin.

She sat down and accepted a cup of tea. As she poked the slice of lemon in the bottom of the cup she regarded Mr. Arden thoughtfully. Derek regarded her thoughtfully. The room became filled with thought and pretty silent. Fanny fluttered into it. "You don't come around much, Derek," she said.

"No," Derek said. "I don't."

"We'd like to see more of you," said Fanny, looking at Patricia.



"Why?" Patricia asked, and the room became so thick with silence that Patricia and Derek could scarcely see each other through it, although they were looking. Derek smiled suddenly, right at her. Patricia snooted him by lifting her nose just a trifle.

Then she went away to dress without saying good-by to him, and Derek observed that she was a difficult person. After this observation he departed with his salt.

Derek came to Fanny's party that evening. Patricia wore white organdy and looked too delectable. Derek coaxed her out on the veranda by glowering and

(*Continued on page 60*)

Caught in a Brainstorm

By Grantland Rice

Illustrated by
F. G. Cooper

The athlete can absorb only so much punishment and although boxers are the principal victims of punch-drunkenness it affects practically every sport—even the sports writers are not immune

THERE seems to be a general and highly-fallacious idea that in order to become "punch-drunk" one must suffer a long series of heavy thumpings on chin or head, thereby scrambling up the brain. But this doesn't always follow.

Of course the fight game is full of punch-drunk exhibits. Some of these are plain "goofey." Others have delusions of grandeur, delusions that they can come back and win long after their winning days are over, or they may become greatly excited when an argument starts about the game they have followed.

But the ring isn't the only game with punch-drunk entries. In almost every sport where the nerve pressure is heavy and continuous you may find the same effect. Quite possibly no blow has been landed on any vulnerable or vital spot affecting the brain. But certain obsessions have developed that for the time being may cripple sanity.

I was sitting in a room one morning with a young football coach and four veteran coaches. These old-timers were all smart, able men, who had known success in their professions. But the terrific strain of an annual three-months gridiron campaign over many years had made it difficult for them to be normal when football arguments were started.

The debate had started the previous afternoon and had more tentacles than an octopus. It lasted all night and here at eight o'clock in the morning it was still going strong. About this time the young coach gave me a knowing look. "Punch-drunk," he said. "I think I'll retire while there is time."

Too Many Putts

During the recent Open golf championship at Interlachen, where the heat and the strain were killing forces, I met a star golfer who had quit playing before the end of his first round.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

A sudden gleam came into his eyes as he took me by the arm and led me aside. "I took three putts on the first green," he said. "I took three on the second green. I was hitting the ball fine but I took three putts on the third green. I missed just one shot from tee to green for those first nine holes, but I was out in 44—eight over par.

"I took three putts on the tenth green. Then I played a chip shot on the eleventh and it ran over the green into a trap. My brain reeled. I knew if I took three putts on another green I'd either cut my throat with a mashie-niblick or jump into one of these lakes. I was getting goofy. I could hear funny noises. So I picked up and quit to keep from going crazy."

I have seen other golfers at the end of hard tournament campaigns who were as punch-drunk as fighters. The strain of trying to concentrate through one hard round after another and the inability to sleep at night had affected them seriously.

At the Interlachen tournament one star golfer, who had played brilliantly the previous day, left me at one o'clock in the morning in the lobby of his hotel. He went to bed at two and was back in the lobby at five o'clock. He couldn't sleep. In that day's play he held up until he came to the last six holes of the 72-hole test and here he crashed like an airship with both wings snapped off and the motor dead. He still had a dazed look when he started for home after the championship was over. And when I saw him a week later he said he was still unable to concentrate on golf or anything for more than a few seconds at a time.

One of Yale's best ends from the old days told me a story of the first instruction he ever took from Tom Shevlin, one of the Blue immortals. He expected Shevlin to start showing him how to block, tackle, etc. But Shevlin didn't. He merely took his pupil aside and lectured him thus: "If you want to be a great football player, or even a good one, the first thing to remember is this—Get crazy."

Anyone who later saw Shevlin and Fielding Yost arranging chairs and tables after the manner of two teams lined up for action, and then watched the two crash through, scattering furniture in all directions, must have had his own opinion of this theory.

Wilbert Robinson of the Brooklyn Dodgers can get punch-drunk from a world series when he is merely a spectator, or perhaps a newspaper commentator. Several times during the last three or four world series, in which the National League has had some rough sledding, I have left the ball park with Robby after a game when he was waving his arms wildly, explaining some play that cost the game or a change in pitchers that should have been made. The outburst would continue through dinner and late that night in a hotel room the anguished Robby would still be stalking up and down, muttering to himself and occasionally breaking into another passionate outcry over one of the misplays.

In normal moments your Uncle Wilbert is one of the sanest and most genial companions. But he was catcher for the Baltimore Orioles some thirty-seven years ago and the fever has left its mark.

Many players have become punch-drunk from being hit in the head with pitched balls. I also recall a heavy hitter who had averaged around .340 for several years. One spring in an exhibition game he was hit on the side of the head with a fast ball and from that point on his decline was rapid. It was felt that he might be ball shy for a few weeks, but the effect continued until he had dropped below .250, and his old smartness had vanished completely before the end of that year.

Scatterbrained Scribes

Modern pressure in sports is much heavier than it used to be. The greater spread of publicity is largely responsible for this condition. Far more space is now given to sports in the newspapers and magazines. In addition the radio and motion pictures bring the more important events to millions of fans. Even the sports writers are not immune to this form of intoxication. Sit in with a bunch of them some night before a heavyweight championship fight. Arms are waving all night, voices are pitched high. Every "if" and "maybe" is taken out and aired.

Before the Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago, Ort Wells asked me to bring several of the fight writers to his rooms at the Chicago Athletic Club. The bunch arrived at nine o'clock in the evening. At three A. M. Mr. Wells decided to retire but he was ignored, for the argument was then in full force. Around five o'clock Mr. Wells suddenly awoke as the oratory reached a new height. He sat up in bed, blinked and then looked at the clock. "Punch-drunk," snorted Mr. Wells as he rolled over and went back to sleep.

Which recalls also the trip Frank Craven, the actor and playwright, took with me to Max Schmeling's camp at Endicott just before the Sharkey fight. Benny Leonard was driving the car. Unfortunately I asked his opinion of the coming battle while the car was traveling about fifty miles an hour. Benny turned loose the wheel and began shadow-boxing with both hands, explaining the best punches each had. As the car was spiraling along the road, Mr. Craven turned to me and in a somewhat shaking voice made this request: "After this ask him about champion bicycle riders."

Toeing the Line

Boarding-school lassies are not more rigidly disciplined and chaperoned than the alluring young dainties who comprise the Chester Hale girls. They must watch their steps both on and off the stage, and woe betide the youngster who doesn't obey all the rules

By Hugh Leamy

AH, school is out," you might very well say, beaming warmly on the lassies frisking about the yard. One group in the corner is energetically engaged in a game of hopscotch. Another plays tag. Over against the wall two or three more serious-minded delights are reading. Intent on catching up in their studies, no doubt.

School is indeed out. But hold. That laughing-eyed maiden who just ran into us full tilt and giggled a "sorry" and was off again fleet and graceful before you could say good gracious or whatever you had in mind, what on earth was she wearing? It looked very much, bless my eyes, like an old-fashioned—ah—kimono.

If you'll look a little more closely (and you needn't pretend you *haven't* been looking pretty darned closely all the time) you'll observe that all of these winsome playmates are garbed in what even in these liberal days could not be mistaken for classroom costumes.

No ordinary chorus-girls, these protégées of Chester Hale, whose fine precision and symmetry of motion are carefully built up in months of rigid training routine

Apeda

Master of the dance, Chester Hale hopes to bring the classical ballet back to its one-time important position on the American stage

Nickolas Muray

And that was no textbook you saw that little girl reading. That was Ex-Wife.

As a matter of fact, as long as we're going to be buddies and tell each other everything from now on, those are not schoolgirls. They're chorus-girls romping between what are known in the trade as numbers, in the courtyard of a large New York theater.

Dancers, ballet-dancers even, is what Mr. Chester Hale, their mentor, guide, philosopher, friend—and slave-driver—would prefer to have you call them. But the fact remains that as dancers appearing in movie-house presentations, the Chester Hale girls work in four shows daily except on Sundays, when they work in five (rehearsing between-times for the next week's presentation). Sold down the river en bloc to musical show producers as chorus-girls they play only eight shows a week with no weekly change of routine. So to tell the truth, it's chorus-girls they'd rather be.

Mr. Hale is a personable gentleman of thirty-two whose good fortune it has been at times to have as many as 852 engaging young ladies working for him. He trains youngsters for his units in all forms of stage dancing. As ballet master and presentation director of the Capitol Theater in New York he schools, organizes and directs his group of Capitolians—twenty-two well-drilled youngsters who can go through the most amazing steps and formations—with three new routines every week. But that's not enough to keep him busy. He has other units—twelve of them at the moment rotating over a circuit of twelve picture and presentation houses all over the country, not to mention four or five vaudeville units and several groups in musical comedy productions and talking shorts.

Chester Hale girls have danced their way into such productions as the Greenwich Village Follies, Just Fancy, Lovely Lady, One Wonderful Night, A Night in Venice, Broadway Nights and Artists and Models. They make life just that much easier for musical show producers who can contract with Mr. Hale for anything from eight to eight hundred prancing maidens on the hoof trained and delivered. All they have to do then is dress up the stage with a bunch of hand-picked if not particularly brilliant show-girls and there you are.

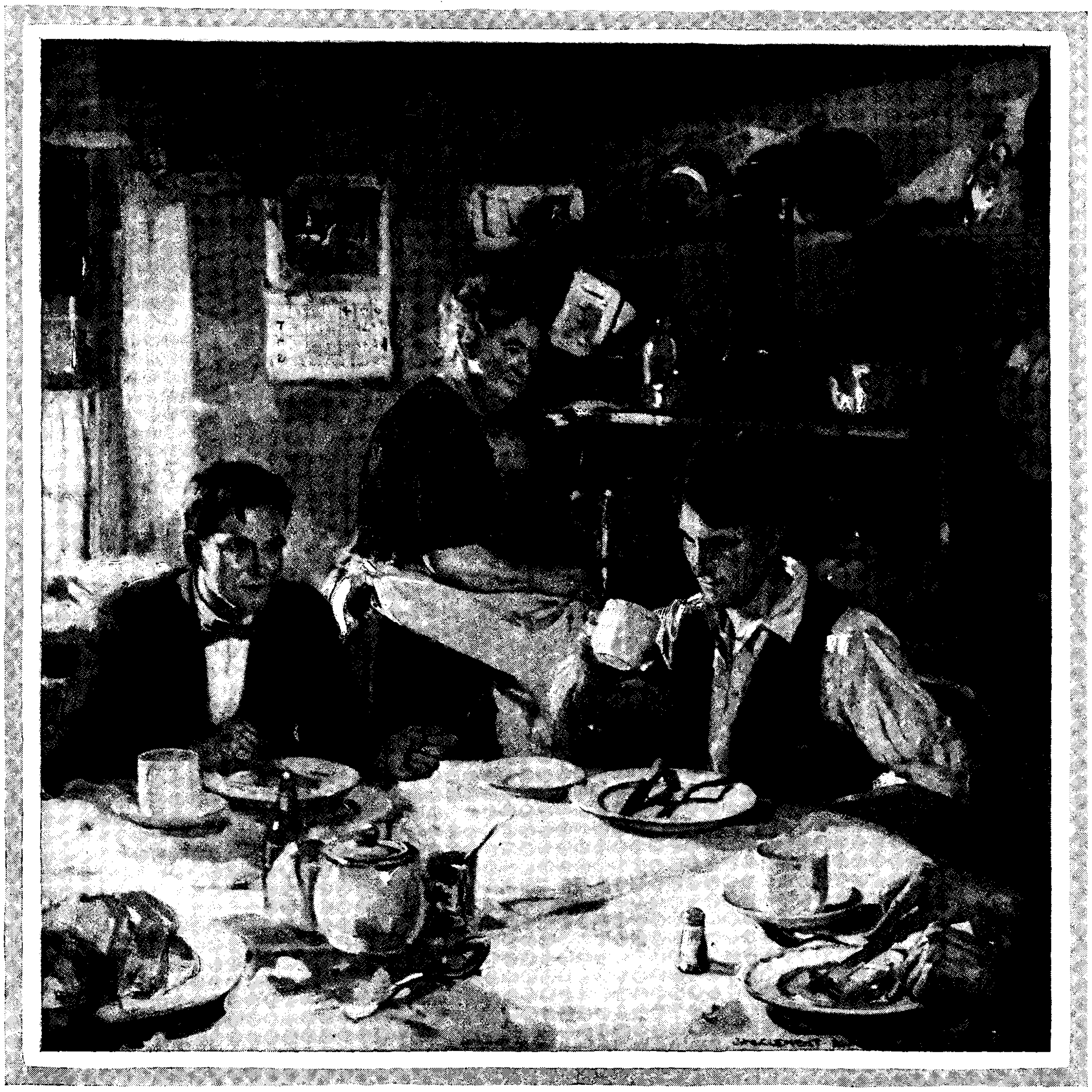
A Man with a Mission

Mr. Hale started out in 1922 as a ballet-dancer—the sort of person who is always supporting young ladies in the most astounding positions or swinging them around about his apparently effeminate head with the utmost abandon.

His real name is Chester Lord Chamberlin. His newspaperman father, "Jersey" Chamberlin, named him for his idol, Chester Lord, who ran the old New York Sun so efficiently in an earlier day. And you can't help feeling that it was with something akin to disappointment that that bluff old war horse regarded his namesake of the Diagheleff Ballet Russe some years ago.

It all started when Chester began to study medicine at the University of Chicago. That got him into anatomy and then physical culture and then,

(*Continued on page 46*)



"Emma and I'll never forget the way Dave's treated us," Art was saying. "If it wasn't for him I'd never've been able to tackle this course"

Help Yourself

The story of a lovable man who did his best to float a romance with a millstone

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

AT THE breakfast table Davy Ware made a queer and troubling discovery. He hadn't realized, until he began to hunt for the right way of telling his good news, that it wasn't going to be good news for any of them.

It troubled him so that he forgot to eat until Aunt Hattie called to him, from the foot of the table, and asked him gayly if there was anything wrong with the coffee or the fried mush. And the affection in her voice and her plump, cheerful face gave him a guilty feeling, as if he hadn't any right to Aunt Hattie's kindness.

Somehow it hadn't occurred to him that he was going to hurt her. He'd been so excited about Mary that he hadn't thought about anything else, hadn't realized that when he brought a wife home to Burnside Aunt Hattie would have to give up her place at the foot of the table. Now he could see how Aunt Hattie would feel about that. It was going to hit her pretty hard, going to hurt her, and Davy hated hurting people. Maybe she wouldn't feel that she could keep on living here after Mary came. He was pretty sure, as he thought it over, that she wouldn't.

He felt mean and selfish because he hadn't considered this before. She'd always been good to him. Awfully good. And he was thanking her, in her old age, by turning her out of her home!

Davy looked away from her. Cousin Arthur Pew met his eye with the shining good humor for which Cousin Arthur was justly famous.

"Well, Dave, what are you going to do with yourself this bully morning?"

Cousin Arthur's voice was heavyladen with friendliness. Davy's sense of secret guilt extended itself, under the benevolence of the tone and grin, to include Cousin Arthur and Emma, and their twin daughters. It hadn't occurred to him before that his getting married was bound to make a difference in the way Emma and Arthur felt about living at Burnside, but he saw quite plainly that it would.

"Got to replant that corn," he said. Cousin Arthur clicked tongue and teeth with a sound of envy.

"I only wish I could get on some old clothes and go down there and help you do it," he said.

DAVY felt worse than ever. No matter how tired he got from concentrating all day long on his correspondence lessons in sales engineering, Cousin Arthur never let himself lose a bit of his cheerfulness. It was mighty nice of him, too, to wish he could help out with that corn, all tired out the way he was from his brain work.

And it was certainly going to make Arthur and Emma feel uncomfortable about staying on at Burnside, this news that Davy had to tell them about Mary. Yes, even Emma wouldn't feel so much at home here, and Emma had always been more at home at Burnside than any of the other cousins.

Why, when she was going to have the twins, Davy remembered with a sudden stab of self-reproach, Emma had come all the way from Chicago just so that they'd be born at Burnside! And when Arthur had decided to give up his position in the shoe factory and study to be a sales engineer, Emma had felt absolutely free to write and tell Davy that they'd all like to stay at Burnside till Arthur finished his course and accepted one of the high-salaried positions that were practically guaranteed to all graduates of the correspondence school.

It was a wonderful thing, Davy realized, that Emma could feel that way about Burnside. When the new baby had arrived, only three weeks ago, Emma had told him, with happy tears in her eyes, how glad she was that it had been born at Burnside. And she'd said Davy was the kindest man in the world, and that his was the only house in the world where she knew she and Aremma and Emartha and the new baby were always welcome and that if she and Arthur ever had any more babies she was coming back so that they could be born here, too.

Davy caught her smiling at him and his conscience hurt him. Emma wouldn't feel perfectly free to come back and have her babies in a Burnside that would belong to Mary Hubbard. He was queerly sure about this. He was almost sure that when she knew about Mary, Emma would think she couldn't stay, not even till Arthur finished his course. Davy would be turning them all out—and that would mean that Art would have to accept a low-salaried position somewhere and maybe never get to be a sales engineer at all, because, as Art had frequently explained, brain work needed all a man's strength and couldn't be done at night, after you were all tired out by underpaid drudgery in the shoe factory office.

ART was talking about brain work right now. He was telling Cousin Elbert Gifford how, after a morning of fierce concentration on his lessons, he hadn't any more gimp left in him than a wet dishrag. Davy felt ashamed because he was going to take things easy all day, down there on the flats with a corn planter.

"That's why Emma and I'll never forget the way Dave's treated us," Art was saying. "If it wasn't for him I'd never've been able to tackle this course. You can't do that kind of head work in your spare time. No, sir—"

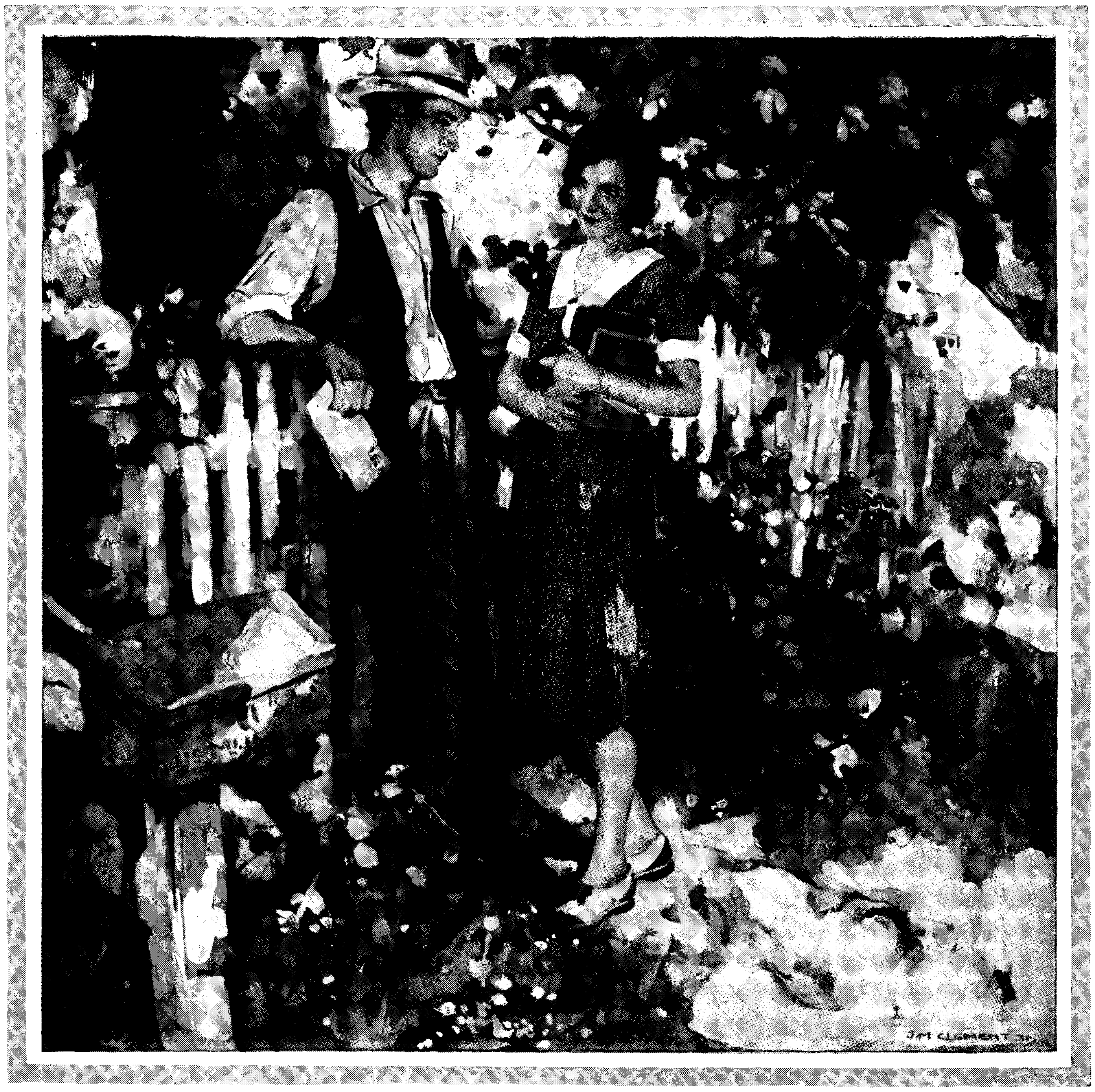
"You don't know how lucky you are to have the health to do any kind of work," said Cousin Elbert. His voice was patient, wistful. "A man doesn't appreciate what a blessing a good stomach is till his goes back on him. If I could eat four-five slices of fried corn mush and maple syrup, the way you and Davy can, I'd ask nothing better than to get out and work the way either of you does."

He turned a brave and grateful gaze to Davy.

"I got one big mercy to be thankful for, though. I got a cousin like Davy. I guess there's nobody else in the world that would give a home to a sick man and make him feel he was welcome to it.

"That's the main hope I got of getting better—not having to fret for fear Libby and I aren't welcome. A man can't fight stomach complaint if he's worried. I guess my stomach would have finished me before this if it wasn't for Davy."

Tears stood in his eyes. Dave lowered his glance guiltily to his plate. He was going to do something worse to poor old Elbert than just turning him out of a home. He was going to be to blame when Elbert's dyspepsia killed him. Feeling the way he did about living with Elsie and Bob, his own daughter and her husband, Elbert certainly wouldn't stay at Burnside when Davy brought home a bride, and if he did stay



"Burnside's the only thing I've got that's anywheres near good enough for you. If I didn't have Burnside I just wouldn't have anything fit to give you"

he'd be sure to fret himself to death.

Davy couldn't see any way out except giving up getting married, and this, he discovered, he couldn't even think about. Just the idea did something dreadful to him—made him hard and cold and ugly.

He was suddenly afraid, afraid of himself. He'd never guessed that he could feel this way. He'd better get away before he let go and shouted at them, shouted things that were crazy and terrible, things he'd never thought of, things he couldn't mean and yet wanted desperately to tell them.

HE MANAGED to stand up slowly and to walk without haste through the swinging door into the kitchen. Nobody seemed to notice. The clatter of talk went on as if his going didn't matter. He found that getting away from them didn't lessen the crazy red rage that had come upon him.

The madness drove him out of the house; fixed habit led him through the woodshed and here accident gave him the very thing he sought.

Ed Seavey was mixing paint, stirring white lead and linseed oil in a halved barrel that stood against the wall; the smell of turpentine was keen in the air. Somehow the sharpness of that smell fed Davy Ware's blind wrath; somehow Ed Seavey's bigness, the insolent slowness of his movements, became a kind of challenge.

Ed had been a mean bully at the district school; Davy suddenly remembered long-forgotten little cruelties and oppressions.

Ed Seavey seemed to remember, too, and to enjoy the memory. He grinned deliberately at Davy, dropped his paddle, produced a crumpled cigarette and indolently lighted it, dropping the match, still burning, on the tindery litter of bark and chips that made a deep carpet underfoot. Ed let it burn there, watching Dave and grinning, as if he waited for Dave to tell him mildly that he'd just as soon Ed didn't smoke while he was handling turpentine and oil so near the house.

This was just what Davy would have said if he had been himself. But he wasn't himself today.

"Step on that match," he barked. "Put out that cigarette. And if I ever catch you doing that again—"

"Yeah? You and who else?"

Davy discovered that he'd been hoping Ed would say just that. He heard somebody laughing as he took a swift step forward, as his hand struck the cigarette from Seavey's lip and his foot crushed it out. Somebody was still laughing as Seavey's shoulders hunched up about his neck and his elbows crooked and the bigness of him came at Davy with one of those sudden, savage rushes that had seemed so terrible, back of the schoolhouse, that seemed so slow and clumsy and comical now.

Somebody kept on laughing at the pleasant smacking sound of a fist against a jawbone, kept right on laughing till Ed Seavey, sprawling among the chips, decided not to get up, this time, and lay still, cradling a lopsided jaw in a careful palm and spitting curses between puffed, bleeding lips. Only then, when the laughing stopped, did Davy discover that he'd been doing it himself.

He was suddenly sorry, ashamed. All the anger had gone out of him. He helped Seavey get up.

"I don't know what got into me, Ed. I'm sorry I flew off the handle that way. Let's shake hands. You licked me enough times when we were at school to forget this once when I got the best of it."

Seavey struck the hand away.

"You better be sorry," he mumbled. "Be a sight sorrier before I'm done with you. Wait till I'm through with you! Gimme my time!"

"Now, look, Ed—don't quit on me like this. I—I'll make it right with you for getting mad."

"All I want off you is my time, and I want it now, see?"

Davy gave it up, at last, and paid him off. He was ashamed and sorry for having lost his temper, but he couldn't help feeling a little pleased, all the same, at the way he'd licked Ed Seavey.

HE'D have to let the corn go and finish the painting himself. He was ashamed of having let it wait so long; a man who owned a place like Burnside ought to take care of it.

He turned his head to look back at it as he went down toward the mail box, and found a sudden new, sharp pleasure in the sight of it, solid and strong and lovely under the great elms, a pleasure somehow associated with the thought of Mary.

He seemed to own Burnside for Mary—not that she was the kind to care for a man just because he owned the loveliest house in the whole glen, but because she'd always loved Burnside as much as Davy did, so that she might have got them sort of mixed up in her mind, and begun to like Davy, in the beginning, because he lived at Burnside.

Davy thought that this was pretty likely. Since last night he'd been feeling that way himself—thinking of Mary as the girl who was going to be part of Burnside, of the serene old house as a kind of frame and setting for Mary, and loving them both a little more than ever because of the new relationship between them. Maybe Mary looked at it the same way.

The mail car puffed toward him; without stopping the driver gave him a handful of letters and the Rochester paper. Davy glanced at the envelopes; only three of them were addressed to him, and he didn't need to open them to know what was inside.

These thin envelopes, with a strip of transparent paper that let his name and address show through it, always made him think of surly dogs, showing their teeth. One was from Sam Tift. Groceries. There was another from the bank, and it made Davy feel guiltier than about owing poor old Sam Tift that big grocery bill. Grandfather'd brought him up to think that borrowing money was almost as wrong as stealing it.

The bill from Stygall would be for the white lead and oil and turpentine and putty, and it would be big—Burnside took a lot of paint.

He looked up. Mary Hubbard was coming toward him. He forgot about everything else as she came up to him.

She didn't speak, at first; she just laughed, a funny little bubbly laugh, low in her throat. She was happy. But her face changed suddenly; her eyes went wide and troubled.

"Why, Davy! How did you hurt your face? It's bleeding!"

"I guess Ed Seavey must have done that," he said. "We had a—a kind of argument, just now, and—"

"Ed Seavey! Did that big overgrown bully—did he *hit* you, Davy?"

DAVY felt guilty. He hadn't any right to the eager, angry championship in her voice. Also, he found, he didn't exactly enjoy it.

"Well," he said, "I guess he had a right to, seeing I hit him first."

She gasped. Her eyes were wide with astonishment, but she didn't seem quite so shocked and disgusted as Davy'd expected. In fact, he thought, she looked kind of pleased.

"What on earth ever made you do such a perfectly crazy thing as that? Why, Ed Seavey's—"

"I know. I don't know what came over me, Mary. First time I ever got so mad I didn't know what I was doing." Then he told her the whole story.

"Oh," said Mary. She didn't sound so excited any more. He knew that this was because she could understand, now, just why he'd lost his temper that way.

"It made me go crazy," he said. "If anything happened to the house, right now—"

"Now?" She seemed puzzled.

"I mean now that you—I don't know how to say it. Burnside's the only thing I've got that's anywheres near good

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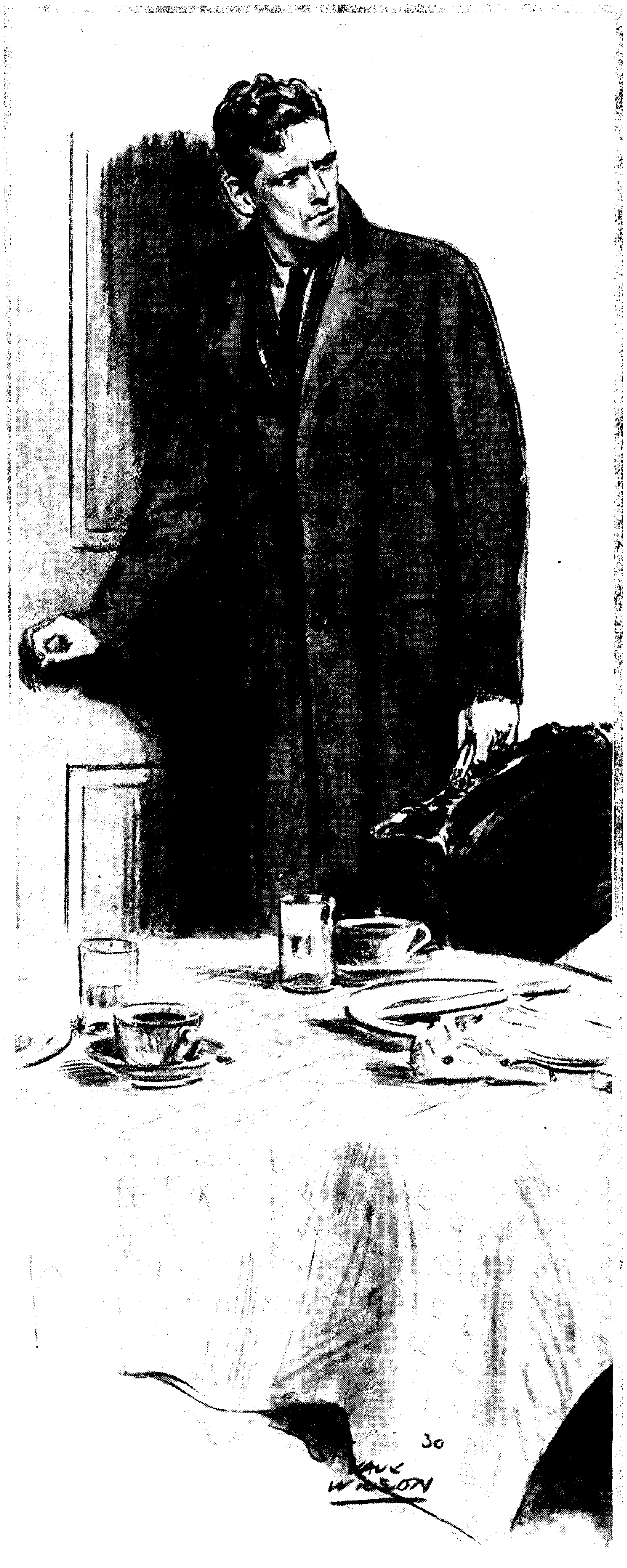
Lovers' Lane



"We can't make a go of this," he said. "You know that as well as I do. There's no use going on with it!"

The Story Thus Far:

A SLAVE in the kitchen of her tyrannical aunt, who runs a small-town boarding house, Dina Mallet acts on a sudden impulse and runs away to San Francisco with young Mont Brett and marries him.

Desperately in need of money, the boy and girl look for work at once; Dina secures a job in Solasso's restaurant, while Mont—who longs to become an artist—becomes a model for Perry Hickson, wealthy and a most successful painter. Then follow trying days for the young wife. For some reason, known only to himself, the boy who has just become her husband declines to give her other than a lukewarm friendship. He even goes so far as to insist on sleeping in Hickson's studio, while his bride occupies a tiny room on the floor below. Nor does he offer any explanation.

Hurt, puzzled, perplexed, Dina reluctantly accepts the situation. Adoring Mont, she resolves to do her best to win his love. Almost immediately, he gives proof of his genius—sells the first picture he paints! With him, Dina meets the city's gayest Bohemians, who welcome the dashing Mont and make a pet of him, but obviously find little in his quiet, pretty wife to interest them.

Then, to her horror, Dina learns the truth: Mont is infatuated with Sonia France, the beautiful and brilliant wife of Perry Hickson. And far from rejecting the attentions of the youth, Sonia welcomes them—welcomes them, and actually comes to Dina voluntarily, and confesses her love for Mont!

Dina does nothing. Facing her little world bravely, she goes her way; while Mont, caught up in a mad whirl of gayety, fritters the hours away—gambling, drinking, spending borrowed money. . . . At last, however, he comes to Dina and, to her delight, suggests that they go away, start afresh. "It's Sonia I have to get away from!" he exclaims. "You mean," whispers Dina, "that you're in love with her?" and awaits breathlessly the answer.

VI

FOR a few moments Mont was silent. Then—"Dina, I don't love Sonia. I wish I'd never seen her. But I guess that's silly. I guess if a guy was going to fall for a woman like that at all it'd be somebody, sooner or later."

"It makes you unhappy, Mont?"

"Oh, my God!" he said. "She isn't—exactly—like you and Mab think, Dina," he presently explained painfully. "She just doesn't see things—well, the way you do, I guess. She'll like somebody and she wants them to like her, wants them to make love to her, and it doesn't make much difference what they ought to do, she doesn't think so much about that—

"For instance," he pursued, as Dina continued to regard him without a flicker of change in her expression and made no attempt to speak. "For instance, she'll want me to come downtown with her, to a first-night, or a rehearsal, and if I say no, that I can't, she'll say, 'Does Dina object?'

"Then I say, 'No, not that exactly,' and she'll smile and say, 'Then what harm is there in your going downtown with me now and then?' "

"Well," Dina commented, after thought, "is there?"

Mont laughed, unhappily.

"Now, tonight," he began in an altered tone, a tone not quite ingenuous. Dina felt the muscles of her heart contract in fear. "Tonight," Mont said, "she wanted me to come in for the end of a rehearsal at the Columbia at about ten, and then take her on to a Press Club party. Perry's going to be there later, and he'll bring her home. Oh, of course," he added, in a brisk, sensible tone, "there's no harm in that, and I don't know why I fuss about it! It's just—" he said wretchedly, "it's just that she's so sure of herself!"

HE WAS walking about the room now; he had abruptly put Dina aside with no apparent knowledge or consciousness of what he was doing. She took the vacated chair, and watched him. She knew, in her sick heart, that he had been fighting the thought of Sonia, the longing for Sonia, all evening; that the battle was not won.

"My God!" Mont exclaimed, running his long brown hand through his hair. "What is there in it for me? What does she want of me? I couldn't keep her in flowers! I don't talk her kind of talk, I don't know what it's all about—

"I want some place way up in the mountains," he muttered, hands plunged in his pockets now, head sunk between his shoulders as he paced to and fro, "I want to paint. I've got to make good—I've got to get started.

"Why, we can't keep going another week unless I make some money!"

Suddenly he fell upon Dina's deserted accounts, scattered about the table. He seized the pencil.

"Well, come on, old lady! Let's see where we stand," he said, feverishly.

"Old lady!" He had not called her that for weeks. Dina's happy heart suffocated her as she took the seat opposite him and began to explain her somewhat complicated system of bookkeeping.

"We have—"

"Thirty-four dollars and ten cents, Mont. Thirty in the bank, and that." She indicated a small heap of silver and notes. "And whatever you have."

"I'm broke," he confessed. "I have about fifteen cents. And on Monday we'll owe Perry sixty-five, eh?"

Dina, lovely, anxious, in the lamplight, nodded.

"Well, then, look here!" Mont exclaimed decidedly. "I've *got* to stop monkeying around here doing nothing, we've got to get going! We'll get out of here, we can sublet if Perry makes any fuss. Almost every Sunday somebody tries to rent the place, and we'll go somewhere and I'll work. 'Member those cottages down near Halfmoon Bay? I'll bet we could rent one for fifteen a month. You could manage on nothing at all—we'll live on soup and beans."

NOT in all the weeks since that summer night on the boarding-house steps had she seen him like this, so definite, so determined, so hopeful. Dina felt herself growing weak, deep in her being, felt an exquisite sort of vertigo engulfing her senses. It had been such a hard pull, such a lonely time.

"Dina, I've got to take some of this!"

"Take all you want."

He put a dollar in his pocket.

"This is Sunday," he said. "We'll go down next Sunday on the bus. We'll scout around Moss Beach; wasn't that the place we stopped for lunch with Lou that day? We'll find some little shack, I'll get in driftwood every day—"

"There are piles and piles of it along the tide line!"

"I'll do a sketch of you gathering it, Dina, and call it 'The Tide Line!' "

He was happy again for the first time in weeks, and she in heaven.

"I could do *something*—until we got started, Mont. There are always jobs."

"You mean I could! I could take a clerk's job in a store."

"We'd have rice pancakes. Remem-

By Kathleen Norris

Illustrated by
F. Vaux Wilson

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ber the rice pancakes here that tasted of the new frying pan?"

"And gosh," he said, "we'd make our own friends, and do things our own way! We'd forget this bunch of four-flushers—"

"Oh," Dina exulted, "I *know* we would!"

"Well, here, call it!" he said joyfully, slapping down a coin on the table.

THIS had been a happy custom a few months ago. It was to decide which one of them should first get ready for bed, take possession of the washroom.

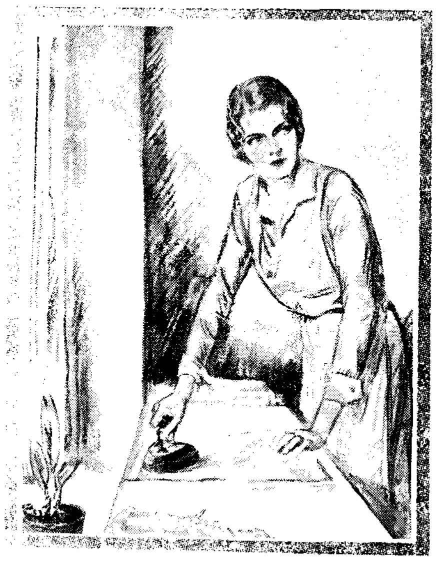
"Heads!" Dina said.

It was a head. With a little nod and a little laugh she gathered up her books and pencil and ink bottle, and carried them to their own place on a long shelf that ran across the back of the studio. When she came back Mont was standing at the black window looking down at the wintry black night and the cold lights on the water front and the bay.

Dina went to stand beside him. She had not taken any such affectionate liberty for weeks, but now she slipped her hand through his arm, and rubbed her cheek against the beloved shoulder of his old coat. He put his arm about her.

"You stand by me, Mont!" she said. "And I'll take care of you."

"None of these people get anywhere," he said, evidently thinking aloud. "Look at them all, four-flushers! Even Sonia—she's got to get a good part, and get it darned quick, if she doesn't want to find herself out in the rain.



"They're satisfied to be four-flushers," Mont added. "But I'm not. I'm going to make good!"

It made her too happy. She cried for sheer joy when she was alone in the washroom, washed her face and laughed at herself, and found tears in her eyes again.

Presently she heard him calling, went to the door in her red cotton wrapper. Mont was standing at the window where she had left him—something in his manner chilled her a little; she did not know why.

"Listen, would you feel badly if I took a turn around the block—I want some air!"

Her heart froze slowly. She looked at him.

"I've not been out all day," he said.

Dina continued to regard him, stricken. Mont laughed.

"Don't look that way! I'll be back in five minutes."

He came over to her, laughing, a little contemptuous, inaccessible once more.

"You don't mind, Dina?"

"Oh, how can I mind?" she said, on her hoarse, pathetic note.

"I'll be right back! I only want a breath of air."

He went away without another word, without a backward glance. She had seen that his face was very red.

Dina stood perfectly still in the washroom doorway for a long, long time. And that night he did not come home at all.

There was no explanation afterward, unless Mont's hot flush, burning skin, tired eyes gave her one. She asked for none.

A week later, when he awakened on a certain warm, fragrant morning, he saw Dina quietly ironing over by the window.

"Hello!" he said from his pillow, amiably. And he knew at once that the impression of gravity he had derived from his first glance at her was correct.

"Hello, Mont," she said quietly.

A silence. Then he said in quick instinctive distaste:

"What's up?"

"Nothing," Dina answered, coming over to sit on the bed. "Except," she added, in a thickening voice she held steady, and with filling eyes, "except that I don't think we ought to go on with this."

"On with what?" he asked, temporizing.

"You know what!" she answered bravely. "I thought—after Sunday," she added, "I thought we were going to get out—to start fresh—"

SHE could tell from the way his hands pressed it that his head ached; he looked pale, half sick, annoyed.

"Mont, we'll not get anywhere this way."

He looked gloomily into space.

"No, I don't think we will," he said slowly. "I've got no chance here."

"*I've* got no chance here!" she countered, with a little accent on the pronoun. "It's not fair to me, *you're* not fair to me!"

It was the deluge. She had loosened the floodgates herself. She felt with a sort of terror that she was in for it now. Mont stared at her, a look of amazement deepening on his face.

"What are you talking about?"

"I mean—that you are away too much," Dina said, steadily.

"How d'you mean?"

"Well," Dina said, in a low voice she tried to hold steady, "you are never here."

"Great Scott!" Mont ejaculated, impatiently and resentfully.

"You are always with the others," Dina pursued, in the same guarded, careful tone. "You know I can't do what they do, or drink; you know I don't smoke. I'm always alone. We have no money; we're going to run into debt."

There was a silence. Then Mont said airily:

"Well, if there's something you *want* to do, why don't you do it?"

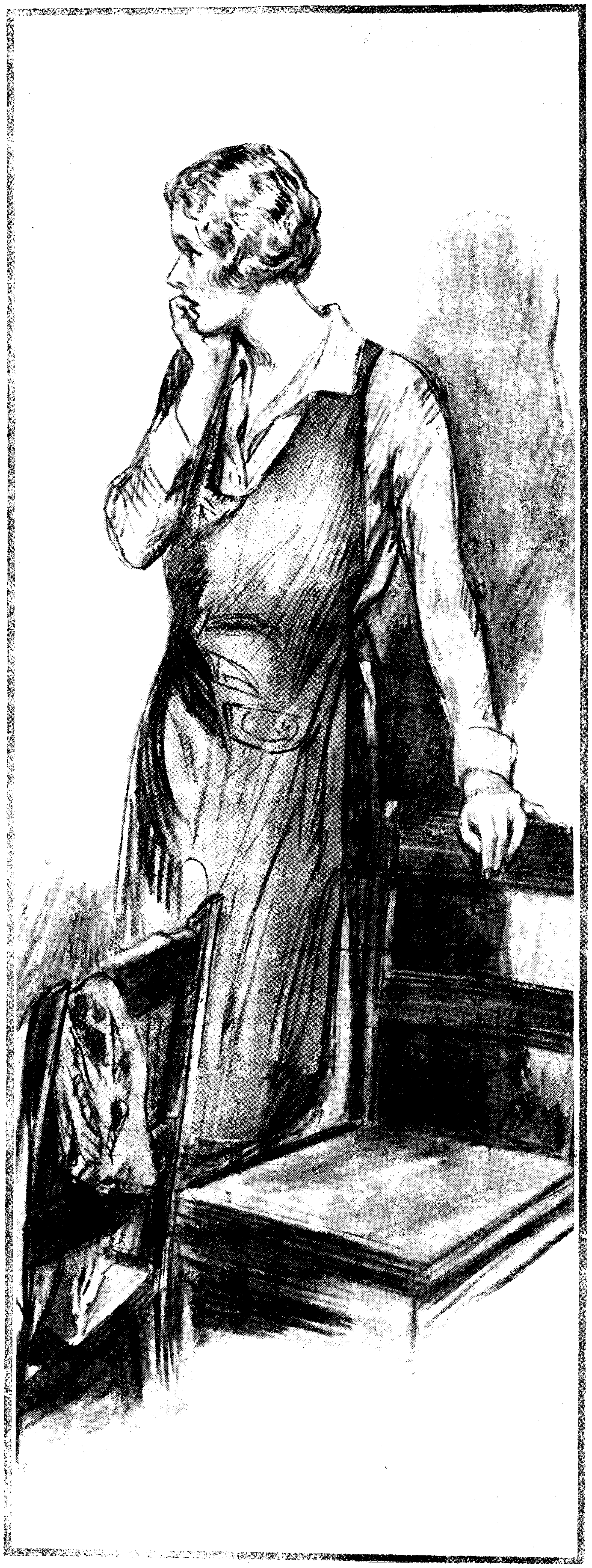
"You mean—get a job?" she asked levelly.

"Well, if you want to."

Another silence.

"You see," Mont presently began, "I've *found* my gang. I mean, I fit in with them, and they do with me. I mean,

(*Continued on page 73*)



Dina looked at him dumbly. "Mont"—she cleared her throat. "Aren't you going to come back, Mont?"

Jaws of Circumstance

By Carl Clausen

Senator Enderley, counsel for the defense, sums up the evidence in a highly dramatic manner

The Story Thus Far:

JANE CRANDALL, a wealthy spinster, has been brutally killed.

Her body—with young Conrad Merrill standing over it, and Virginia Lansing, his fiancée, near by—has been found near an old water wheel in Locust Grove, a picnic ground. She has, apparently, been strangled—with her own scarf.

Accused of the crime, Conrad and Virginia are brought to trial. Thus far the evidence against them has been most damning. Conrad, it is brought out by Caxton, the brilliant district attorney, had, while engaged to Virginia, paid assiduous court to Miss Crandall. He had, moreover, inveigled her into giving him fifty thousand dollars. It appears, for a time, that he had actually succeeded in inducing her to name him as the principal beneficiary of her will; but Virginia, on the stand, testifies that she, and not Conrad, had been named. . . .

Senator Enderley, defending the young couple, fights valiantly; but, as witness follows witness, it becomes more and more obvious to those in the crowded courtroom that his clients are guilty, as charged.

An air of mystery envelops the whole case. How could a lovely girl like Virginia ever become involved in a murder? Why did the two young people—both clever—permit themselves to become suspect? What is the explanation of their calmness in the face of almost certain conviction? And—

Who is the mysterious stranger who, seated in the courtroom, furtively signals to Conrad, from time to time; who on the verge of addressing the Court, on one occasion, has with difficulty restrained himself? Obviously, he has something of the utmost importance to impart. But—what?

VIII

AT THE sharp exclamation from behind the senator, Caxton whirled about. Conrad Merrill had risen from his seat. His hand was raised toward Virginia Lansing in protest. At a warning gesture from Enderley, he sank back in his chair and sat staring at his fiancée with terrified and incredulous eyes.

The senator detached a document from his voluminous notes and handed it to the prosecutor.

"Here is Miss Crandall's will, Mr. Caxton," he said blandly.

The prosecutor barely glanced at it. His face had turned purple.

"Your Honor," he howled, "I charge conspiracy to defeat justice! The defense has deliberately withheld the existence of a most important document from the Court!"

"Withheld it?" Enderley inquired mildly, "I'm offering it now, in ample time to have it go to the jury."

"Nevertheless—!" Caxton spluttered, but he was cut short by the judge's peremptory gavel.

"Again I must warn the opposing sides to address the Court and not *each other!*" Judge Farnham barked out.

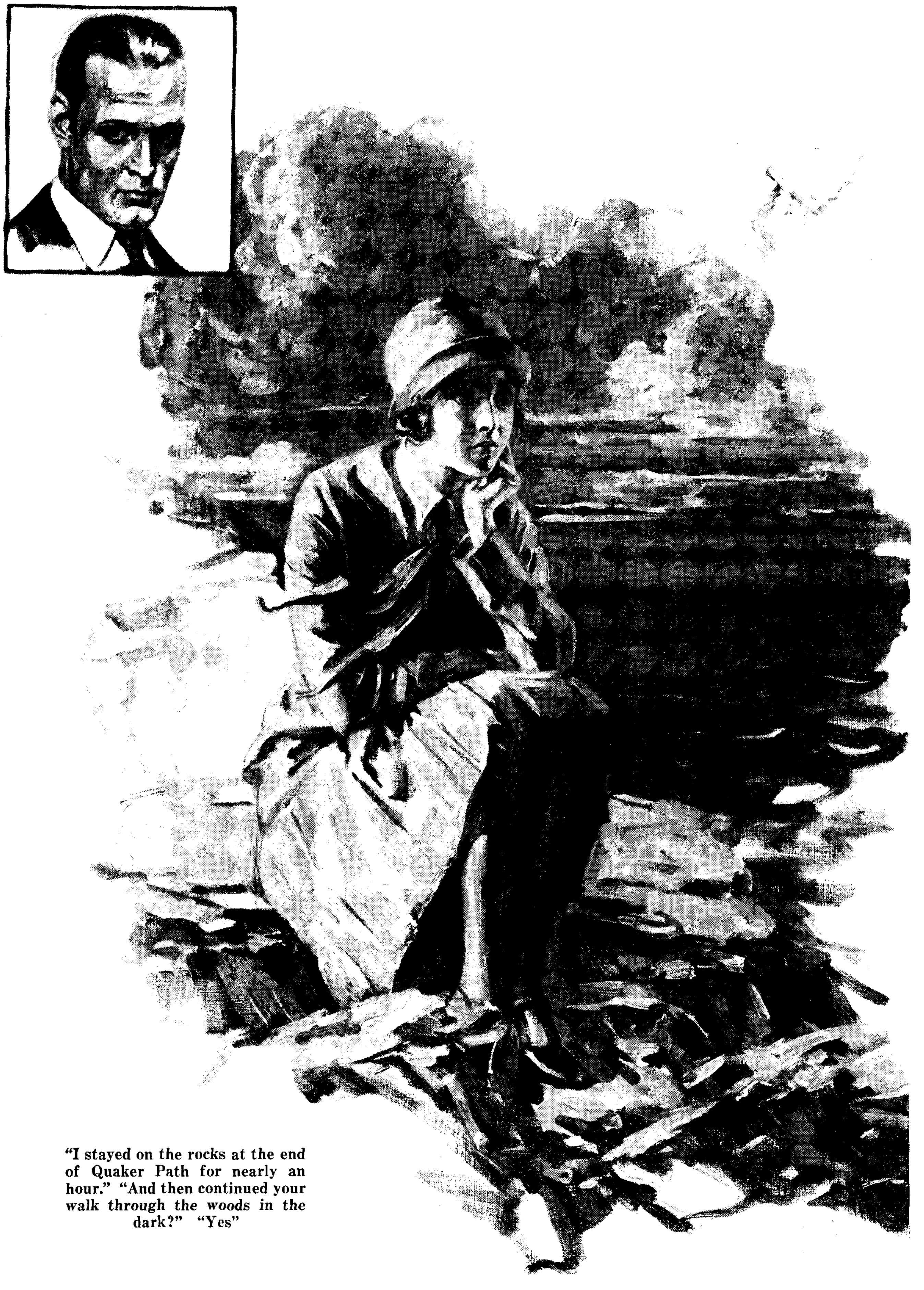
"But, Your Honor—!" Caxton insisted.

"Silence! Proceed with the cross-examination unless you've done, sir!"

The prosecutor turned upon the witness with a savagery that was tempered only by the warning look in Judge Farnham's eyes.

"You had intended to suppress this document, hadn't you?" he flung out at her.

"Well—yes, I had," the witness admitted, "but after you tried to make it appear that Conrad had—killed Miss Crandall because he thought he was going to be her heir I decided to tell about it."



"I stayed on the rocks at the end of Quaker Path for nearly an hour." "And then continued your walk through the woods in the dark?" "Yes"

"Oh, you did, eh! You mean to say that he knew nothing about Miss Crandall's having made you her heir?"

"He didn't. I had no chance to tell him. Miss Crandall brought the will to me that very afternoon when Conrad was in New York."

Caxton picked up the document and shook it in the witness' face.

"And I suppose you're going to tell us that you do not know the people whose names appear upon it as witnesses?"

"I don't. I haven't opened the envelope since Miss Crandall gave it to me."

"The reason you went to the pond to search out Merrill was *NOT* because you wanted to inform him that this document had been completed? This was not, I suppose, by any chance, the important thing you wished to tell him?"

"No, it was something entirely different," the witness replied.

"Indeed? Would you care to tell us what this *entirely different thing* was?"

"I'd rather not. It's a sordid and ugly matter, and it has nothing to do with the death of Miss Crandall."

"The Court will be the judge of that, Miss Lansing," Caxton replied with a look at the bench.

"The witness will please answer the question," His Honor ordered crisply.

THE cobalt-blue eyes dropped and a wave of color suffused the defendant's lovely face, then ebbed.

"I had received a letter in the evening mail—a sordid, horrible letter accusing Conrad of—of unspeakable things and warning me against him," she said in a low voice. "I wanted to show him and Miss Crandall this letter and warn them not to continue meeting secretly."

"An anonymous letter, of course?" Caxton prompted cynically.

"No." The witness turned her agonized eyes to the Court. "Is it necessary that I tell by whom this letter was written?" she asked fearfully.

"Yes, Miss Lansing!" His Honor said.

"The letter was from Mr. Ashbury," Virginia replied.

Caxton's jaw literally dropped as he saw how neatly he had walked into the trap with both feet.

"Did you keep this letter?" he demanded hoarsely, hoping against hope.

"Yes, I did. Senator Enderley, will you show it to Mr. Caxton?"

"Gladly! Gladly!" the senator replied. "Here you are, Caxton!" He held the missive out to the prosecutor, who drew back as if the sheet of paper were a snake coiled ready to strike. He recovered himself with an effort.

"You're a clever and resourceful woman, Miss Lansing," he said.

"I—I don't think so. I had no intention of showing the letter until you forced me to."

"I'd like to believe you! Unfortunately, I can't. Now then, what time did you get home on the evening of the murder?"

"It was a quarter past eleven when I got into my room."

"You went to bed immediately?"

"I—I think so."

"And you slept well, did you?"

"I did not sleep at all."

"What time did you arise in the morning?"

"It was just breaking daylight when I got up. I remembered that I had thrown my handkerchief away near the pond. I decided that I must get it, so I hurried down the path to the pond. When I didn't find it I thought perhaps it had blown away. There was a very strong wind blowing the night before, I remembered."

"You realized that the handkerchief might incriminate you?"

The witness raised her calm blue eyes to the prosecutor.

"Yes—of course," she replied.

"Did Mrs. Reade, your housekeeper, hear you go out?"

"Yes. She called out from the top of the stairs and asked me where I was going so early in the morning."

"And what did you tell her?"

"I told her that I was going for a walk. That I had had a bad night."

"I see," said Caxton with a sidewise glance at the little old woman seated so straight and bravely in her chair behind the senator. She gave the prosecutor a bright smile, which he seemed to digest with difficulty.

"So Mrs. Reade's touching little episode about picking up the morning paper from the porch and keeping its contents from you for fear of frightening you smacks faintly of fiction, doesn't it?"

"Mrs. Reade was not aware that I knew—what had happened," the witness replied.

"I remember!" said Caxton with a hard smile. "Miss Lansing, when Mr. Merrill continued his—er—friendship with Miss Crandall after you had become engaged to him, did you still think it *lovely?*"

"I did."

"You mean to say that a high-spirited and resourceful girl as you have shown yourself to be would have tolerated such a condition?"

THE witness' "Yes" was hardly audible. Caxton pressed the question with fine scorn.

"You mean that you'd stand by calmly and let another woman usurp the affections of the man you love?"

"No, I wouldn't have done that!"

"Were you never jealous of Miss Crandall?"

"I was at first—until Conrad explained how they felt about one another."

"About what time was this feeling of jealousy allayed by Mr. Merrill?"

"When he first went to live at Hanlee Court."

"And you've never felt the tiniest bit of jealousy since?"

"No."

"Not even when you received Mr. Ashbury's well-meant letter on the evening of Miss Crandall's death?" the prosecutor thundered.

The witness drew back at the savagery of the attack. She sat looking at her interrogator with wide, horror-stricken eyes as she divined its import.

"Not even then," she replied faintly.

"Miss Lansing, how large is your total income from the bonds Mrs. Reade mentioned during her testimony?"

"About fifteen hundred dollars a year."

"And what was your allowance from your father during the last year or so of his prosperity—before he lost his money on the Cotton Exchange?"

"I don't remember. It was very generous."

"IT WOULD seem, therefore, that your present income of a hundred and twenty-five per month has to be stretched considerably to support you in the style to which you were—ahem—accustomed."

"I didn't try to live in the old manner," the witness replied. "I had no rent to pay. Fifteen hundred dollars a year will buy ample food and clothes if one is careful."

"—and engaged to a man worth fifty thousand dollars, thanks to another woman by whose death you and he would benefit to the amount of a cool two million!" Caxton supplemented.

Upon the white face such deep suffering was drawn that it seemed that no amount of happiness could ever eradicate it. Only through her wide, horror-veiled eyes a spark of ebbing courage flashed.

"We would have benefited infinitely more if Miss Crandall had lived," she said slowly.

"Miss Lansing, Collins, the chauffeur, testified that, as Miss Crandall was leaving your house after her visit there on the afternoon of her death, you and she stood on the porch conversing for a few minutes. He testified that you said to Miss Crandall, 'Please, please don't do it,' and that she replied, 'My mind is made up. Don't try to stop me.' Will you tell the Court what you and she were referring to?"

"To her insisting upon making the will in my favor."

Caxton nodded.

"I *thought* you'd claim that! Are you quite sure that she was not referring to 'publishing the shame of the man you loved to the world'—namely, Mr. Merrill—for having wheedled fifty thousand dollars out of her under a pretense of *LOVE*, and that you were trying desperately to dissuade her?"

"I'm certain that she was not referring to that," the witness replied.

"What time was it when you arrived at the pond, Miss Lansing?" Caxton asked in a subdued voice.

"I'm not sure. Nearly ten o'clock, I think."

"What reasons did you have for waiting for Mr. Merrill behind the bushes on the far side of the pond?"

"I saw that he was not alone. Several men were standing outside the mill."

"Did you recognize any of them?"

"Yes. I recognized Dr. Ross and Sheriff Putnam."

"In the dark?"

"It wasn't dark where they and the others were standing. The light fell through the open mill door."

"Seeing the sheriff there was what decided you not to come forward?"

"No. Seeing the crowd of men was what decided me to stay where I was. I wondered what had happened. It would hardly have been prudent for me to have come forward considering my relationship with Mr. Merrill. I didn't want any of those men to think I had been spying on him and Miss Crandall—particularly Dr. Ross, who has been our family physician for years."

"Oh, you thought of all that, did you? And Merrill, not knowing that you were there—waiting for him in the bushes—made a beeline for that particular spot and *happened* to run into you?"

"The place where I was standing was a continuation of the trail that crosses Quaker Path and comes out near my house. Conrad and I had come that way often together on our way to and from the grove."

"O—oh! You and he met there, too, eh?"

"Yes. We had been there several times."

"After dark?"

"Before and after dark. Considering what had happened it was natural that he should have taken the shortest possible route to my house to tell me about it."

"I didn't ask you for an elaboration, Miss Lansing! When I want to bring out a point like that, I'll frame the question."

"I'm sorry," the witness replied, "I thought you wanted to know how he happened to come that way and met me."

"How far is it from Locust Grove to your house?"

"A little over a mile by the path."

"You stated that it was not yet ten o'clock when you arrived at the mill pond, and that it was a quarter past eleven when you got home. Does it take you and Mr. Merrill an hour and a quarter to walk a mile?"

"It was hard to follow the path in the dark. Mr. Merrill had lost his pocket flashlight, you know; and we stopped several times and talked about the dreadful thing that had happened."

"YOU didn't tell him about the letter you had received from Mr. Ashbury?"

"No."

"Why not? Didn't he wonder how you came to be at the pond?"

"Yes. I told him that I had come over to talk with Miss Crandall about the will in his presence."

"Then he knew from that moment that *you* were Miss Crandall's heir?" Caxton barked.

The witness shook her head.

"I didn't tell him that the will had actually been executed for fear of frightening him on my account."

"That was very considerate of you, Miss Lansing, I'm sure!" Caxton remarked shortly.

"What did you do between the time you left your house at seven o'clock and ten o'clock when you arrived at the pond?"

"I went for a walk."

"Where?"

"I went down Quaker Path to the Sound and sat on the rocks for a while."

"As a matter of fact you didn't go into town at all, did you?"

"No."

"Did anybody see you, or did you meet anyone during your walk?"

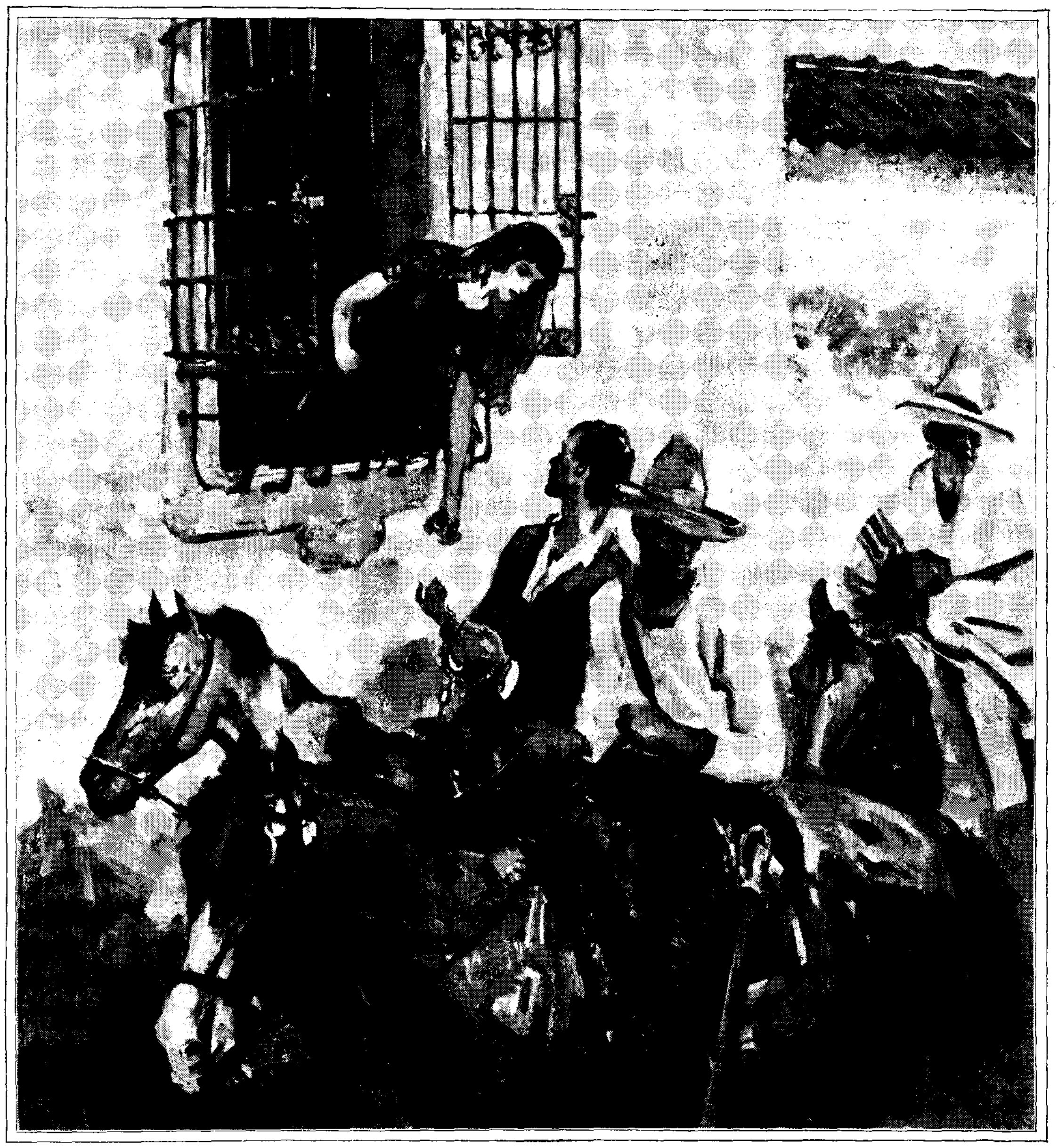
"I was telephoning from Patterson's store on Quaker Path near Sound View Lane when I got Mr. Merrill's message that he was to meet Miss Crandall at the Grove."

"That was before half past seven, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

(Continued on page 69)

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops



"Take this bag, beloved. The gold will help, and the letter will tell you what is in my soul"

A Gentleman at Arms

Of the prodigious figures in American history Ellis Bean is, perhaps, the most dazzling. Friend of Jean Lafitte, of Andrew Jackson and of Morelos, he was equally at home in the pirate dens of Barataria, behind the ramparts at New Orleans and on the plains of Mexico. And wherever he moved Romance kept step with him

By George Creel

ALL day the villagers of Salamanca had crowded about the four young captives, pulling at their hats and poking at their shoes. Americans were still mythical creatures to the whole of interior Mexico in this year of 1806, and great was the curiosity to see if they really possessed horns and cloven hoofs.

Only at midnight were they left to their own unhappy thoughts. The guards had gone to comfortable beds, after carefully examining chains and leg-irons, and the prisoners lay on the hard cobbles of the public square with only the pitch-black heavens for a blanket. Suddenly Ellis Bean, the Tennesseean, felt a presence at his side, and soon a soft hand groped from breast to cheek, as gentle as the drop of a flower petal.

"Who are you?" he asked sharply, sitting up with a start.

"*Cuidado!*" came the whispered answer. "No one must hear. I saw you this afternoon. I threw the rose."

"Why are you here?"

"*Quien sabe?*" In the murmuring voice there was a touch of tears. "It is all so very strange. Until the sun went down I watched you, and when I went away at last, it seemed that my heart would break if I did not see you once again. I had to come. I could not help it. Was it wrong? Do you think me one without shame?"

"I think you dear," said the captive, and with a catch in his own throat, born of his misery and her tenderness, he took the two small, fluttering hands and held them close.

As a dying moon looked down, and gushes of fragrance came from near-by gardens, she told him that she was Maria Baldonado, sixteen years old and a wife.

Only a few months before, her parents had forced her into marriage with a rich old man, who was now at his silver mines far to the north. Ah, what unhappiness! Tears always in her eyes until this blessed day! She had been standing on the church steps as the soldiers rode in with their prisoners, and at first sight of the young *Americano*, so gay and bold for all his shackles, the peace of the skies had fallen upon her soul, and ended at once was the pain in her heart.

For his part, the prisoner whispered how he had run away from Tennessee at seventeen, of wild horse hunting in Texas, of fierce battles with Indians, and that last terrible day when they fought the Spaniards from dawn to dusk, only surrendering when all were dead but nine. A long, miserable captivity in Chihuahua, waiting for word from distant Spain, and then the king's orders that one in every five was to be shot.

MARIA BALDONADO shivered and pressed close as he told of the dice game that meant life or death, and how he himself had thrown a five—desperately low—only to have the last man follow with a four. He and other survivors were now being taken across the desert to the city of Mexico, where the viceroy would decide their fate.

"No, no!" protested the girl. "They are more cruel than the wild beasts, those *Gachupines*. You must escape. It will be easy to bribe a guard and I have many swift horses. We will go to your country, *querido mio*. That is how much I love and trust you."

"And I love you," said Ellis Bean, kissing her eyes and mouth. "But don't you see that we wouldn't have a chance? There are six hundred miles of desert between Salamanca and the border, and the Indian trailers would be after us like hounds. My death is a small thing, *corazon de mi corazon*, but I cannot bear to have you dragged back to ruin and disgrace.

"And my friends," he continued. "I cannot desert them and leave them here to bear the punishment for my own escape. Anyway, it may not be as bad as you think. I've been a prisoner so long that the viceroy is bound to say I've had enough. Then I'll come straight to you and Salamanca, and we'll—"

"No," she interrupted, and he could feel the despairing shake of her head. "It is the end. We will never see each other again. Ah, I might have known that God would not approve."

Swiftly he drew her close, and poured out his stumbling Spanish in a flood of reassurance, but when she slipped away at the first approach of dawn the salt of her tears was bitter on his lips.

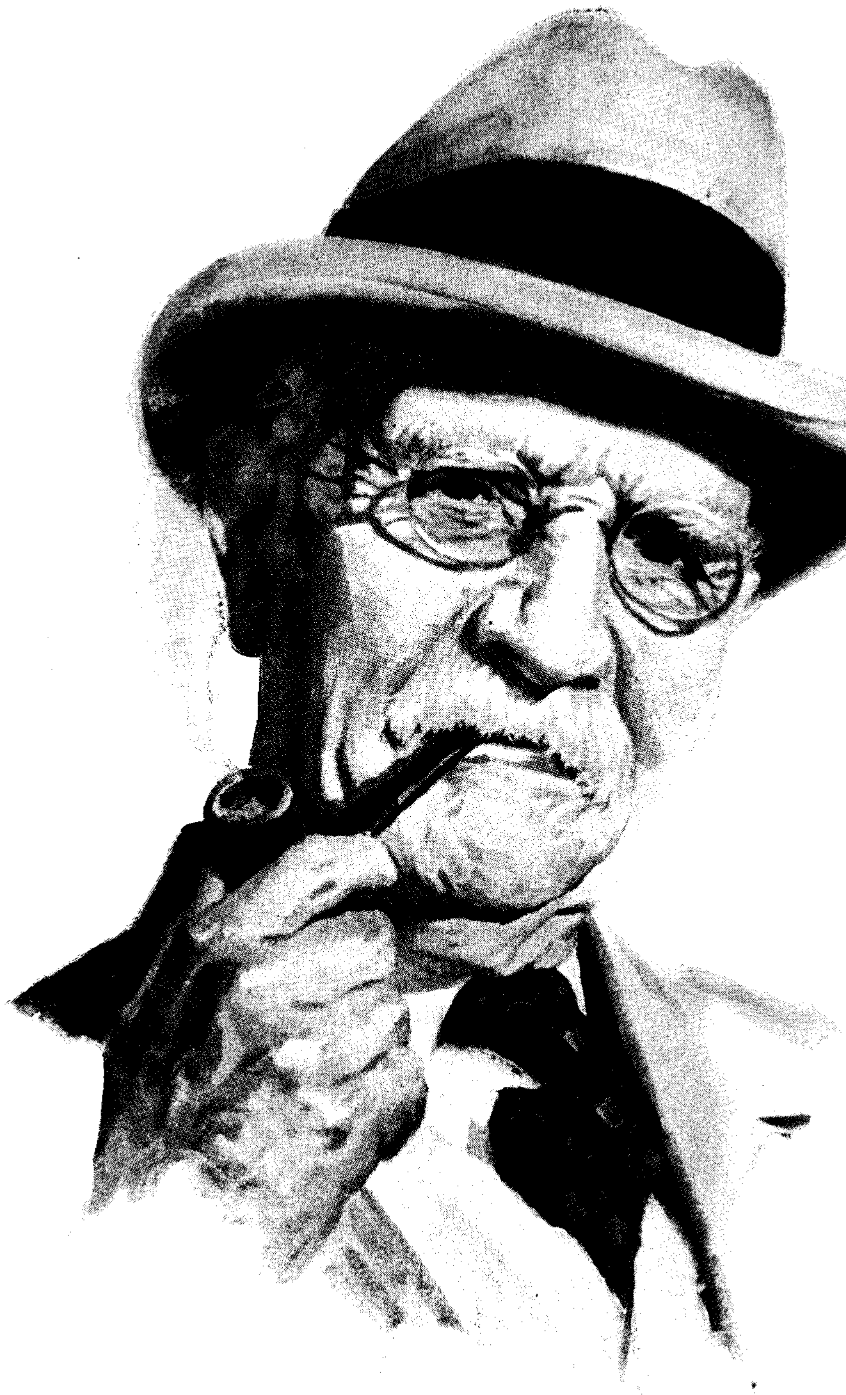
The yawning guards came at sunrise, jerked the captives to their feet and threw them scraps of half-cooked *tortillas*. Horses were mounted, and to an accompaniment of jeers the dreary cavalcade resumed its journey. Ellis Bean, lagging behind in spite of curses, had his reward, for Maria, more lovely than he had dreamed, stood at the casement of a great house on the edge of town. The guard catching the coins that she threw him, drew aside, and the prisoner spurred close.

"I love you," he cried, "All that I said last night was true. I will come back, Maria. Nothing in all this world can keep us apart."

"It is sweet to have you say it," she answered, her young eyes dark with sadness, "and through all my life I will warm my heart at those dear words. Take this bag, beloved. The few poor gold pieces may be of help, and the foolish letter will tell you a little of what is in my mind and soul."

The guard now drew near, muttering anxiously that *El Capitan* was calling. Long after Ellis Bean was lost to sight the girl pressed against the casement's iron bars, her face gray with the pain of a sure knowledge that he had gone forever. He was one of the wanderers of the world—this picturesque youth with the wild, restless eyes—even if he escaped death, she knew that adventure would claim him; knew, too, that there would be other nights and other vows.

Reaching the city of Mexico, Ellis Bean was sent to Acapulco, that grim fortress on the Pacific where touched each year the Spanish ship that brought Chinese silks and porcelains to the grandees of Mexico. Not dungeons nor cruel floggings could break the young

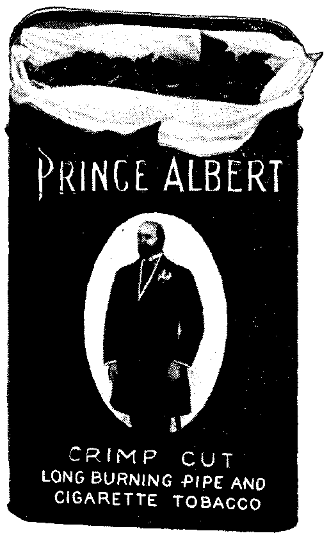


Why fiddle around?

WHY waste a lot of time and matches trying to find the one smoking-tobacco you can tie to for life? I can give you a passport to pipe-joy in two words: *Prince Albert!* I ought to know. I was already a pipe-smoking veteran when some of you fellows were still on the bottle.

Just get yourself a tidy red tin of P. A. and you won't need any ballyhoo from me. Throw back the hinged lid and let that P. A. aroma broadcast its message. Then fill-up and light-up. Cool as the shock of a bill you'd forgotten. Sweet as the stamp reading "Paid in full."

Mellow and mild and refreshing, as no other tobacco ever was. That's P. A., whether you smoke it in a pipe or the makin's papers. Why fiddle around? Skip straight across lots to the one smoking-tobacco that sets the pace for all others. There must be a reason . . . there *is!*



Quality and quantity BOTH
—you get TWO *full ounces*
in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy-smoke!

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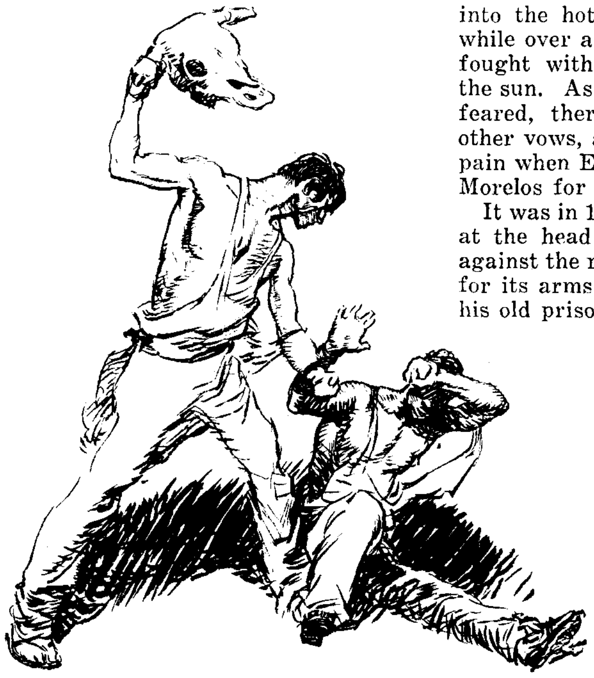
Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



Tennesseean's bold spirit, however. Strong as a bull, untamable as a hawk, he kept the guards in such fear of their lives that at last they pushed him his food with a pole.

Once on his way back from the hospital, still weak from fever, he struck down a soldier and fled to the chaparral. Filing off his irons, he crept down to the docks under cover of darkness, and so worked upon the sympathy of some sailors that they hid him in an empty water cask. An hour before the sailing for Peru a Portuguese cook betrayed him.

ANOTHER time, while working in a quarry, he planned and led a successful prison break, felling the captain of the guards with a jagged rock. Sand and cactus tore his feet, and there was a black midnight when he swam a lake thick with alligators. Hiding in thickets by day, crawling his slow progress by night, feeding on the tops of cabbage palms, he fell ill of fever and exhaustion, yet when a company of soldiers caught up with him at last, he gave battle with his club.

He was of the American pioneer breed, this indomitable young Tennesseean—born of those who had held the frontier against a redskin host and fought with Washington that the colonies might be free—and death to him was better far than base captivity.

By now it had become a duel of wills between Bean and the governor, and the Spaniard's next move was to chain the prisoner to a giant mulatto, a man of many murders. As the two walked the yard the first morning, the Negro grinning at thought of the reward that had been promised him, Bean struck first as was his wont. Seizing a bull's skull, with the horns still on it, he brought it down on the woolly pate with all his strength, and by the time guards reached the scene the bawling giant had no higher hope than solitary confinement.

It was then that they put an iron wagon wheel around Bean's neck, so that he walked with one hand to the ground and could not lie down. So the ghastly days dragged by until the autumn of 1810, when great events shook the prison walls. In the little town of Dolores, far to the north, a heroic priest, Miguel Hidalgo, had raised the banner of revolution, and led the oppressed hordes of Mexico against the might of Spain. Thousands followed him as a Messiah, and as fast as these thousands were killed others poured from mountain and plain to fill the ranks—poor, pathetic creatures, so primitive that they thought to stop the Spanish bullets with their straw hats.

Down into the South came still another priest—swart, impetuous José María Morelos—bearing a commission from Hidalgo to rouse the people. For the first time in three centuries men and women dared to raise their heads, and town after town fell before his victorious march. At news of his coming the panic-stricken governor of Acapulco emptied his cells, even putting muskets into the hands of felons.

Only Ellis Bean, with the iron wheel about his neck, was kept locked in his dungeon, a white lizard his sole company.

"But why?" he cried to his guards at feeding time, for here was a lad as shrewd as brave. "I am a trained soldier, skilled in every branch of warfare. In my own country I was a great general, wearing gold braid and riding a fine white horse. Assure his excellency that I will be true to Spain if given freedom, and that I have no greater desire than to strike a blow for King Fernando."

The governor, desperately in need of men, finally believed, whereupon Bean promptly deserted to the rebels, taking a company of soldiers along with him for good measure. When priest and prisoner met face to face, fierce, distrustful Morelos looked long into the eyes of the Tennesseean, and what he saw must have satisfied him, for he took the adventurer to his heart and ever held him as one beloved.

NOW began a life that must have satisfied even Ellis Bean's passion for high adventure. As chief of ordnance for the rebel army he made powder, mended old guns, forged pikes and swords, and led independent forays against Spanish strongholds. When wounded, Morelos hid in the hills after the terrible siege of Cuautla. *El Americano* struck suddenly at Tehuacan and Orizaba, and then sweeping down again into the hot lowlands, lorded it for a while over a fair province where fruits fought with flowers for the favor of the sun. As poor Maria Baldonado had feared, there were other nights and other vows, and many a heart knew its pain when Ellis Bean rode away to join Morelos for a fresh campaign.

It was in 1813 that the warrior priest, at the head of a new army, marched against the rich port of Acapulco, eager for its arms and supplies. At sight of his old prison, *El Americano* begged to be given charge of operations, and it was he who turned tree trunks into canoes, lashed them together and captured the fortress' schooner fleet, and his also was the glory of receiving the abject surrender of the cruel governor who had so often flogged him.

Hope now flamed high, but brief indeed was the blaze. Treachery and mean factionalism had crushed the rebellion in the North, and the head of poor Father Hidalgo—"great enemy of God and King"—bleached in the sun at Guanajuato. General Calleja, that merciless Spaniard, was at liberty, therefore, to throw an army of trained soldiers against Morelos and his Indian rabble. Woe followed woe, and the iron priest, after putting Acapulco to the torch, sought refuge in the wilds of Michoacan.

A fierce pursuit separated the fugitives, and Ellis Bean, alone and wounded unto death, crawled down from the barren hills to a lordly *hacienda* in a fair valley. The house, fortunately, had a young daughter, and, as was so invariably the case, *El Americano's* handsome face won her instant sympathy and compassion. With her own hands she nursed him back to health, and there were moonlit evenings when nightingales sang in the magnolias, but eventually a morning came when the fair Joaquina's parents suggested marriage.

"The good God knows that it is not our wish," shrugged the father, "but better a daughter's smile than her tears. We have in the house a royal pardon from the viceroy, and a promise from Calleja that he will give you a high command in the army of the king. Is it not enough? Moreover, the rebel Morelos is a fugitive, and you should see that it is rankest folly to persist in allegiance to a cause so hopelessly lost."

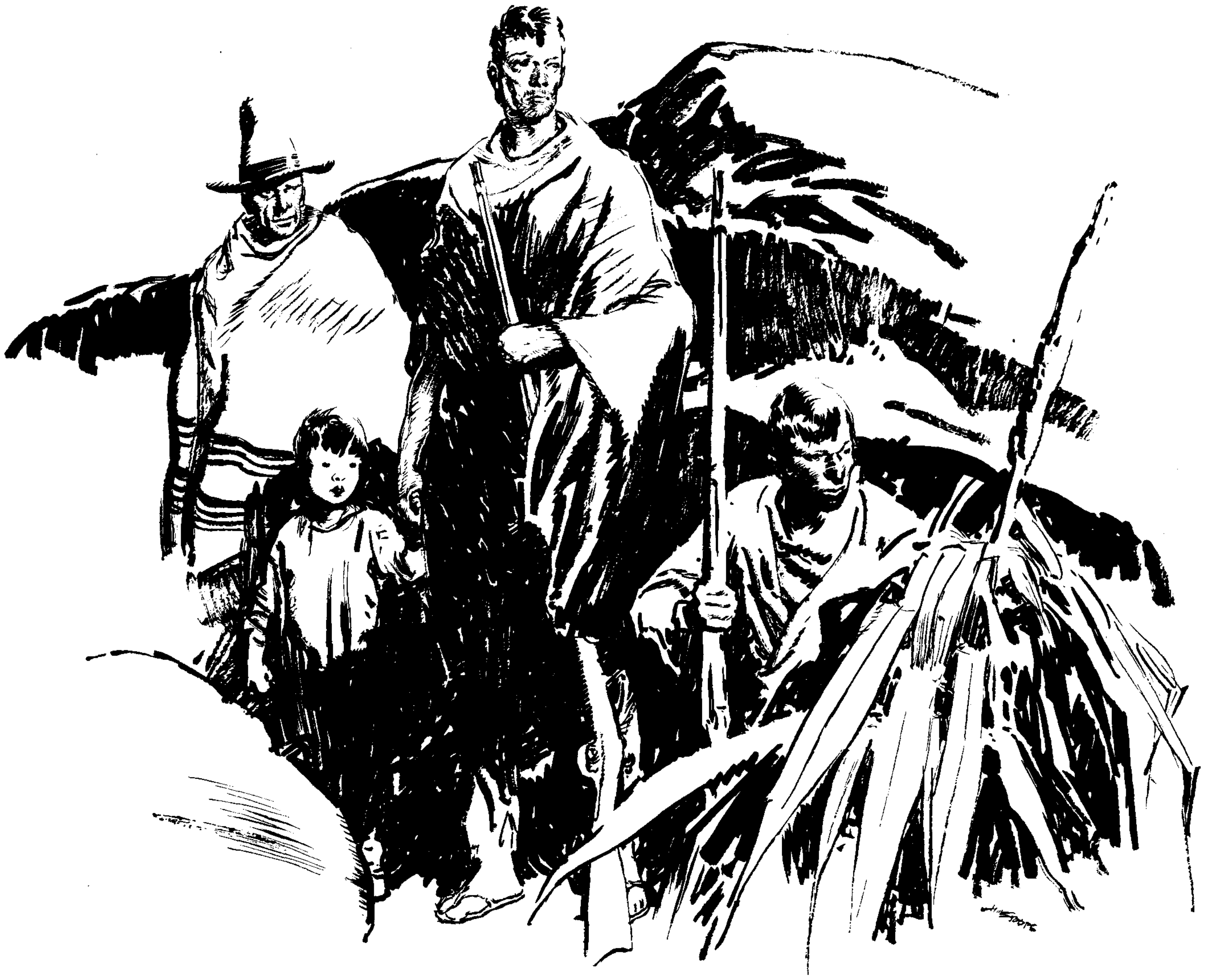
"I thank you for your great kindness, señor," the Tennesseean answered, "but if I were a turncoat—a man base enough to desert a leader when he needed loyalty the most—I would not merit either your own generous consideration or Joaquina's love. I am sorry to seem ungrateful, but as long as Morelos is in the field, he commands my sword."

THE enamored girl pleaded to ride away with her lover, but Ellis Bean was not yet ready for constancy. Soothing Joaquina with ardent assurance that he would return, he fared forth alone, happy to feel the wind in his teeth once again and a stout horse beneath him.

Desperately the rebels fought, victories alternating with defeat, but at last Morelos realized that the one hope was to divide Calleja's forces. Texas and the other northern provinces must be stirred to fresh revolt, and *El Americano* seemed the one man equipped for the task. Across the state of Vera Cruz slipped Bean, right through the royalist lines, and at the port of Nautla he was fortunate enough to commandeer a dismantled schooner.

Even as he put it into shape, out of the sea came a shot-torn vessel, black

(*Continued on page 72*)



While the boy clung to El Americano's hand, they wormed their way through the Spanish lines to the Gulf

"I've quit paying fancy prices for tooth paste 25¢ *is ample*"

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

Millions practice this intelligent economy

"I PAID from 35 to 60 cents for tooth paste for years—thought I had to in order to have nice teeth.

"But I don't pay that much now—not by a long shot! I've had a small but worth-while lesson in economy.

"My dentist and I got to talking one day and we agreed that all tooth pastes are pretty much alike. If that was so, what was the use of paying fancy prices? That led me to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ which I had seen advertised. Now the whole family—and there's eight of us—uses it, and we figure we save about $12 a year. 48 tubes at 25¢ instead of 50¢ or more.

"What's more, my teeth look cleaner and whiter than ever and my mouth feels simply great! Mildred and the kids report the same thing."

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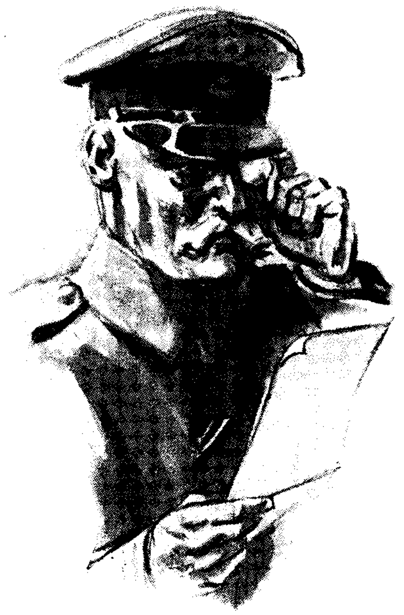
25¢
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT

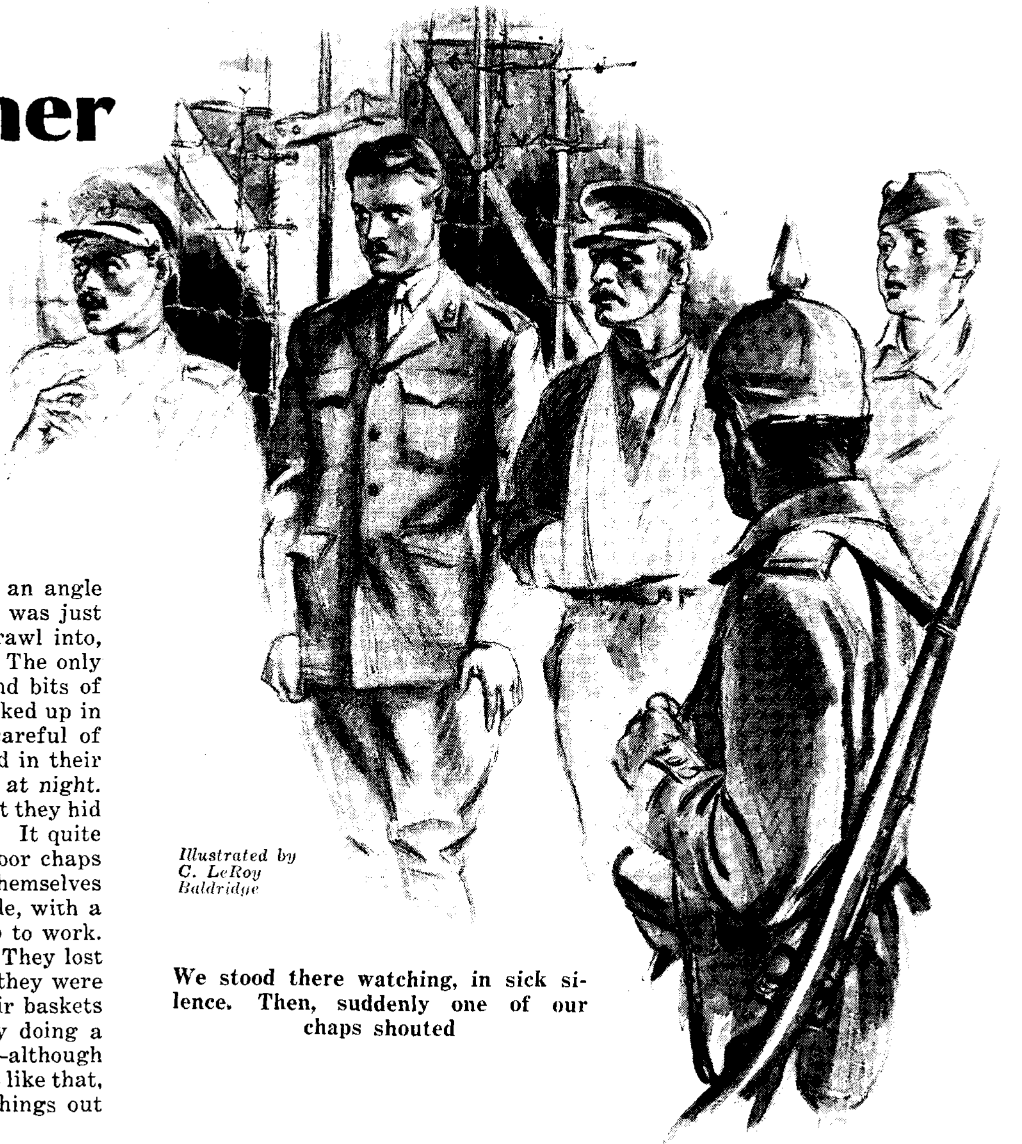
Listerine TOOTH PASTE

Colonel Something-or-Other

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Guy Gilpatric





We stood there watching, in sick silence. Then, suddenly one of our chaps shouted

THERE were two hundred and eighty of us at Wahlstatt that spring, and some of the poor chaps had been there ever since they were captured at Mons, way back in '14. Because we were officers we didn't have to work, and we even had batmen to polish our boots and things. But being prisoner is a rotten go at best, so most of the time we felt pretty low.

The Germans did all they could to make us comfortable, I'll say that for them. We had a wide lawn to stroll about on, a six-hole golf course on part of it, and in the basement of the house were a couple of passable billiard tables. We got up cricket and football teams, and when the tennis things came from the Geneva Red Cross, the old German Kommandant promised to build us courts. It was decent of him.

Of course, none of this meant much to the crippled chaps. Some of them could get about on canes, others had rolling-chairs, and the rest just sat. We took them on at cards and chess to buck them up, but they really didn't have much of a time. Some of them took to knitting and building wren houses out of odds and ends, just to keep themselves going. It was damned pathetic to see a man with an arm off, fiddling about with his teeth and one hand, trying to weave a wicker basket, or a man without eyes weaving mats to set teapots on. Then there was that six-foot Colonel Something-or-other, pretty badly shot up, who made lovely little fox-hunting mosaics and things of that sort with bits of broken glass.

I RATHER think it was the colonel who had the escape idea, and he must have talked it over for weeks with the other wounded chaps before he said a word to us. The plan was for the cripples to dig a tunnel from the cellar, which opened off the billiard-room, out under the lawn and into the woods beyond the electrified barbed wire. The colonel reasoned that because the cripples didn't have to stand roll call, and because it really didn't matter what happened to them anyway, they ought to be doing their bit to help the rest of us.

They started their stunt in an angle behind the furnace. The hole was just big enough for one man to crawl into, and they took turns digging. The only tools they had were spoons and bits of tin and what not that they picked up in the cellar. They had to be careful of their uniforms, so they worked in their underwear and washed it out at night. As they scratched away the dirt they hid it under the piles of firewood. It quite set a fellow up to see those poor chaps who couldn't even walk drag themselves like worms into that nasty hole, with a smile and a "cheerio!" and go to work.

And it did them good, too. They lost that far-away, hopeless look; they were happy as kids to be rid of their baskets and wren houses and actually doing a service for King and Country—although of course they never put it just like that, because when you say such things out loud, they sound like rot.

The colonel worked first shift every morning. After a week or so he calculated that his burrow had cleared the bushes near the house and ought to be out to the lawn. He arranged with another engineer chap to fool about with golf ball and putter while he poked up through the sod with a wire, and in this way they located the end of it. Every day thereafter the golf chap would pretend to practice putting and would leave his ball above the end of the tunnel so the rest of us could tell how far they had gotten.

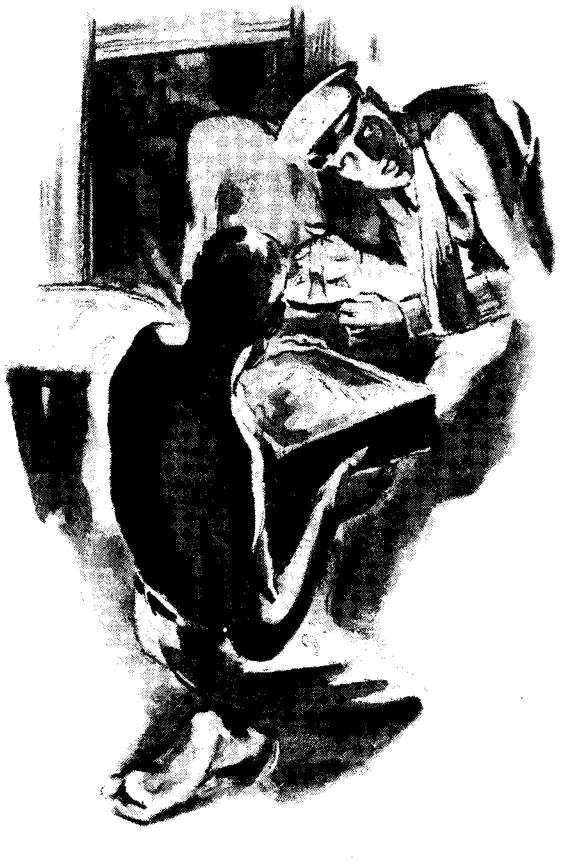
It was a tremendous event each morning to watch that fellow stroll out with his club, make a few strokes, and finally knock the ball back to just the proper spot. Some days he would move it forward only a foot or two, and the news would be whispered that the tunnelers had struck a stone, or perhaps some buried roots, or that whoever was in the hole had broken his spoon, or opened his wounds with the exertion. But little by little the ball kept getting nearer the fence. Forty yards, fifty, sixty it went, until at last we could hardly see it from the house. And one morning, it was a scant ten feet from the barbed wire. It bucked us up no end.

Roll call was at nine o'clock. We lined up on the driveway, and I remember hearing the old Kommandant's boots as they crunched in the gravel.

"Goot morning, chentlemen," he said with his usual bow. "I vill trouble you but a minute vile I call the roll." He had just finished the list when we heard a chugging, clattering sound. A silly old tank chassis, converted into a tractor, was towing a road-roller in through the gate.

"Ah!" said the Kommandant, waving his hand toward it. "There, chentlemen—I haf long promised you a tennis court. See, vee are starting vork today!" And bowing, he crunched off down the drive.

The tank turned to the right and lumbered across the lawn near the fence, the roller bumping after it. In its path lay a speck of white—the golf ball.



The hole was just big enough for one man to crawl into, and they took turns digging

Somewhere beneath, grubbing like a mole in the darkness, was the colonel.

We stood there watching, in sick silence. Then, suddenly, one of our chaps shouted.

"Shut up!" hissed somebody. "Do you want to get him shot?" You see, the colonel had a chance, just a chance, that the tunnel wouldn't cave in under the roller. But he wouldn't have a prayer if the Germans should find him there.

AS THE tractor reached the spot of white, my knees turned weak. I wanted to look away, but I couldn't. Then . . . the roller sank into the ground to its hubs. The tractor stopped with a jerk.

A hollow sort of groan went up from the crowd. The chap on my left swayed against me. The tractor johnny was racing his motor and fooling with his gears. Finally he yanked the roller up out of the hole and went clattering on his way across the lawn.

Well, we still stood there. There was nothing else we could do. But I remember that through my mind, as I watched, kept running that thing of Rupert Brooke's:

"If I should die, think only this
of me:
That there's some corner of a
foreign field
That is forever England."

Of course I didn't say it out loud, because I knew it would sound damned silly. And anyway, the colonel had been a chap who loathed poetry and sentiment and all that sort of tosh.

GAS FOR HEATING WATER, COOKING, RADIANT HEATERS

First... GET THE FACTS ABOUT LOW-COST DELCOGAS

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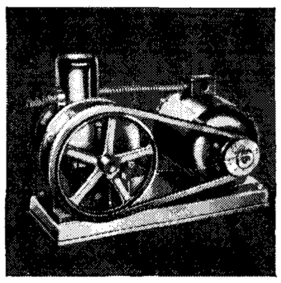
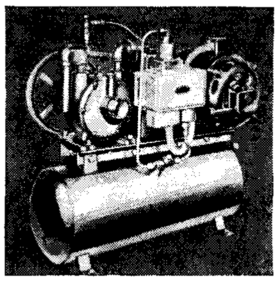


MODEL B DELCOGAS

This is the DOMESTIC MODEL for average homes and small commercial uses. The standard installation includes a 110-gallon fuel reservoir.



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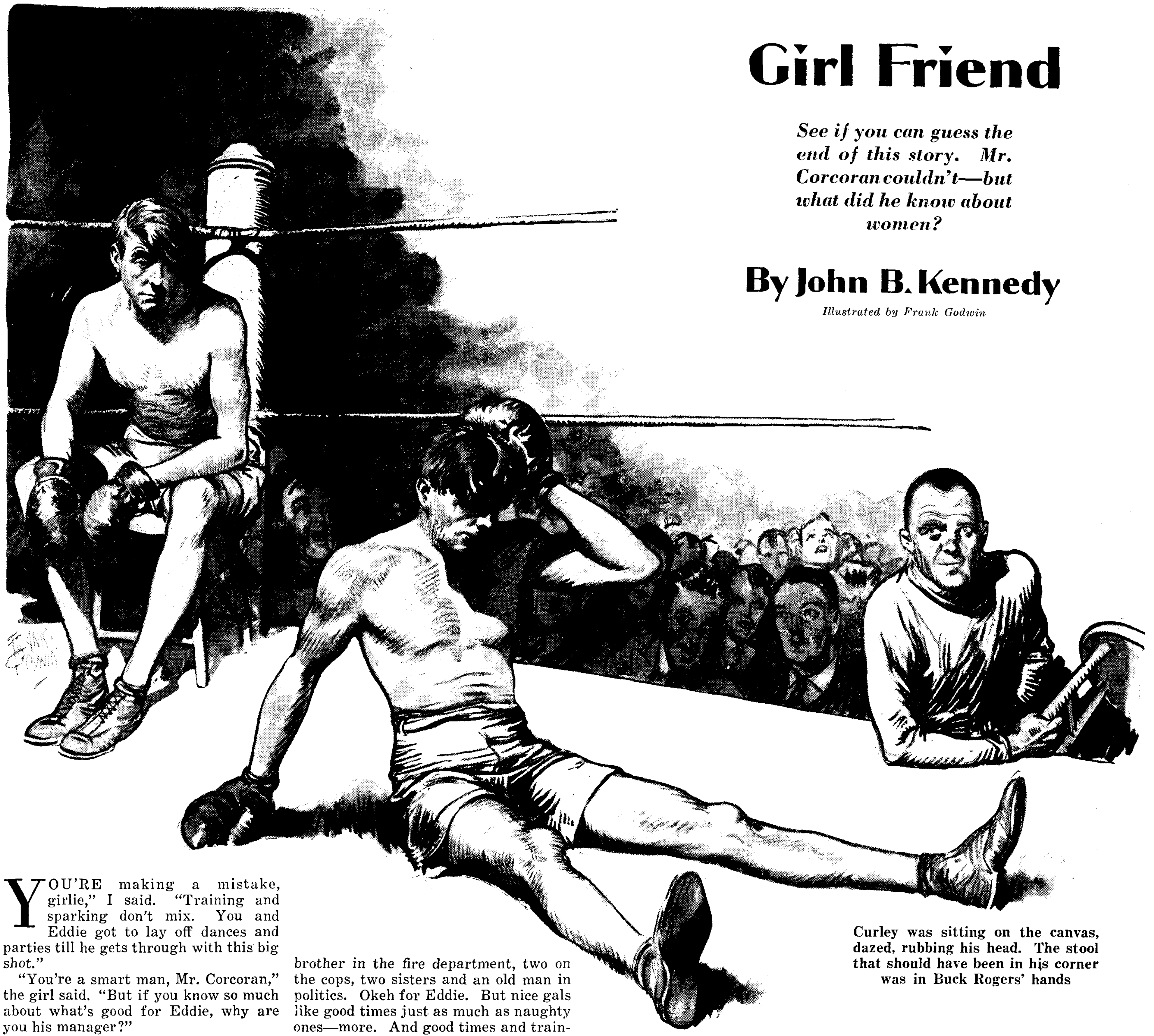
Girl Friend

See if you can guess the end of this story. Mr. Corcoran couldn't—but what did he know about women?

By John B. Kennedy

Illustrated by Frank Godwin



Curley was sitting on the canvas, dazed, rubbing his head. The stool that should have been in his corner was in Buck Rogers' hands

YOU'RE making a mistake, girlie," I said. "Training and sparking don't mix. You and Eddie got to lay off dances and parties till he gets through with this big shot."

"You're a smart man, Mr. Corcoran," the girl said. "But if you know so much about what's good for Eddie, why are you his manager?"

I got the crack. This kid was full of them when you dropped your guard. She stippled her lips with the red stuff that ruins handkerchiefs and reputations and gives me a glimpse that said good-by and forget to come back.

My plan wasn't to quarrel. First place, she was a nice girl, so nice that when Eddie McComb sprung her on me as a sweetie, I gave three internal cheers at his first sign of brain power. As a rule, successful young scrappers fall for the first made-to-order blonde who calls them big boy and runs fingers through their hair. You see, I'd picked Eddie out of the amateurs when I saw him drop the then amateur lightweight champ with a jab to the temple that traveled less than a foot. Eddie didn't win the fight. He was so surprised at his own sock that the champ was able to get up, back out and spread Eddie on the canvas while the kid was thinking it over.

Eddie was a shipping clerk in a department store and the girl—her name, Marjorie Chisholm—was secretary to one of the main springs. A bright girl, just right for Eddie because she had a nice home out in one of those Jersey suburbs that you only hear of when there's a juicy hammer murder. She had a brother in the fire department, two on the cops, two sisters and an old man in politics. Okeh for Eddie. But nice gals like good times just as much as naughty ones—more. And good times and training aren't even twenty-second cousins.

"I'm for you," I said to her, as she levels hazel eyes at me under silky black brows that made her white forehead and natural pink cheeks good things framing better ones. "But Eddie's got a job on his hands. This champ is made of cast iron and concrete. He's only giving Eddie a crack at the title because he thinks Eddie's as easy to stop as a tramp at a bath house. Eddie needs every day of two months to get ready."

She gives me one of those "You here yet?" looks and tips her fingers with her tongue to smooth her lashes. An eye-filling kid and she knew it. If it hadn't been for brains under her copper hair I'd have given her the rush act. But a dame with looks and wits is as harmless as a man-eating tiger on a diet of cinnamon seed.

"WHAT'LL you have for dessert—pie or ice cream or both?" I said, polite.

"Oh," she said, sweet and dangerous, "I forgot you were my host, Mr. Corcoran. I've been very rude."

"Well," I feinted. "You're an expensive guest."

"I can only eat a light lunch," she said, eyes wide and innocent. "Eddie and I are having dinner at Pelham Heath Inn tonight. I like that place, don't you?"

"Sure," I said, burning a fresh cigar.

"So does Eddie," she said. "They feed you so well and so much. And the dance orchestra—"

"Eddie can like it as much as he likes—after that fight," I cut in. "Now," I said, as those silky brows tangled in a frown. "Let's be on the square, girlie. You've got this boy wrapped up and ready to deliver. He's nuts about you and no wonder. You're a fine home girl, pretty and smart—"

"Where'd you get the catalog, Mr. Corcoran?" she cut in.

"I'm just asking you to leave Eddie alone for two months. By that I mean cut out dining and dancing. Leave him to me. You know when he's with you he reads the time by calendars, not clocks. Camp's the place for Eddie."

"Eddie's of age, Mr. Corcoran," she begins, but I upset this.

"You want him to be lightweight champion?" I said. "I've backed him with time and dough—plenty. The only way to do it is strict training. No dining, no dancing. Road work and fresh air. If you two night-life it much more you'll be walking X-rays."

She smiled as if I was making a sale.

"You'll let me send him a post card now and then anyway, won't you?" she cracks.

"Marjorie," I said, dropping my hand on her trim little fist, "call him up every night and come out to camp Sundays, but cut out the parties until after he cops the crown."

SHE smiled and got up to go. I paid the check and helped her on with her fox, which makes a man look as foolish as if he was putting on socks with a shoehorn. We hopped a cab and I drove her back to the store.

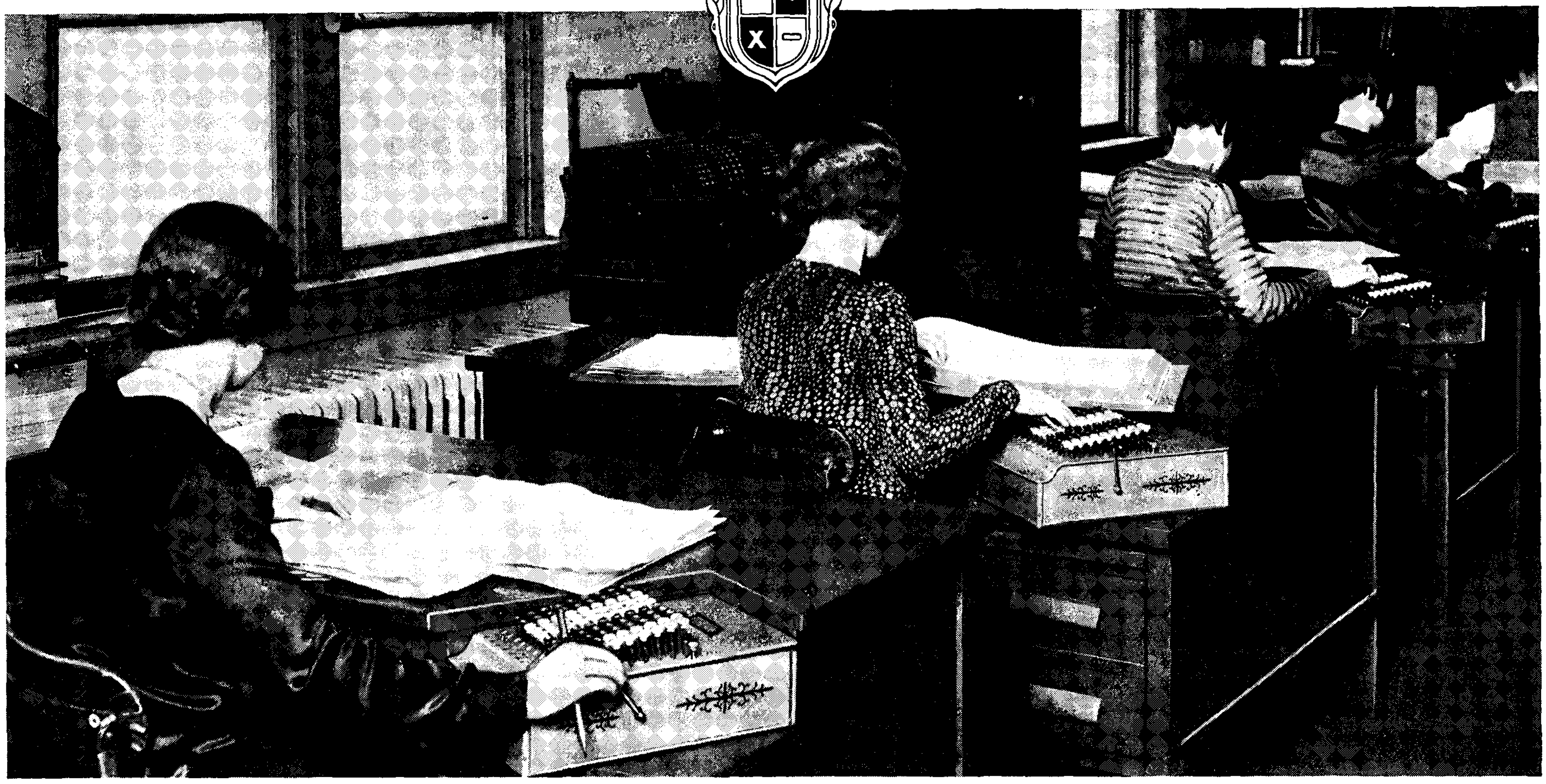
"Be a good kid," I said as she left, smiling. "Don't tell Eddie about this or he'll be sore."

"Not a word," she giggled and tossed over her shoulder: "Without witnesses present."

On the way uptown I figured her out. She was one of those dames that likes to have her way and likes to have her say. Of course, that goes for the whole sex. But they can usually get both when they've got the looks. She's either in love with Eddie, I figures, or else she's giving a swift imitation. Eddie

(*Continued on page 35*)

THE HIGH SPEED MACHINE COMPTOMETER FOR ALL FIGURE WORK



COMPTOMETER BUREAU—INDEPENDENT OIL AND GAS COMPANY, DES MOINES, IOWA

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Only the Comptometer has the Controlled-Key safeguard

Out of the House of Magic

By FLOYD GIBBONS

Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson and Radio Echo Altimeter in Airplane.

Floyd Gibbons

HELLO everybody: Picking up this yarn just where we left it last week, I recall now that the first thing I had to get thru my head was the character of this medium through which sound comes to us by radio.

Ordinarily, we call it air. But it isn't air and it isn't ether.

The best these wizards in Schenectady can do for a term to describe what I called the air, or the ether, is to call it "space."

Everything is full of "space." Now, this ocean of space is seldom, if ever, calm. It's as restless as life itself. These explorers in the "House of Magic" tell me that the heat and light we get from the sun, the X-rays our doctors use to "see" inside things, even radio—all these things are alike in one respect—they are all bumps, splashes, motions in space. They all travel thru space in the same way, and at the same incredible speed. Scientists call these motions "waves,"—because, as near as I can make out, any disturbance that is repeated regularly and periodically is a wave to them.

Think of space as so much jelly. As a boy I spent a lot of time watching jelly vibrate.

Take a big mould of red jelly turned upside down on a large platter. Suppose I tap this end of the mould of jelly with a large spoon. The jelly jumps—jumps away from the spoon. It receives the slight force of the blow on one side and the top bounces over. The opposite end moves also, but you see the whole mass moves right back again where it was when the spoon hit it. It was just a little wave of force traveling through that jelly from one end of it to the other—moving it—jiggling it—making it quiver like—well, you know, like a bowlful of jelly.

That's radio. That mould of red jelly is the ocean of space. The spoon that started that wave movement thru the jelly is the broadcasting station, and the movement that we saw transferred to the other end of the jelly was the arrival of that wave movement or impulse on the other side of space, right where our receiving set is located to pick it up. In that quivering movement, the jelly first moved forward and then it reversed itself and moved backward and it continued to alternate this movement, backward and forward, until the energy in the blow was used up.

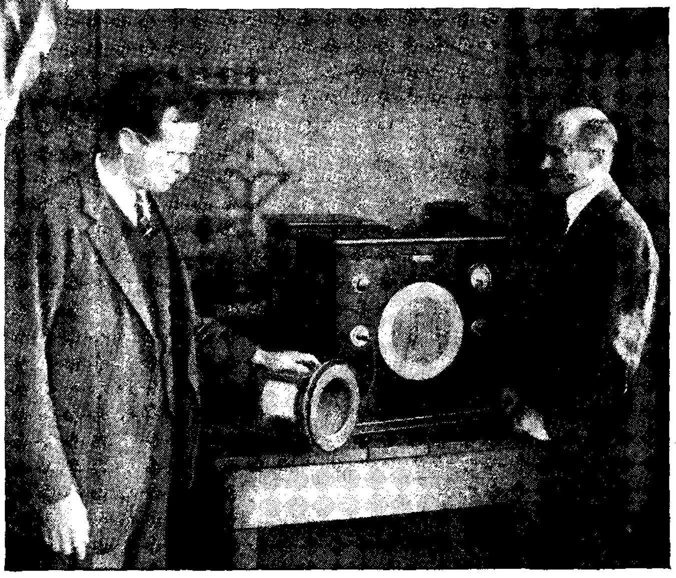
The tap of that spoon, and the resulting jelly disturbance, corresponds to what happened in "space" when a spark was produced in the old style transmitter. But back in 1906 Doc Alexanderson in the General Electric Laboratories brought out his high frequency alternator. What he did was to keep the spoon tapping,—evenly, rapidly, and powerfully, so that the jelly was kept in continuous motion.

Well, sir, I understand it all right up to that point, but what I wanted to get at was how, on earth or in space, they could catch those waves—pick 'em right out of space at some receiving point, and here's what I found out.

Any aerial—preferably a wire but not necessarily so—will pick up those same waves, vibrations or oscillations—right out of the air.

Now this wire—aerial, antennae, or what have you—is all connected up with a lot of coils and other gadgets. When it picks some waves out of space, these waves cause a corresponding vibration or swaying or jiggling all along this aerial circuit. The only thing necessary to put that aerial in tune with the sending antennae is to properly adjust its period of vibrations.

There you have the whole shooting match about the great device which Dr. Alexanderson gave to the world thru the General Electric Company way back in 1906; and which was applied immediately at that time to the operation of wireless.



Chester W. Rice and E. W. Kellogg with model of the first so-called hornless loud speaker.

The wireless was still in the dot and dash stage—still the code message, but next was to come the even greater gift by which the human voice was to replace the dots and dashes on the quivering jelly of universal space.

This gift,—the vacuum or "talking bottle" opened up enormous possibilities for voice broadcasting—possibilities which were fully realized only when another wizard in General Electric's House of Magic,—a lad named Irving Langmuir—got so intimate with the personal behavior of electrons that he discovered how to make the high powered broadcasting tubes that started long distance communication and brought the radio broadcasting business into existence.

Now I had a hard time learning how that was done. It's a long story, full of twenty-nine dollar words, and I've got to use one of them: electrons.

In 1888 Thomas Edison discovered a blue glow in a model incandescent lamp where no respectable glow should have been. Nobody knew why he found it until years later when a man by the name of Fleming, over in England, studied this glow, or the "Edison effect" as it was known, and found out that it was caused by electrons hopping off the filament. Fleming found a way to control these electrons, make them hop from the filament to an electrified plate, or go right back where they came from. He made a "bottle" or tube, the Fleming valve, which is the grandfather of the modern radio tube, and the first cousin to our Tungar rectifiers.

Then along came Dr. De Forest, and he put a third piece of metal in Fleming's valve. Fleming's bottle directed electron traffic, but De Forest's tube controlled that traffic as well as directing it. And shortly after incandescent lamps containing three "electrodes" (pieces of metal) were used to send out ether waves, and then receive the space vibrations at the other ends.

But these valves could only operate at low voltages. Dr. Langmuir and his friends up there in the "House of Magic" discovered the reasons why the first radio tubes wouldn't operate under a high voltage and effected a cure which made it possible to make tubes thousands of times as efficient as the old ones.

Now, today, the minute you turn on your radio, you start boiling off electrons, boiling them off that little filament, which is heated just like the filament in your Mazda lamp is heated.

The object is to get as many electrons boiled off as possible and then to make these millions of little bullets obey the traffic laws—and such wizards as Langmuir, Coolidge, White, Hull and a flock of other people in the "House of Magic", ever since 1910, have been prying secrets from "emptiness," studying atoms and electrons, devising new and better ways of training these electron bullets so that when the microphone makes them dance in the broadcasting set, they will do that same dance in your receiving set.

But a broadcasting set isn't all tubes, not by a boxful. A radio tube makes a good starting point, but before this high speed electron traffic can be properly handled, for it to be reliable, we've got to have proper connections, proper circuits, a system of ramps, overhead crossings, stop-and-go lights, so there won't be any traffic jam, because that traffic moves fast.

And these wizards up there in the House of Magic not only have worked to perfect the best radio tubes, but have perfected the boulevards, cross-roads, viaducts and all the other things necessary to control that electron traffic. After twenty years—that's a long while—comes a new radio set—a radio set which does what it is asked to do, one that will be as good tomorrow as today, a radio set which represents not a stage in radio development, but is in itself, a monument to twenty years of the most brilliant, painstaking, careful, scientific research that brains and money can produce.

If you are interested in the series of articles by Floyd Gibbons in booklet form they may be obtained by writing Section R-289 General Electric Company, Merchandise Department, Bridgeport, Conn.

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OUT

OF THE HOUSE OF MAGIC

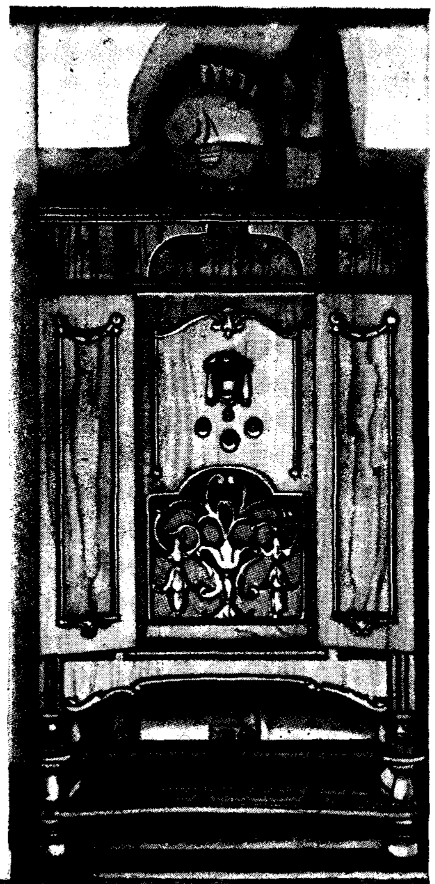
has come a new product on which

GENERAL ELECTRIC proudly places

"the Initials of a Friend"

H-71–THE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION

A cabinet of rare beauty. Its graceful lines are emphasized by the rich grain of the specially selected walnut. (Equipped with Tone Control.)



Out of the House of Magic has come FULL RANGE RADIO

The placing of the General Electric Monogram on this modern Radio, with its new standards of performance, marks the emergence of the radio industry from the old conditions into a new era—an era of stability and permanent service . . .

General Electric Full Range Radio is the answer from the House of Magic to the problem of modern broadcasting conditions.

Existing stations using greater power, and additional stations coming on the air have resulted in a radio traffic jam. The average set has neither the sensitivity nor the selectivity necessary to take full advantage of the available radio entertainment.

With General Electric Full Range Radio comes radio reception as General Electric Engineers know it should be.

These new standards of radio quality, the new pleasure that you will get from this Full Range radio are the results of combining, for the first time, the ultra-selectivity of the super-heterodyne circuit with the extreme sensitivity of screen-grid tubes.

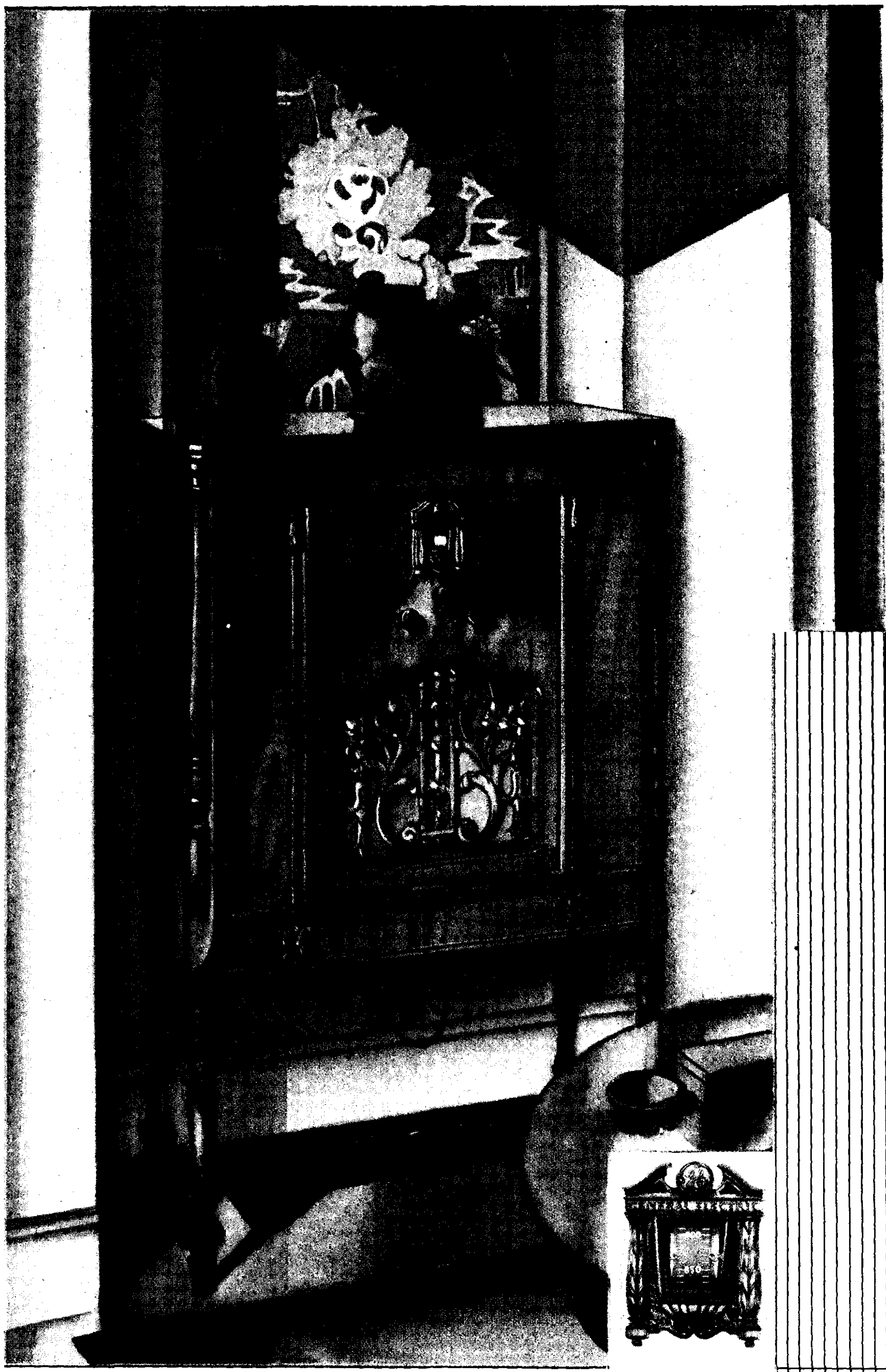
The Full Range Sensitivity of General Electric Radio brings in stations too distant or too low powered for the ordinary set.

The Full Range Selectivity of General Electric Radio abolishes overlapping. Every line on the dial coincides with a definite wave length—each one a separate station clear and distinct.

The Full Range Tone of General Electric Radio brings in lower and higher notes better than the average radio. Every note on the scale is tone-true. The rich beauty of General Electric Radio tone is free from distortion.

As in other products—now in Radio—the General Electric Monogram assures the highest possible standards of performance. And—it is a definite guarantee of quality in the product.

Your General Electric Radio dealer has been selected because of his ability to serve you. Go to him and prove to your own satisfaction the superiority of General Electric Full Range Radio.



H-31–THE LOWBOY

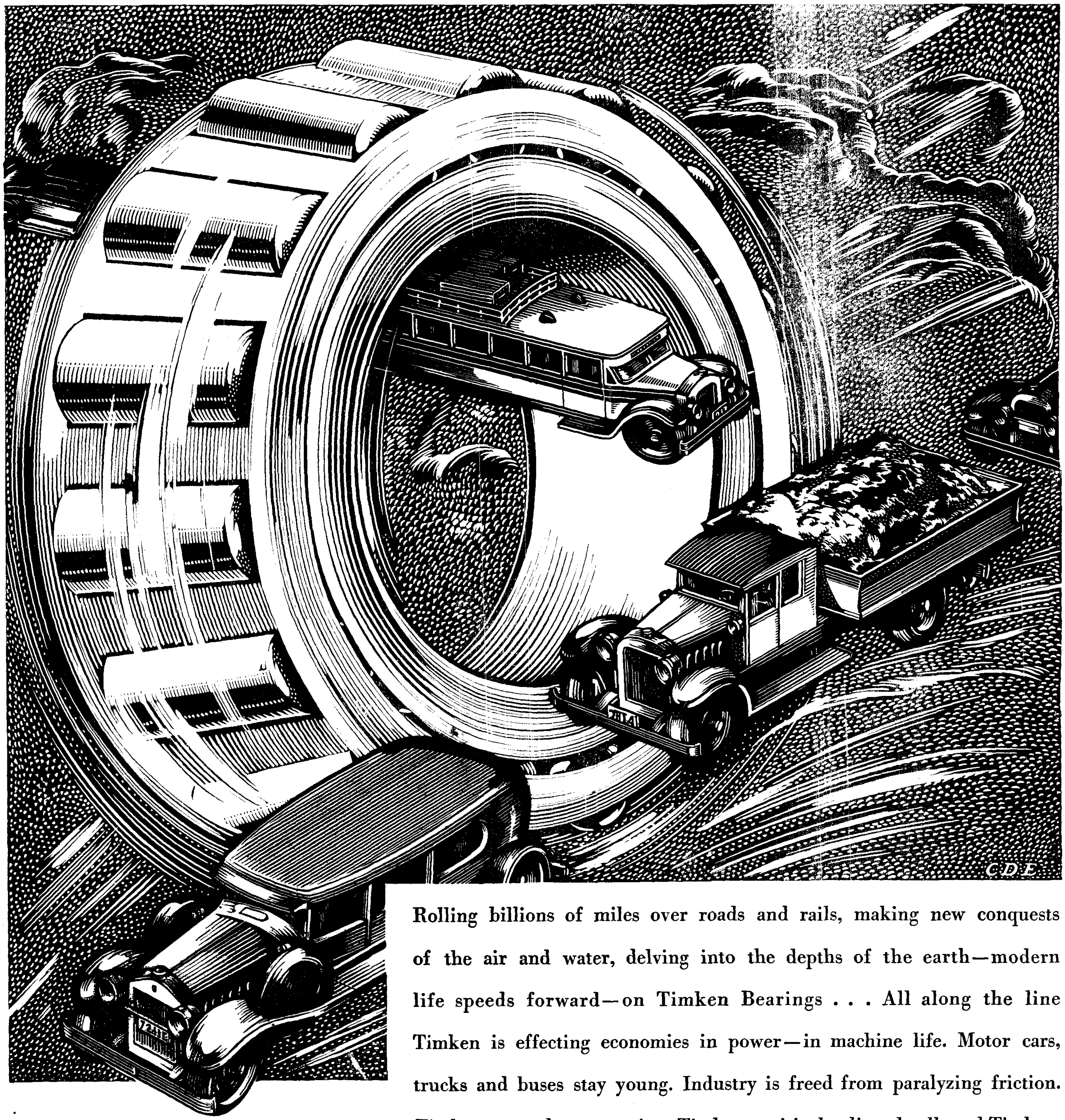
A simple and distinguished example of good furniture design.

So selective that every line on the dial marks a different station.

H-51–THE HIGHBOY CABINET

A truly handsome piece. Dignified and distinctive. (Equipped with Tone Control.)

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC
FULL RANGE RADIO



MODERN TRANSPORTATION
ROLLS ON TIMKENS

Rolling billions of miles over roads and rails, making new conquests of the air and water, delving into the depths of the earth—modern life speeds forward—on Timken Bearings . . . All along the line Timken is effecting economies in power—in machine life. Motor cars, trucks and buses stay young. Industry is freed from paralyzing friction. Timken tapered construction, Timken positively aligned rolls and Timken-made steel have bettered the great common carriers of life's burdens. Insist upon "Timken Bearing Equipped" whether you are buying motor cars, steel mill equipment or machines for any other purpose... The Timken Roller Bearing Company... Canton, Ohio.

(*Continued from page 28*)

McComb wasn't so much in love with her as in a coma whenever he thought about her. Hence my urge to get him to camp. Besides, although I've never gypped one of my stable out of a dime unless he deserved it, there's no jack in building a boy up to a title unless you're going to cash in on it for a year or two. When they marry they get another manager, which is always one too many. A fighter's wife figures a manager is competition for the pocket-picking privileges.

Eddie was up at the gymnasium, sparring with a colored boy who wore a balloon-tire tube for a belt to take the jolts. Hangers-on were calling Eddie "champ" and yelling for punches. Bad stuff for a youngster—these gymnasium bums with their cigar smoke and phony flattery. Swell a kid's head with what little there is in their own. I never saw a fight gymnasium that used enough vermicide.

Eddie hopped out of the ring.

"We start for camp tonight," I said, while he dressed.

"I got a date," he said.

I looked him over. A fine, square-built kid with a white, flat stomach and rangy arms. His blue eyes were a bit tired and cagy.

"No more dates till after the date with Kid Curley," I said.

His black curls seemed to stiffen. That was their trick when he was mad.

"I got to take Marjorie to dinner," he said.

"Not tonight," I said. "We got to get down to hard training, and that's tomorrow. The camp's all set."

"Can't I go out in the morning?" he said.

"Better wake up there and begin work early. You need all you can get between now and the fight."

His face clouded as if he'd taken a punch where it hurt.

"Well," I said, stepping in fast, "why don't you hook down to the store, take Marjorie out for an early bite and meet me at the Penn depot at eight?"

His eyes brightened.

"O. K.," he said.

I WAS at the depot at seven-forty-five. Also at eight-thirty. No sign of Eddie. I waited there so long that a drunk commuter was going to lay a wreath as if I was a statue of Paul Revere without the horse. Finally a copper said he'd send for a flagpole so's I could make a new record.

Cussing in a phone booth cost me ten minutes' wait for service. I got Eddie up at Pelham Heath Inn. He pulled the one about forgetting daylight saving. I told him all the daylight he'd save dancing wouldn't last a firefly for a workout and did he think he could make the Penn station in a mail chute from Pelham? A girl's voice at the other end told him to hang up. He did. One went down in the book for Miss Marjorie Chisholm.

She was at the depot the next morning at eight-thirty on her way to work. Eddie had telephoned me at two in the morning. And some guys think all fight managers do is take a cut of the gate and lead lambs to slaughter. They don't know that you got to eat and sleep catch-as-catch-can and keep lawyers and challengers at bay, to say nothing of making newspaper men forget that they know what's news.

Marjorie was as fresh as a label on a can of peaches. The hour before dawn is best for some girls' complexions. She was one of 'em. Eddie looked frizzled.

I chased him after some magazines to get a minute with her.

"You got your date," I said.

"Don't be hard on Eddie," she said. "It was all my fault."

"Yeh?" I said. "Somebody also just told me this was the Penn station. Think they was kidding?"

"He's such a nice boy, and I like him, Mr. Corcoran," she said.

"Well," I said, switching from soreness because it would do me no good, "he seems to prefer you to carbolic acid."

"I'll be a good girl, Mr. Corcoran," she said. "No more dates with Eddie till after the fight."

"On the square?" I said.

She slipped a gloved hand into mine, and although there was nine years between us and I looked as if the record was lying—gray hair and gray matter being what a manager gets through staying up late nights, she got me on her side like a prohibition agent on a brew-master's. Anyhow, she knew what perfume to use in addition to other assets.

"Can I come out to the camp, Mr. Corcoran?" she said.

"Any Sunday," I said, quick. "Glad to have you."

"I wouldn't come unless I thought you were," she said, and the flash in her eye caught me staring.

"You know your onions," I said.

"My favorite dish," she said.

EDDIE hurried back with an armful of reading matter that meant no more to him than weight. They nibbled a kiss during which she winked at me.

That wink stayed all the way out to Madame Bey's place in Summit, and when a gal gives you a wink you remember for two hours in the middle of lots of other things to think about, she's got the combination of sex appeal that we psychologists call personality.

I put Eddie McComb in training with a fast bantam who could duck forked lightning and an iron-stomached middleweight who could stop a glacier because he couldn't move fast enough to duck it. The bantam speeded up his footwork and the middleweight soaked up punches. When he could corner the bantam and flatten the middleweight—that was the time to start figuring the lightweight champion's end of future purses.

Eddie pounded the roads—ten miles a day—boxed ten rounds every afternoon, and what do you think he did with his evenings? Hung around the telephone and wrote letters to Marjorie. He gave me the first six to mail; but I saved them up. He could have been sued for breach of promise on any paragraph in any one.

The first Sunday he came up to me, healthy-looking but worried, like a horse thinking about the betting odds.

"I got to go to New York today," he said.

"That ain't your schedule," I said.

"My mother's pretty sick," he said.

You can't laugh off that one coming from a gas-house guy. He went into town and straggled back Wednesday morning. I said nothing, but shot him out on the road for a ten-mile run. He quit before the fourth. His leg power had been left behind on night-club dance floors. The bantam sneered at him publicly that afternoon and the middleweight took all the punches he could throw, right on the belt, and told Eddie to stop tickling.

"How am I going?" he asked, in a sweat at the finish.

"You're going," I said, "back to the shipping-room, or maybe you can join some ballet. Kid Curley can train on apple pie and beer and take you."

Eddie mooned around the camp like a guy with eleven yards to go to make the chair. He wrote out his feelings in a letter that night and hoofed down to the village and mailed it himself. The next day he was out on the road slaying worms after a heavy rain. His ring work was better and his eyes shed the cobwebs. So it went for a week. There were no telephone calls, no missives from Marjorie.

So Wednesday night he said:

"I got to go to New York tomorrow."

"If you run all the way and back, O. K. with me," I said.

"I got to see an uncle who's dying," he said.

Knowing the only uncle he had couldn't be seen on Thursdays, as Tuesday is visiting day at Sing Sing, I spoke up:

"You're as wet as a drinking dry," I said. "You're training for a crack at the championship, not as night nurse for uncles."

But he went to New York. He stayed away four days. When he came back there was no nagging. It was my turn to leave camp, and as I did so I left word behind that anybody who gave Eddie the price of a ticket or a taxi to New York would find his head in a museum.

I called up Marjorie Chisholm.

"Can you eat dinner tonight?" I said.

"Every night," she said.

"Shall we make it the Biltmore?"

"Tomorrow," she said. "I'm booked for tonight."

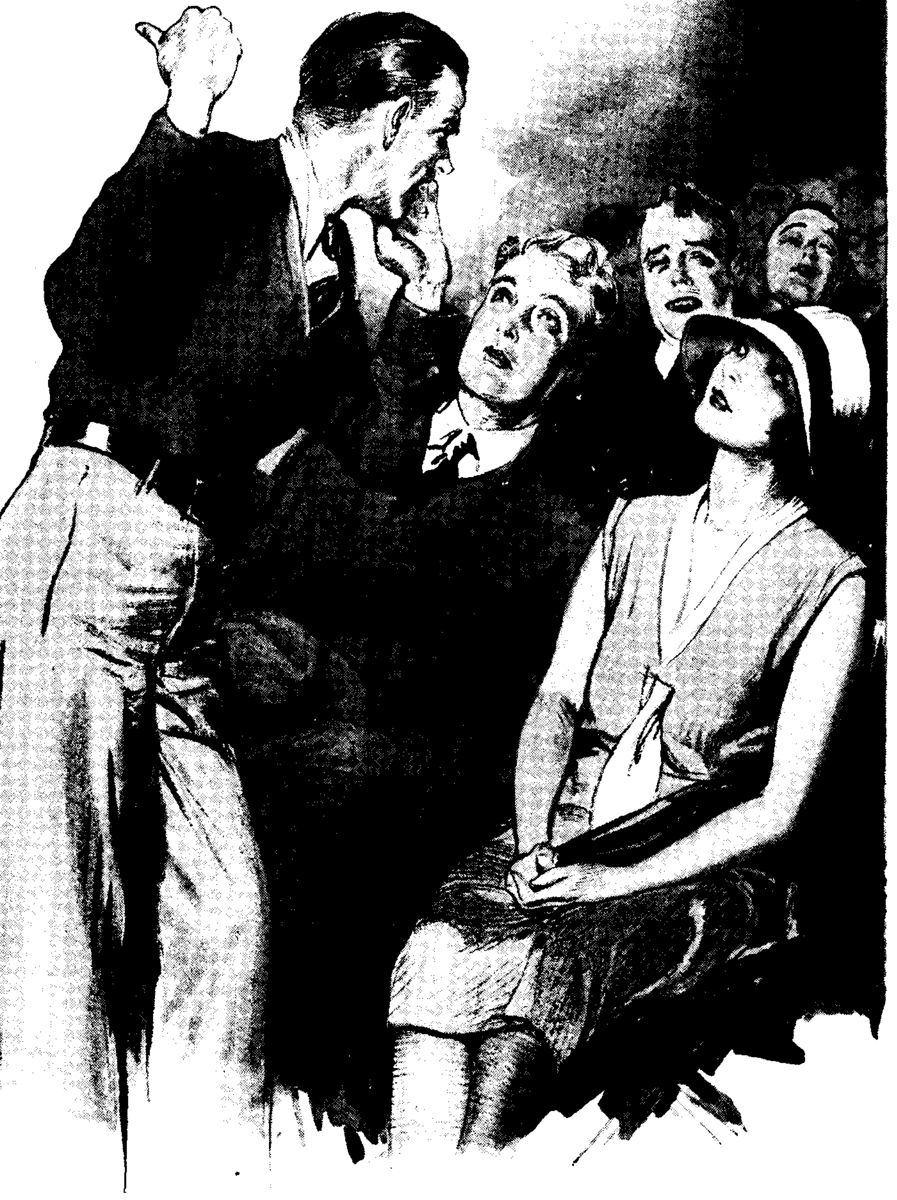
"Where?" I said.

"The Hollywood."

THAT being one of the places where customers imitate subway rushes on the floor, I immediately telephoned Summit to find out about Eddie. He was safe in camp.

So I strolled into the Hollywood at about half past six and stuck around so long the headwaiter asked when my lease expired. Suddenly, in a thick crowd, I spotted hazel eyes. A big, handsome goof whose face seemed familiar was with her. They captured a table and ordered food. Along about dessert I strolled over. The goof was

(*Continued on page 67*)



"Get out of here!" I yelled. "Can't you see you're ruining the poor simp? We've got a swell chance for the title and you're wrecking it"

This is the Man

Thomas Kelland, a student at the University of Virginia always uses a typewriter. He's interested in chemistry and his typewriter has a special keyboard with chemical symbols.

"A college professor is only human. Can you blame us for welcoming a neat typewritten report in a mass of scratchy, handwritten papers? What a blessing if all students would use a typewriter!"

Joseph Cummings Chase
Hunter College
New York City

"Once it was all wrong to use a typewriter for anything but business correspondence. Thank goodness that's changed! Now an illegible handwriting is the unforgivable thing. I do every bit of my correspondence myself, on my own Remington."

Rosamond Pinchot
New York City

"You say it for me, Mister," said Donald Caldwell, high school student. So we will, using Donald's language. "It's a wonder! You can think better with a Remington typewriter—and it's fun!"

Donald Caldwell
Port Washington, L. I.

"In engineering one little slip can cost thousands. Writing by hand is too likely to be misread. So I carry my Remington Portable everywhere. Besides, it has a special keyboard with engineering symbols which simplifies my work."

Frederico Clarke
Engineer,
Santiago, Chile

"I'm a sophomore at Wellesley. My family gave me a Remington Portable and it's a marvelous aid in my work. I major in French and have a special keyboard with French symbols and accents."

Katherine Kirby
Wellesley College

Boyden Sparkes, famous magazine writer, has carried a Remington Portable from the gold rushes of Canada to trouble in Mexico. The only time he ever abandoned it was under a hail of bullets during a West Virginia mine war he was reporting.

. . . WHO

. . . helped Katherine Kirby, Wellesley girl, increase her college credits.

• • •

. . . and helped Frederico Clarke, engineer, forestall an error of $80,000 on one job alone.

• • •

. . . helped Donald Caldwell, high school boy, better his report card in one month.

• • •

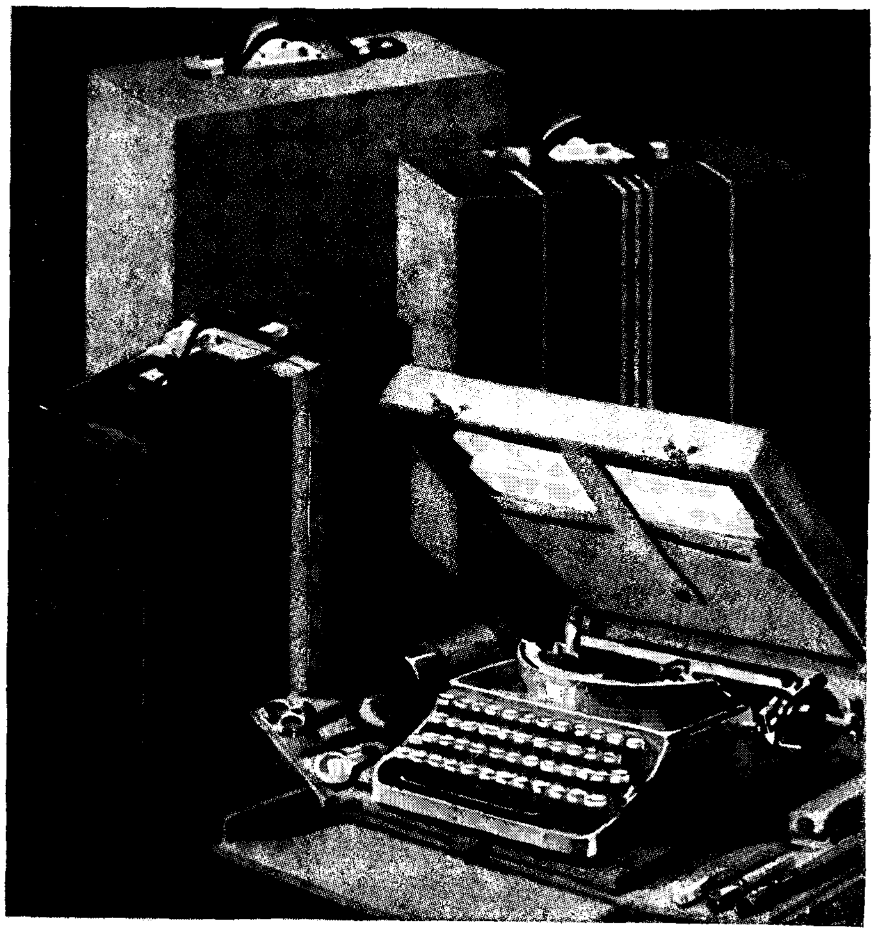
. . . helped Boyden Sparkes, star press correspondent, compose his brilliant news dispatches from everywhere . . . mine wars to Presidential trains.

. . . and the list is hardly started

SOMEONE without any imagination, would say that the Remington Portable dealer sells portable typewriters. Actually he sells better, clearer, mental effort . . . and the rewards thereof . . . to everyone from a 15-year old pupil struggling with his lessons, to an august elder, writing down thoughts of world-importance.

For nearly every type of mind thinks better recording its thoughts by this quick, efficient, writing method. The Remington Portable is the writing tool of the modern world. The world that rides Limited trains and Zeppelins, drives motor cars that can do 80, gets the news from one end of the earth to the other in the flash of an electric spark . . . and generally provides a speedy exit for anything that has no speed.

The Remington Portable is not only the sturdiest but also the handsomest writing machine of its size. It costs only $60, and any one of the 2,000 Remington portable dealers through the country will be glad to tell you about the convenient terms on which you may purchase a Remington. Go to your nearest dealer. Try the touch. Look at the lines. See the range of rich colors. It's a Remington for you!



The Remington Portable Typewriter is the smallest, lightest, sturdiest, most compact typewriter made. Available in a wide range of fashionable colors. Smart, new-design carrying cases in the new tweeds or suedes, striped in harmonious colors.

Remington
PORTABLE

REMINGTON RAND BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.
Executive offices, BUFFALO, NEW YORK. *Sales offices in all leading cities.*

Kitchen Mechanics

The kitchen is one place where you can go in circles and still get somewhere. In fact Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, industrial engineer, recommends it. System plus color—there's the making of a kitchen that even the cook will enjoy working in

By Betty Thornley

Model kitchen, planned by the Home Service Section of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company, to save steps

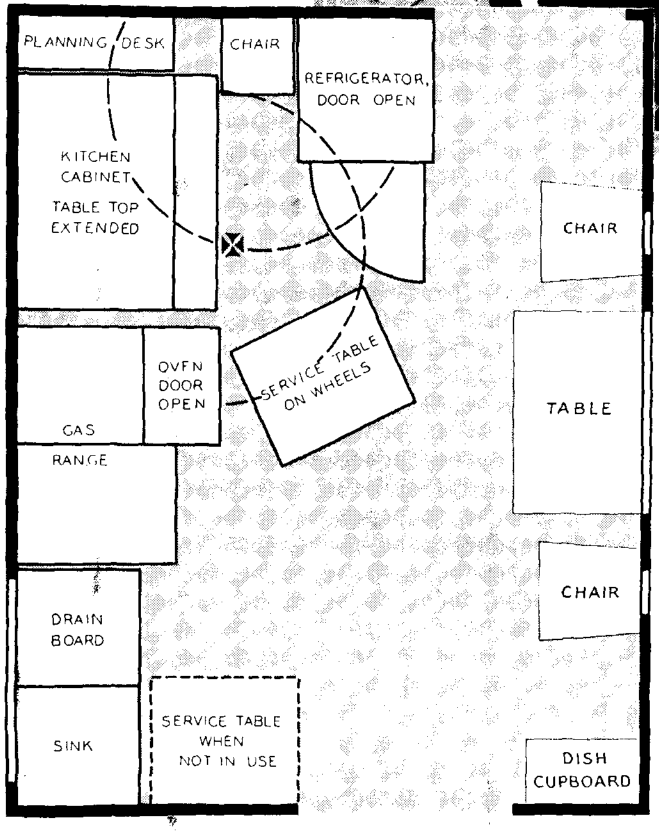


Exhibit B. How to reach all working units from one point

PRACTICALLY every woman today has been educated to demand kitchen equipment her grandmother never heard of—an automatic refrigerator, a range with a heat regulator and an insulated oven, a washing machine, a dishwasher, a kitchen cabinet that does everything but whistle—percolators, toasters, orange-squeezers, egg-beaters, and so on, that put no strain on the human wrist or the human mind. . . . Whether she uses them herself or offers them as timid inducements to the haughty young persons who catechize her when she needs new servants, the modern housekeeper takes such things for granted.

The funny part of it is that she gives so little thought to the efficient use of the woman-power necessary to set them all in motion—herself, traveling up and down the kitchen, turning raw material into a dinner, or Ella Swenson stamping around, breaking dishes in her haste to get to the talkies. This forelady of the factory generally has a totally unnecessary amount of work laid on her because, instead of arranging her power and convenience units to save steps, she seems to have let them lie where they fell on delivery. In other words, her kitchen has never had the benefit of an industrial engineer to lay it out.

In order to get this clear in our heads we offer as Exhibit A, on page 51, a diagram of Mrs. Hillary Smith's kitchen as it was arranged before she received enlightenment. The space is nine by twelve, with two doors, two big windows and two little ones. The contractor responsible for the house seems to have thought that woman's place was at the sink, for he gave it the best light, under the long window and between the two little ones. The gas range, as you see, is at the upper left on the diagram with a built-in closet next to it, and the refrigerator is at the lower right with a stationary service table across from it. The only available space for Mrs. Smith's pet kitchen cabinet was, therefore, on the left wall opposite the sink.

It doesn't look a bad sort of plan to the uninitiated—service table ready for parcels as they're delivered—refrigerator across from it to take perishables—range next to the cabinet where food is prepared—lots of space in the center to swing the cat. But one fine day an industrial engineer saw that kitchen and the cat's fur flew.

"Suppose," said the engineer in the cold, still voice of science, "suppose you were to make a coffee cake, how many steps would you take?"

Echo didn't answer, and neither did Mrs. Smith. She'd never thought in terms of steps. So the engineer rolled up her sleeves and proceeded to demonstrate, because she was a feminine engineer by the name of Dr. Lillian M. Gilbreth, and her coffee cakes were as famous as her motion studies for industrial plants.

More Headwork—Less Footwork

By the time the job was done—assembling, baking and cleaning up afterwards—the engineer had a process chart made, too. It looked like a string of big and little beads—fifty of them. There were twenty-four big beads, representing actions performed standing or sitting. There were twenty-six little beads spaced out between them, representing progress from one place to another—more steps than Mrs. Smith had ever realized she took. It did seem a terrible lot of motion for one cake, even though it was so good that the engineer and her hostess sat down immediately and ate half of it between them.

Then, when the lady with the unregenerate kitchen had been fortified to listen, the representative of the reform element gave her still another demonstration to think over. This time she drew a diagram of the kitchen, putting pins in to represent the various places to which her work had taken her and, with a piece of string, followed herself around from one pin to the other till the result looked like a cat's cradle in a fit.

"Do you know what could be done with the same kitchen, properly laid out?" said the engineer. "You could reduce the fifty beads on that process chart to twenty-four, of which only four would be little ones, representing steps taken, if you copied a layout that is on display this very minute in the Home Service Section of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company. If you had *that* kitchen, you'd have just one sixth as long a string to wind around those pins!"

"Seeing is believing," said Mrs. Smith, pushing the pad and pencil over to her deliverer. "Go to it, and draw me your plan."

The result was Exhibit B—the same space laid out according to a system which Dr. Gilbreth calls "the circular routing of work." From a single point on the floor, the woman who is cooking can reach the refrigerator, the kitchen cabinet and the gas range. Instead of the stationary service table stuck against the back wall, there is a movable table on casters that can act as an extension of both cabinet and sink. When it isn't in use, it goes back into the stationary-table position.

In between the kitchen cabinet and the refrigerator as now arranged goes a planning desk—a brand-new invention, created for this kitchen but copiable by any clever woman who chooses *to have it built in, to her order.* Here are the recipe card files, the telephone, a pad and pencil. In front of it sits a stool on casters.

As you'll see, Mrs. Smith's kitchen as now arranged has one whole wall free. At the lower end goes the dish cupboard. Under the long window, formerly devoted to gilding the sink, there is a drop-leaf breakfast table with two chairs.

Ending Kitchen Backaches

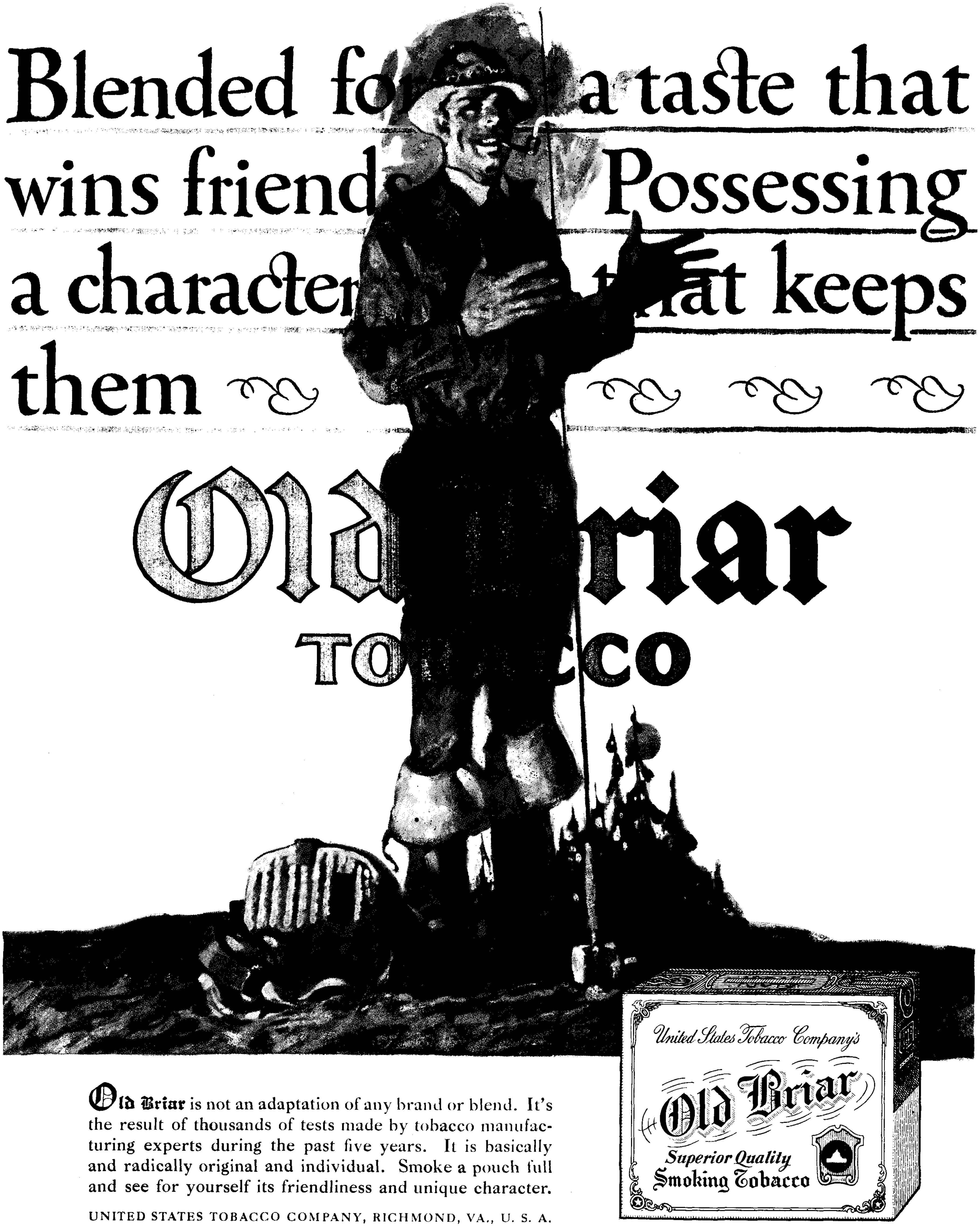
But don't imagine that we have finished with Mrs. Smith's kitchen when *the equipment is chosen and the floor* plan made, for all the working heights remain to be considered. Miss Mary E. Dillon, the gas company's president, likes to cook as well as run a big business, and she learned from her own experience that the work place in every case must be measured in relation to the elbows of the worker while standing. The worker shouldn't have to bend down, nor should she be forced to reach up so that her arms are at an uncomfortable angle. Hundreds and thousands of women who get kitchen backaches would find them ended if this *little matter were adjusted.* The bending evil, by the way, is much more prevalent than the stretching up, for almost all kitchen equipment seems to have been designed for women shorter than the average, though one firm of cabinetmakers has arranged to supply for its time- and space-saving units three lengths of leg, fitted into heavy metal corner clamps, to give a three-, a five- or a seven-inch lift at this point, as required.

Work while seated will proceed much more happily if the stool or chair is similarly adjusted so that the same relative elbow height is maintained. So far as the service table goes, it was designed with a slide leaf at a lower level, for the child who wants to help Mother cook. There's a half-round cut-out to

(*Continued on page 51*)

Blended for a taste that wins friends. Possessing a character that keeps them

Old Briar TOBACCO


United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
Superior Quality
Smoking Tobacco

Old Briar is not an adaptation of any brand or blend. It's the result of thousands of tests made by tobacco manufacturing experts during the past five years. It is basically and radically original and individual. Smoke a pouch full and see for yourself its friendliness and unique character.

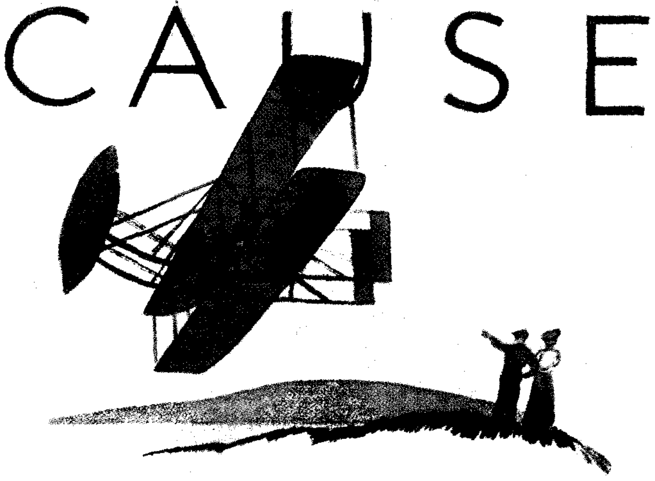
UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

15 *cents*

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR

CHAPTER 16

CAUSE



In its service to transportation Goodyear has accompanied the pioneering and adventuring mind not only on land and sea, but in the air.

It has been content to follow, to develop and perfect, where that has seemed the more serviceable part; but no less quick to lead, when that has seemed essential.

Thus, in its own special province of lighter-than-air transportation, it has made and is now making aerial history with Goodyear-built leviathans of the skies, while contributing signally also to the advancement of heavier-than-air craft.

As an example of the latter activity, Goodyear submits as its latest service to the airplane the new and revolutionary Goodyear Airwheel, destined to play a major part in the Age of Air Transport that now is here.

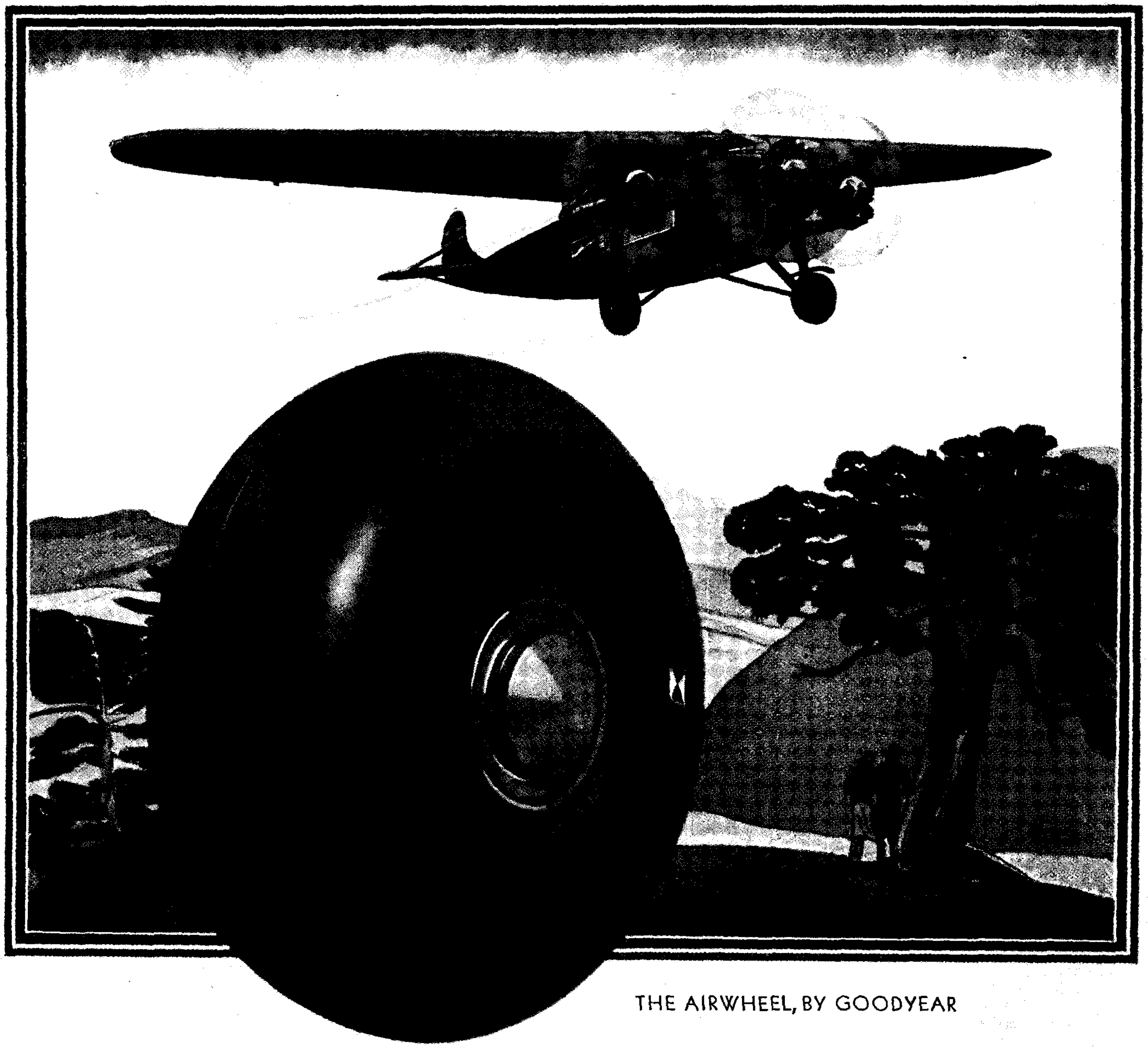
P. W. Litchfield
President

GOOD

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR

CHAPTER 16

RESULT



THE AIRWHEEL, BY GOODYEAR

These big soft rolling rubber pillows—Goodyear Airwheels—enable safe landings where airplanes never dared to land before. They take the place of the former wheel and tire, operating at pressures as low as 5 pounds—up to 15. They spread out—mushroom—when they touch ground. Repeated landings have been made with Airwheels on plowed ground, on swamp land, on soft sand and wet fields. They land with equal ease and safety on snow. Airwheels are now made for planes weighing 1,000 to 20,000 pounds. Every day shows an increasing number of airplanes fitted with this advanced Goodyear equipment.

YEAR

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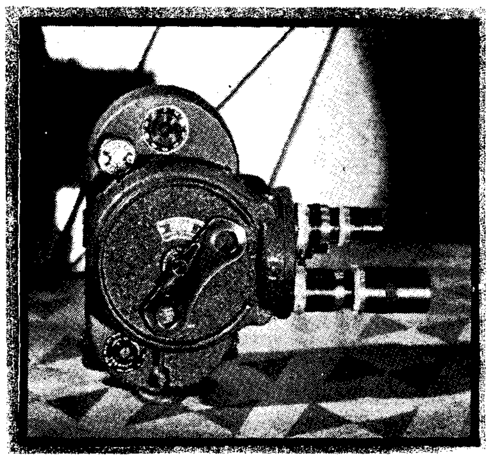
. . . OFF TO SCHOOL . . .

Catch them in Filmo movies



Filmo 70-D "Master of all personal movie cameras." Seven film speeds, three-lens turret, variable viewfinder. $245 and up in Sesamee-locked Mayfair case. Illustrated above is Filmo 70-DA with critical focusing attachment, $270 and up. Other Filmos from $120 up. Filmo Projectors, $198 and up.

. . . Look for this Filmo sign — displayed by better dealers everywhere.

THE greatest movie you ever saw! . . . Title, "Schooldays." . . . Starring, Your Children . . . Cameraman, You . . . Camera, Filmo.

Can't you see them trotting off to school, so gay and debonnaire? And as they grow up, picture them in high school, the college years, and that splendid day that brings a cap and gown? Truly, the greatest movie you could ever see. And *so* easy to make with Filmo, the finest of personal movie cameras.

Filmo movies are professional-type movies in their clarity and screen brilliance; there is nothing amateurish about them except, perhaps, the utter simplicity with which the Filmo movie camera operates. All you do is sight through a spyglass viewfinder, press the button, and "What you see, you get."

Mechanical perfection distinguishes Filmo movie cameras and projectors above all others. This is due to their precision manufacture and scientific design coupled with the 23 years of experience of their makers, Bell & Howell, manufacturers of the professional studio cameras used almost exclusively by the major film producers of the world . . . the very cameras used by Hal Roach in the production of his famous "Our Gang" comedies.

Ask a nearby Filmo dealer to demonstrate Filmo Personal Movie Cameras and Projectors, or write today for illustrated movie booklet, "What You See, You Get."

Scene from the recent "Our Gang" comedy, "Teacher's Pet," filmed by Hal Roach, with Bell & Howell professional studio cameras.

All Filmos use 50 or 100 foot films

For black and white pictures, Filmo cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.) in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic—obtainable at practically all dealers' handling cameras and supplies. Filmo cameras and Filmo projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Kodacolor film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing and return postpaid, within the country where processed, ready to show at home or anywhere with Filmo projector.

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PROFESSIONAL RESULTS WITH AMATEUR EASE

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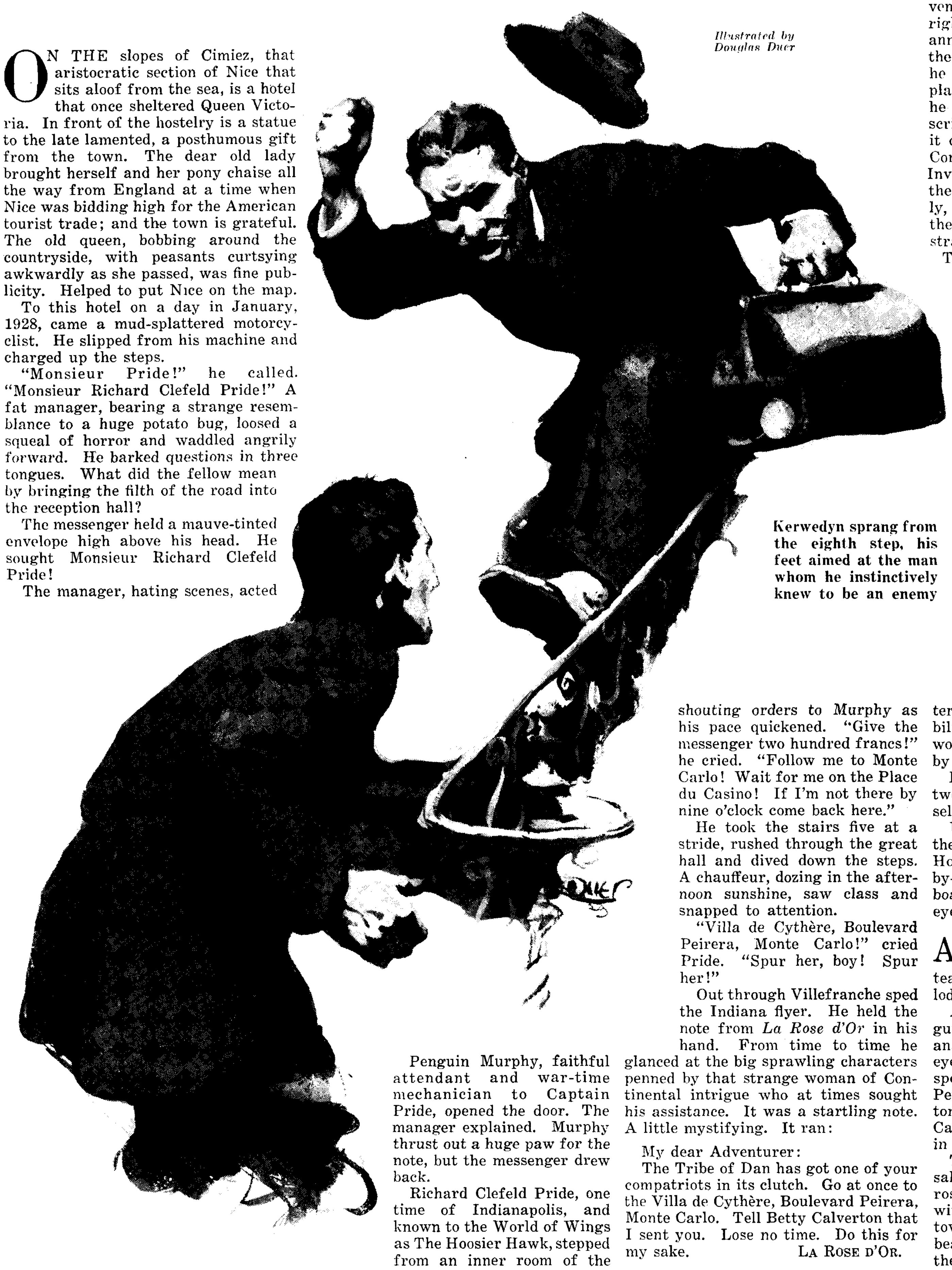
The Tribe of Dan

The Hoosier Hawk gives Europe's smoothest criminal a very rough reception

By James F. Dwyer

Illustrated by Douglas Duer



Kerwedyn sprang from the eighth step, his feet aimed at the man whom he instinctively knew to be an enemy

ON THE slopes of Cimiez, that aristocratic section of Nice that sits aloof from the sea, is a hotel that once sheltered Queen Victoria. In front of the hostelry is a statue to the late lamented, a posthumous gift from the town. The dear old lady brought herself and her pony chaise all the way from England at a time when Nice was bidding high for the American tourist trade; and the town is grateful. The old queen, bobbing around the countryside, with peasants curtsying awkwardly as she passed, was fine publicity. Helped to put Nice on the map.

To this hotel on a day in January, 1928, came a mud-splattered motorcyclist. He slipped from his machine and charged up the steps.

"Monsieur Pride!" he called. "Monsieur Richard Clefeld Pride!" A fat manager, bearing a strange resemblance to a huge potato bug, loosed a squeal of horror and waddled angrily forward. He barked questions in three tongues. What did the fellow mean by bringing the filth of the road into the reception hall?

The messenger held a mauve-tinted envelope high above his head. He sought Monsieur Richard Clefeld Pride!

The manager, hating scenes, acted quickly. "Come on, then," he cried angrily, dragging the mud-splattered one into the elevator.

Together they reached the second floor and hurried down a corridor. The manager tapped at the door of 187 in that apologetic manner that hotel managers adopt at the doors of distinguished guests.

Penguin Murphy, faithful attendant and war-time mechanician to Captain Pride, opened the door. The manager explained. Murphy thrust out a huge paw for the note, but the messenger drew back.

Richard Clefeld Pride, one time of Indianapolis, and known to the World of Wings as The Hoosier Hawk, stepped from an inner room of the suite. The messenger flung one glance at the tall, athletic figure of the distinguished adventurer, sighed softly and handed over the note.

The Hoosier Hawk shucked the note and scanned the contents. Eyes still upon the scrawl, he reached blindly for a hat and pushed aside the fat manager. He started to run along the corridor, shouting orders to Murphy as his pace quickened. "Give the messenger two hundred francs!" he cried. "Follow me to Monte Carlo! Wait for me on the Place du Casino! If I'm not there by nine o'clock come back here."

He took the stairs five at a stride, rushed through the great hall and dived down the steps. A chauffeur, dozing in the afternoon sunshine, saw class and snapped to attention.

"Villa de Cythère, Boulevard Peirera, Monte Carlo!" cried Pride. "Spur her, boy! Spur her!"

Out through Villefranche sped the Indiana flyer. He held the note from *La Rose d'Or* in his hand. From time to time he glanced at the big sprawling characters penned by that strange woman of Continental intrigue who at times sought his assistance. It was a startling note. A little mystifying. It ran:

> My dear Adventurer:
>
> The Tribe of Dan has got one of your compatriots in its clutch. Go at once to the Villa de Cythère, Boulevard Peirera, Monte Carlo. Tell Betty Calverton that I sent you. Lose no time. Do this for my sake.
>
> La Rose d'Or.

Pride repeated again and again the first four words in the body of the message: "The Tribe of Dan."

There was nothing of a biblical character about the Tribe of Dan. Quite the contrary. The name had been conferred upon a picked band of super-criminals whose plot master and undisputed leader was the Honorable Daniel Kerwedyn, a huge red-headed scoundrel who was the disowned son of an Irish peer.

Kerwedyn had originated seventy-five per cent of the confidence tricks played upon simple tourists. From his inventive brain came the rosary trick, the lost key game, the "hold my wallet" stunt, and a hundred other schemes that were based upon a close study of the cupidity of human beings.

Plagiarists grabbed the tricks invented by Daniel. One cannot copyright a confidence plot. Daniel was annoyed. Chased into Switzerland by the French police, he used the months he spent in hiding out there in explaining the methods of swindling that he had originated. He sent the manuscript to a Parisian publisher, who put it out under the title of Tricks of the Con Man. Written by the Crook Who Invented Them. It had quite a sale along the grand boulevards, but, unfortunately, most of the buyers purchased after they had been trapped by a plausible stranger.

The Honorable Daniel, having exposed the methods he employed in catching trout, went after the tarpon of the financial seas. He formed a gang of high-toned scoundrels. Suave Continental sharks; heavy swells, linguists, *bon vivants.* Clever devils who knew every capital and every resort. Judges of wine and food, expert conversationalists. Thus was born the Tribe of Dan.

Strange happenings were bracketed with the Tribe of Dan. An English countess drowned herself at the Lido. An American millionaire bit steel on a sure bet at Carlsbad. A bet that strained his credit for the moment. There was the matter of Carlos de Gerrido, the Coffee King of Santos. The gang jolted Carlos. La, la! The diplomatic service of Brazil got on the job.

Sliding through Monaco the Indianapolis flyer signaled a halt. He sprang from the car and entered a bookshop. There was a possibility that the book written by Kerwedyn would be on sale in resorts patronized by Americans.

It was. Pride smiled as he paid the twenty francs demanded by the bookseller.

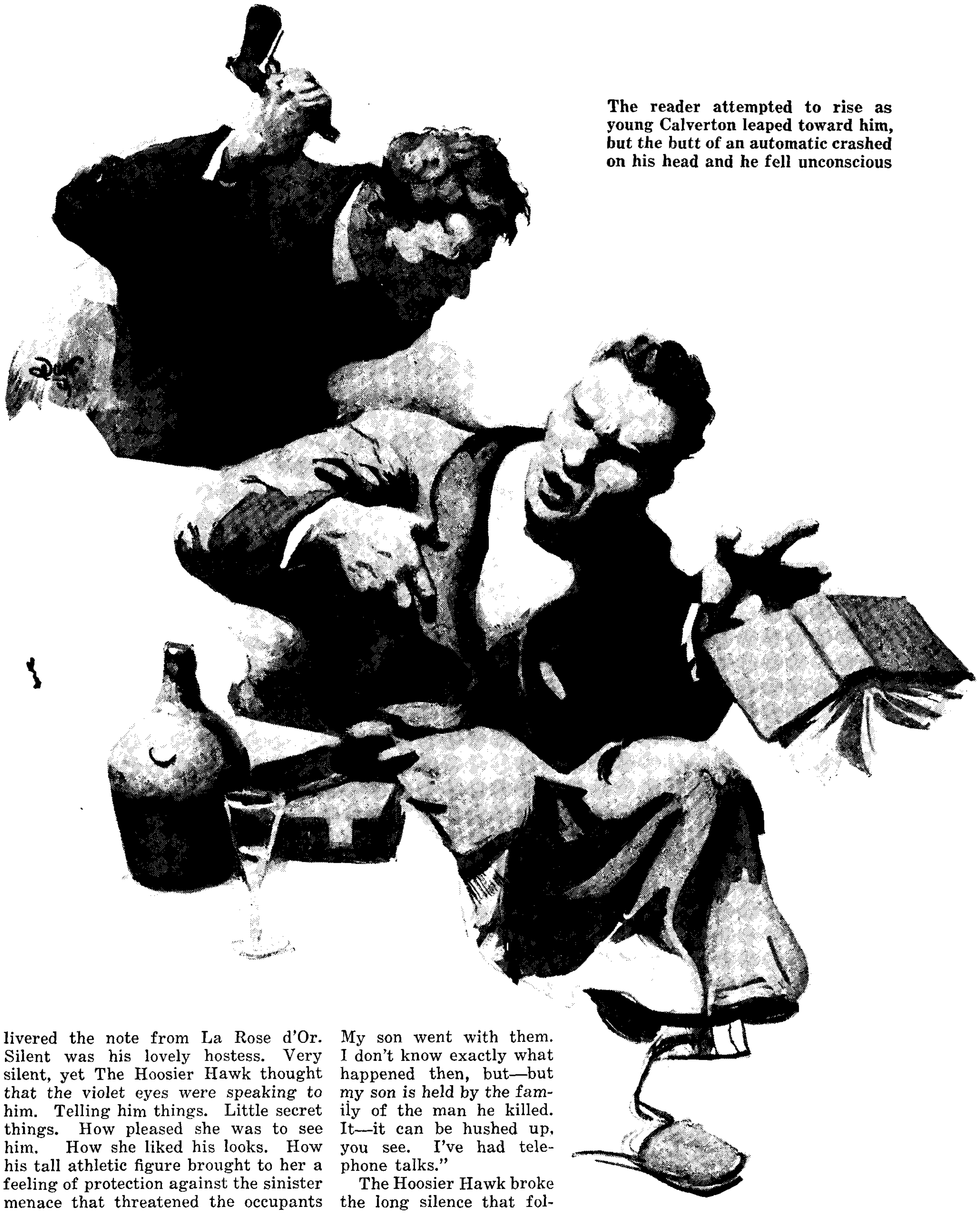
Up the slope to Monte Carlo. Below, the toy harbor, not much larger than a Hollywood swimming pool. In the two-by-four corral were baby yachts, motor boats and a gray seaplane. The Hawk eyed the seaplane lovingly.

A MODEST person had named the Villa de Cythère. It was a château. Huge grounds, a fine entrance, lodgekeeper's cottage at the gates.

A butler bowed before the distinguished-looking adventurer from Indiana. A large solemn butler with codfish eyes. A butler of the Spirit-of-Asthma species bred solely in England. This Percheron announced that Mr. Calverton was ill in bed, but that Miss Betty Calverton would receive Monsieur Pride in the salon.

The butler threw open the doors of the salon and announced the visitor. A girl rose from a lake of sunshine near a window, rose like a fairy and advanced toward the Indiana flyer. The sunbeams clung to her as she moved into the shadows of the room; clung to the dress that seemed to be made of that cloth of Samarkand called "woven air;" clung to the sweet frightened face, to the little hands that were soft petals peering from sleeves cut with that medieval ampleness adopted by the fair Thélèmites who lived in their castle by the Loire.

Pride introduced himself. He de-



The reader attempted to rise as young Calverton leaped toward him, but the butt of an automatic crashed on his head and he fell unconscious

livered the note from La Rose d'Or. Silent was his lovely hostess. Very silent, yet The Hoosier Hawk thought *that the violet eyes were speaking to* him. Telling him things. Little secret things. How pleased she was to see him. How she liked his looks. How his tall athletic figure brought to her a feeling of protection against the sinister menace that threatened the occupants of the Villa de Cythère.

"I will take you to Father," murmured the girl.

William Calverton, road-builder and capitalist, was ill. His gray, pain-washed face turned upon the Hoosier adventurer told a story of suffering. He put out a thin hand to Pride and motioned him to a chair. "Pleased to see you," he murmured. "Betty has told me why you came, but—but I hardly think that you can help. The matter—" He paused and looked intently at the face of The Hoosier Hawk, then continued: "The matter is near a settlement. A satisfactory settlement."

Pride waited.

"My son, John, killed a man in this house," said Calverton quietly. "Killed him in a quarrel that took place in the billiard-room. The man made insulting remarks about Americans and John knocked him down. His head struck the table and he died without regaining consciousness."

A fat silence entered the room and swept away the echoes of the words. The Hoosier Hawk waited patiently.

"They got him away," continued William Calverton. "The body, I mean. My son went with them. I don't know exactly what happened then, but—but *my son is held by the family of the man he killed.* It—it can be hushed up, you see. I've had telephone talks."

The Hoosier Hawk broke the long silence that followed: "How much?"

"Half a million," answered Calverton.

"Francs?" queried Pride.

"No. Dollars."

The Hawk restrained a desire to whistle. No picayune business was this. Half a million dollars!

William Calverton decided to let his thoughts slide. In a husky whisper he unbosomed himself. It was his first trip abroad. He didn't like Europe. It was strange, un-homey, hard. There were a million pitfalls for honest Americans. "This is a hell of a place!" he cried. "Honesty is scarcer over here than polar bears in Death Valley! The Lord alone knows what they'd do to a man in trouble. That's why I'm afraid. Afraid for John."

THE big butler entered the room with a carafe of water. Calverton motioned to him with a lean hand and addressed the flyer. "Twistle saw it all," he whispered. "Saw the blow struck."

The butler turned his codfish eyes upon the adventurer from Indianapolis. He waited expectantly, a little defiantly.

The Hoosier Hawk turned to Calverton: "Do you mind if I ask a few questions?"

The sick man made a gesture of extreme weariness. "Go ahead," he murmured. "Pure waste of time, though. I've heard Twistle's story fifty times."

"The young master 'ad a drink or two," began Twistle. "I served 'im with two Man'attans before dinner an' 'e drank the best part of a bottle of *Moulin-à-vent* with 'is meal. Afterwards 'e drank three glasses of Cointreau." He paused, his eyes held by the cold analytical stare of The Hoosier Hawk. With an effort he continued: "There were three gentlemen in the billiard-room. Colonel Strangburn, Count Laterza an' Mr. Monkswell, who was the young gentleman as was unfortunate. Mr. John got inter an argument with Mr. Monkswell abaht Americans. Mr. Monkswell said as they 'ad no class. Mr. John said, 'Ho, is that so?' an' sayin' that 'e 'auled off an' swung a right onter Mr. Monkswell's jaw. Mr. Monkswell dropped to the floor, 'is 'ead wallopin' the table as 'e went down."

"And then?" asked Pride, as the butler swallowed lengthily.

"Colonel Strangburn, young Mr. John, Count Laterza an' me carried the body out to the colonel's car. Someone said there was a doctor on the Avenue Roqueville. We went there. The doctor came out to the machine an' said that Mr. Monkswell was dead. I came back to the villa; Colonel Strangburn, Count Laterza and young Mr. John drove away with the body."

"Thank you," said Pride. The butler bowed, gathered up some empty glasses and marched out of the room.

The sick man, during the recital, had sunk into a sort of apathy. The oft-repeated story nauseated him. Now he lifted himself with a great effort and spoke excitedly. "Forget everything!" he cried, his fierce gray eyes upon The Hoosier Hawk. "The money will be here in a few hours! I'll pay! I'll square everything! I want Johnny! I want him! This is a hell of a country! I want to get away! Awfully grateful to you, Pride, but—but—" He turned his face to the wall and sobbed softly.

RICHARD CLEFELD PRIDE tiptoed from the room in the wake of Betty Calverton. In silence the two descended to the salon.

"Do you wish me to go away?" demanded the flyer. "If you . . ."

"No, *no, no!*" interrupted the girl. "Please, please stay! I am afraid. I am horribly afraid! I feel somehow that you—that your being here will ward off some dreadful thing! Please stay!" She looked up into the handsome face of the adventurer from Indiana. The tears within the violet eyes welled up to the levee of long lashes that restrained the glistening flood.

Richard Clefeld Pride stooped and touched the little fingers with his lips. "I am here till you fire me," he said simply. "Your father is ill and he cannot see the tricks in this business." He glanced at his watch and spoke: "I have a friend who will be waiting for me on the Place du Casino. I wonder, would your butler go down there, find him, and bring him up here?"

"Certainly," answered the girl. "There are footmen and a houseboy if you—"

"I'd prefer Twistle," said Pride. "He—he looks such a clever fellow."

Betty Calverton pressed a button and the butler appeared. The codfish eyes seemed to show the slightest gleam of surprise when Pride explained the mission, but the fellow listened attentively to the instructions.

"The betting is that a houseboy wouldn't find my friend," said Pride diplomatically. "That is why I want you to go. He's a clean-shaven American not quite as tall as I but a little broader. He'll probably be wearing a blue serge suit, soft felt hat and tan shoes. And he answers to the name of Murphy. Please tell him that Captain Pride is up here and bring him back with you."

TWISTLE bowed, wheeled like a warship and marched away.

The Hoosier Hawk, standing behind the brocade hangings of a window, saw Twistle leave the villa. A great bull of a man in a snuff-colored suit, he rolled out of the servants' entrance into the side street. Something in the manner of the fellow as he buttoned the English-cut swallowtail made Pride think he resented the task that had been put upon him.

The flyer swung upon the girl. "Now let me look at his room!" he cried.

Betty Calverton, pale-faced and startled, led The Hoosier Hawk to the mansard. Her slim, shapely legs twinkled before the flyer as she climbed. Breathless she reached the top floor and pointed to a door. "I—I think that is Twistle's room!" she gasped. "I'll—I'll go back to my room and watch. If—if he returns I'll warn you!"

(*Continued on page 52*)

KELLY
SPRINGFIELD
BALLOON

AMONG all the confusing claims being made by various tire manufacturers, one fact stands out beyond dispute:

For 36 years Kelly-Springfield has built the quality product of the tire industry.

When you buy a Kelly tire, whether it be the Kelly Balloon, the Kelly White Sidewall Balloon, the Kelly Registered Balloon, or the Kelly Lotta Miles, you can be absolutely assured as to two things:

One is that you will pay *no more* for a Kelly—in some cases actually *less*—than you would have to pay for a competitive make.

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KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
Builders of the world's finest tires
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KELLY

Kelly-Springfield tires are sold exclusively by Independent dealers

Toeing the Line

Continued from page 15

before you knew it, blessed if he wasn't going in for ballet-dancing.

Now he seems to regard it as his mission to bring ballet-dancing back to its important place on the American stage.

When he went to the Capitol as ballet master in 1924, Mr. Hale assembled a group of six promising youngsters from musical comedy choruses and started to train them for classical ballets. Because he needed more talent he opened a school in the theater. He would accept only beginners who had not yet had a chance to be spoiled. These girls he taught without charge and as soon as they became proficient he put them on small salaries until they were schooled enough to earn regular checks and appear in the presentations.

Then as the Capitolians grew in number he began organizing other units and assigning his students to them.

Untrained Preferred

Where does he find these girls? They come to him from around the corner just off Times Square and from your town and mine, from Hawaii and Germany and everywhere. Most of them write and send photographs and tell him all about themselves, and if he thinks they have any possibilities he'll tell them to come on to New York, being careful to warn them that they may not get over and that they'd better buy a return ticket.

As a general rule he'd rather have a girl who has had no dance training or one who has just studied briefly. Such don't have fixed ideas. More pliable and flexible.

One timid youngster was sent in one afternoon as I sat with him in his office.

"Get some dance music on the radio," he directed his secretary.

"Now," he said to the applicant, "show me any steps at all."

Hesitantly, obviously nervous, the girl went into a routine. The music stopped and she stood uncertainly in the middle of the floor.

"Of course," she said breathlessly, "I'm not very good and I was sort of flustered today but if you'll just give me a chance . . ."

"Who taught you that step?"

"Nobody, sir; I always liked dancing and I used to go to all the vaudeville shows in town and I sort of picked it up by myself. I wrote you."

"All right. Report at the studio tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock."

The kid didn't say anything more. Just grabbed up her hat and her bag and was off. Like that.

"She's got something," said Mr. Hale.

"Not very pretty," I ventured.

"They needn't be," he said. "Fine figures—that's the important thing. You can make up faces but you can't fake figures."

"How do you know she can learn?"

"Anyone can. If she's willing to work like hell and forget about play.

"You know this is the darnedest training school there is," he went on. "Look at what those kids go through. Of course the pick of the crowd have to learn three or four new numbers every week. The Capitol group is constantly learning and so are the others. Even the units who go to musical shows have to report (when they're playing in New York) at the studio three days a week for rehearsals.

"Believe me, they've got to be in perfect physical condition to stand it. They're no ordinary chorus-girls. You might call me something of a slave-driver but I'm not really. If a youngster comes to me and starts in training she either has or she hasn't the strength to come through. If she hasn't, it becomes apparent after the first week and she drops out. If she has, her muscles become trained and hardened and she quickly gets so it's all in the day's work for her."

A Day's Work

"But what a day's work," I murmured.

"Oh, it's not so bad," he said. "Once you get limbered up and *keep* limbered up it's easy. That's why I insist on frequent rehearsals. Then I get them very young. I've got some kids still in schools whose mothers have brought them to me for training. As soon as they're through school and have reached the legal age of sixteen they'll be all ready to go out in units."

Unlike most stage directors of fiction and too many of fact, Mr. Hale is soft-spoken and gentle and he never swears at his troupes. He treats them like the bunch of eager, enthusiastic and at times troublesome youngsters they are.

In the theater, Mr. Hale keeps his girls under pretty strict supervision. They're not allowed to talk to any strangers nor even to exchange more than a word or two of greeting with musicians or stage-hands. If they do, they're fired. And that goes, too, if they're caught smoking or if any of them appears with the least sign of having had anything (oh, I mean anything the way you mean it) to drink.

"And when they leave the theater?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't have to bother much once they're through work. Most of them live at home; some at the Y. W. C. A. or other girls' hotels. Great heavens, after you've put in a day rehearsing and dancing you don't feel up to much whoopee-making. Hard work is the best doggoned chaperon there is."

When units pass from under his watchful eye, Mr. Hale appoints a captain for each one. Their duty it is to see that the girls report at the theater on time, that they don't engage in banter with stage-door johnnies or theater employees. It is also their task to check up with the orchestra leader as to numbers and so forth and to deal with house managers.

A friend of mine took a Chester Hale girl out to dinner the other night. (It was quite all right—he had known her in the Old Home Town.) It was necessarily an early dinner—the show must go on. But they lingered until it was almost six o'clock when he brought her back to the stage door. He was met at the entrance by a red-headed tornado in dance costume.

"What do you mean," she demanded, "what do you mean by bringing this child here at twelve minutes to six? Do you realize that she's the last girl in? Do you realize that she has exactly twelve minutes to get her make-up and costume on? Do you realize that she's liable to lose her job?"

On the road, the captains send weekly reports to Mr. Hale, recording the progress of their units both "on and off." If anyone has been cutting up it becomes the reluctant duty of the captain to mention that—with the result that a substitute is shot out from New York and the offender recalled for a good talking-to and perhaps dismissal.

They are relatively well paid. The more proficient students go on the pay roll at thirty-five dollars a week—often filling in as atmosphere in the ensemble numbers. When they dance in the line they receive fifty dollars to sixty-five dollars weekly and then they move up to seventy-five or one hundred dollars a week, depending on their proficiency, repertoire and term of service.

The first thing Mr. Hale teaches any girl is how to walk. Most of them, the native Americans especially, are pretty good at that when they come to him.

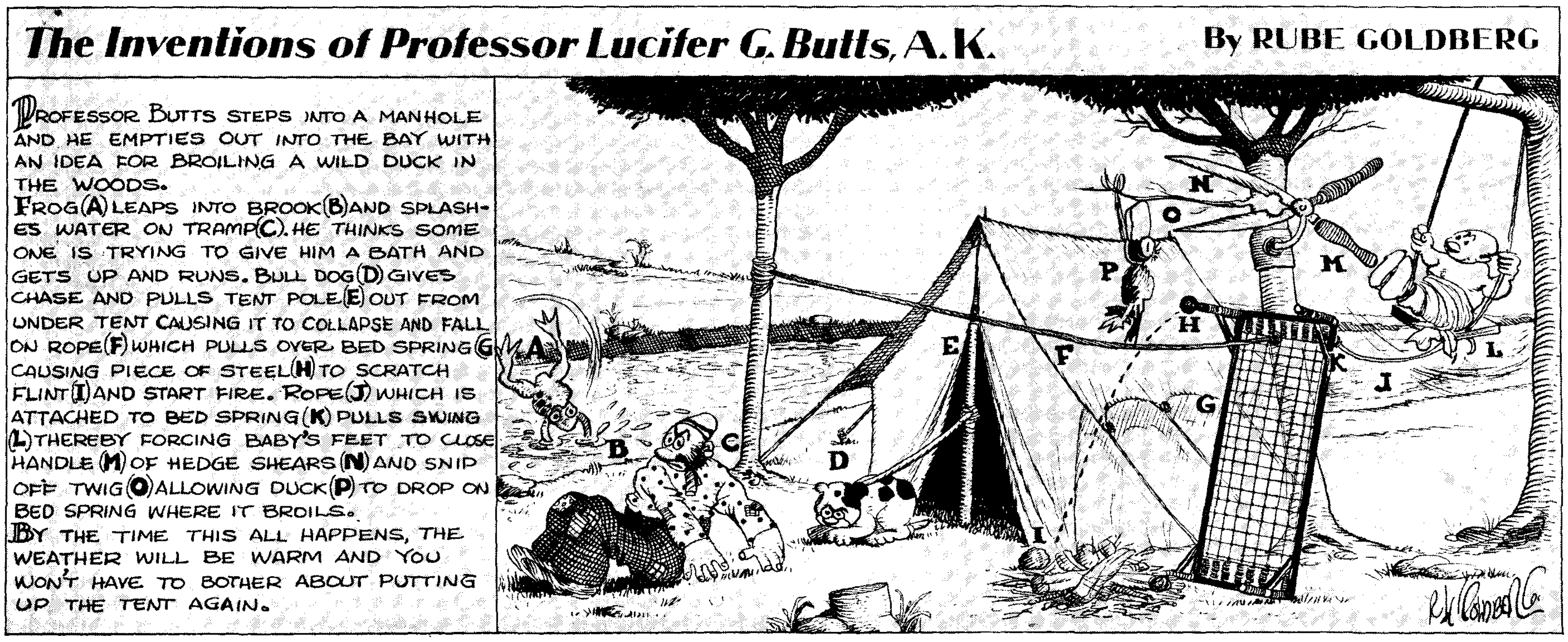
Learning to Walk

"I've been all over the world," he'll tell you, "and the American girls naturally walk better than the girls of any other country. And they have the best figures.

"But even if a girl is inclined to be awkward it doesn't take long to train her to walk properly if she's intelligent. There's never yet been devised a better method than the old trick of making her walk back and forth across a room balancing a book on her head. You can't keep a weight on your head if you bob up and down and it's bobbing up and down in walking that you have to guard against. That's what stands out in awkward walking. I've walked them for hours back and forth across the studio. They get awful sick of it but they make mighty good walkers before they get through. Then they go into the unit as show-girls if they're tall or just plain atmosphere, until they've mastered some steps.

"You'd be astonished at the girls who can be turned into graceful dancers if they're willing to make the effort. I remember when I first opened my free school a German couple brought me their niece. She had just come to this country, couldn't speak a word of English and was a sorry figure all around. In fact she didn't *have* any figure. Just a buttertub. But she wanted to be a dancer.

"Well, sir, I certainly didn't want to take that girl. She was hopeless. But they pleaded so earnestly that I couldn't refuse. I agreed to give her a try. It was slow going but her sheer dogged, Teutonic persistence that girl finally came through so that I was able to use her as atmosphere (she'd at least learned to walk) and before long she was dancing regularly at the Capitol. The strenuous work had brought her weight down and developed her figure. She worked for me for several years and now she's out in Hollywood doing specialties in movie productions and making good in a big way."



The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.
By RUBE GOLDBERG
PROFESSOR BUTTS STEPS INTO A MANHOLE AND HE EMPTIES OUT INTO THE BAY WITH AN IDEA FOR BROILING A WILD DUCK IN THE WOODS.
FROG (A) LEAPS INTO BROOK (B) AND SPLASHES WATER ON TRAMP (C). HE THINKS SOME ONE IS TRYING TO GIVE HIM A BATH AND GETS UP AND RUNS. BULL DOG (D) GIVES CHASE AND PULLS TENT POLE (E) OUT FROM UNDER TENT CAUSING IT TO COLLAPSE AND FALL ON ROPE (F) WHICH PULLS OVER BED SPRING (G) CAUSING PIECE OF STEEL (H) TO SCRATCH FLINT (I) AND START FIRE. ROPE (J) WHICH IS ATTACHED TO BED SPRING (K) PULLS SWING (L) THEREBY FORCING BABY'S FEET TO CLOSE HANDLE (M) OF HEDGE SHEARS (N) AND SNIP OFF TWIG (O) ALLOWING DUCK (P) TO DROP ON BED SPRING WHERE IT BROILS.
BY THE TIME THIS ALL HAPPENS, THE WEATHER WILL BE WARM AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO BOTHER ABOUT PUTTING UP THE TENT AGAIN.
N
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Rube Goldberg

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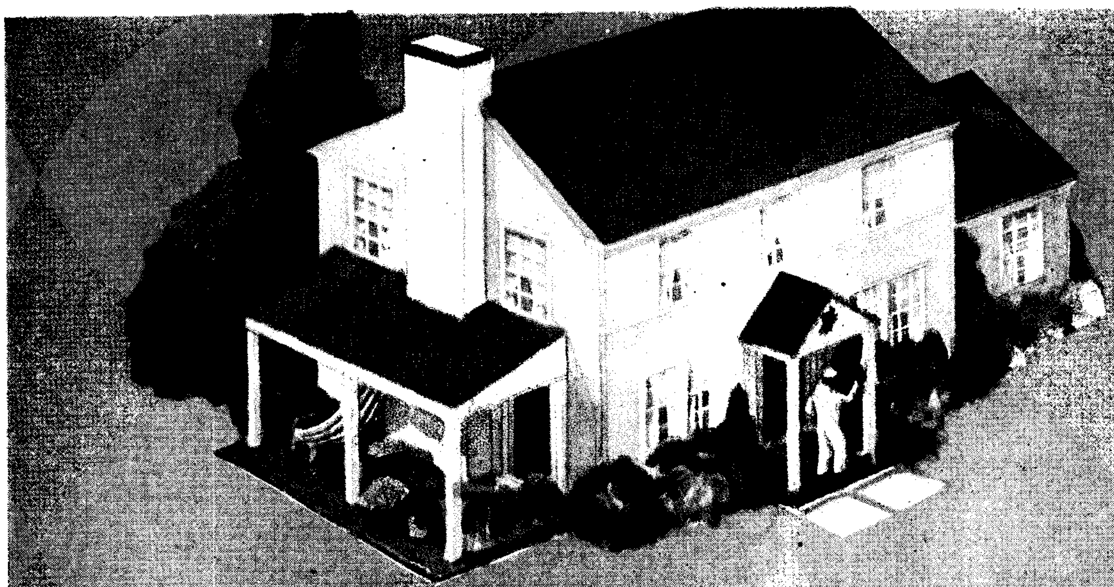
What is this thing called "tang"?

GIVE your parched mouth a change from candy-flavored tooth pastes. Give it the new thrill, cooling and refreshing, that comes with the first taste of PEBECO. The delicate "bitey" tang tells you that *more* than tooth cleaning goes on when you use Pebeco. Not only does it give you the whitest, smoothest, cleanest, dental surfaces imaginable, but *it also refreshes and invigorates your entire mouth.* The cooling tang lingers long after its use, telling you that Pebeco is stimulating the flow of saliva, Nature's own corrective against mouth acids and tooth decay.

Start a tube of Pebeco today.

8
DUTCH
WHITE
DUTCH BOY



PAINTERS IN EVERY 10

USE DUTCH BOY

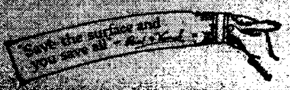
[According to an impartial, country-wide survey]

Whether you think of paint as color or as something more than color . . . as a definite, tangible, protective substance that stands between valuable property and the elements that seek to destroy it . . . Dutch Boy White Lead is the paint for your home. ✦ ✦ 8 out of every 10 painters subscribe to this common-sense paint policy by using Dutch Boy . . . and no one knows paint like a painter. ✦ ✦ 8 out of every 10 painters use Dutch Boy because Dutch Boy does all that a paint should do. It permits the painter to give you exactly the tints and shades you want. It provides a protective coating that defies weather to do its worst. It holds its beauty a long, long time. It won't crack or scale, and so demand expensive burning and scraping at repaint time. And, finally, it allows the painter to mix a paint for the particular requirements of your individual job. ✦ ✦ Write for free booklet . . . "The House We Live In" . . . which gives helpful suggestions on the decoration and protection of both the interior and exterior of your home. Please address nearest branch office.

AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway—Buffalo, 116 Oak Street—Chicago, 900 West 18th Street—Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue—Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue—St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street—San Francisco, 2240 24th Street — Boston, National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany Street — Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue — Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg.


Save the surface and you save all

WHITE LEAD

A good old friend DONS A GAY NEW DRESS

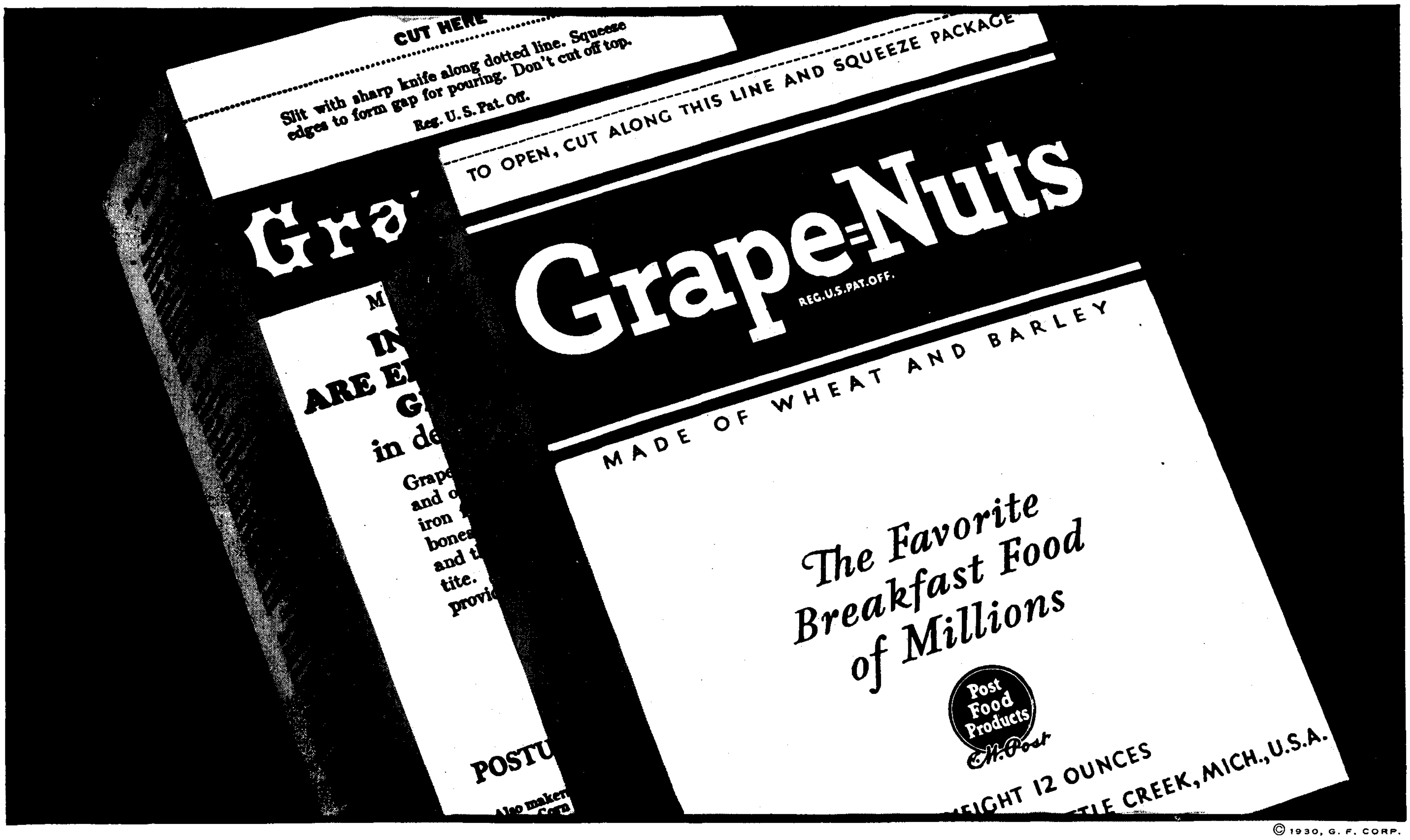
"THERE'S A REASON"

PROBABLY the millions of people who enjoy Grape-Nuts would like to know why the package has been changed . . .

Well, the chief reason is that we wanted to make the package brighter, gayer, more suggestive of the fresh deliciousness of Grape-Nuts.

So now Grape-Nuts comes to you in a colorful, sunny *new* package, a package which is as appealing to the eye as Grape-Nuts is to the appetite . . . A package that brings a suggestion of the crunchy crispness of Grape-Nuts—the nut-like goodness of the plump, meaty, golden-brown kernels—the teasing deliciousness of an ever-so-delicate tinge of purest malt sugar.

Maybe your grocer hasn't received the new packages as yet. It takes time to distribute over the whole country, you know, and naturally the new package will reach some localities sooner than others. But whether you buy Grape-Nuts to-day in the old package or the new package—the food itself is the same delicious food, the same wholesome, energy-giving food that has been a national favorite for many years. And the new package has the same generous quantity as the old. Grape-Nuts is a product of General Foods Corporation, and is sold by grocers everywhere.


CUT HERE
Slit with sharp knife along dotted line. Squeeze edges to form gap for pouring. Don't cut off top.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
TO OPEN, CUT ALONG THIS LINE AND SQUEEZE PACKAGE
Grape-Nuts
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE OF WHEAT AND BARLEY
The Favorite Breakfast Food of Millions
Post Food Products
C.W. Post
WEIGHT 12 OUNCES
BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U.S.A.

© 1930, G. F. CORP.

Buy it to-day for breakfast to-morrow

Kitchen Mechanics

Continued from page 38

bring the body close in, and a stool, adjusted so that first efforts are performed at the correct working level.

The general color scheme of the kitchen doesn't need to take account of "smart trends"—it can mirror the personality of the woman who decorates it to suit herself.

Suppose we never get color enough in our ordinary lives—how about yellow walls in the kitchen, above a black linoleum floor? The woodwork will be yellow, too, with moldings picked out in red. A yellow kitchen cabinet, red saucepans and teakettle, red oilcloth curtains—and here's where we'll wear white smocks if we feel extravagant or bright blue ones if we don't. A pot of primroses on the window sill will add to the gayety—and don't forget a mirror in a good light, with a shelf below it for a bright red make-up box with powder and all the rest of our beauty arsenal inside.

But such a kitchen might stun some of us—too colorful by half. In that case let us consider white walls with dark blue woodwork, blue and white linoleum on the floor, white curtains with red edges, the outside of our cupboards and cabinet blue and white, the inside red. Here is the place for blue pots and pans or those of shiny aluminum.

Another colorful kitchen that we know—not used in the summer, because the family leave for the country—has white walls and brilliant yellow woodwork, a red linoleum floor in solid color, red and white gingham curtains and yellow pots and pans. Another begins with walls of powder blue above a floor of gray, black and white checked linoleum; the woodwork is white, the curtains pink voile. If blue isn't a favorite color, you might make the walls of this room a light fresh green and have curtains of English print with a white ground sprigged in little green flowers.

How to Keep Servants

Dr. Gilbreth believes in having a radio in the kitchen—to while away dull moments when a cake is baking or dishes are being washed—to listen in, too, on such programs as are educational from the culinary standpoint. If you happen to be one of those rare mortals who don't like radios, you'll see to it, of course, that the little shelf over the planning desk has a favorite book or two always on tap. If Ella Swenson is the reigning queen, the radio is the only choice. For getting and keeping Ellas it has no modern peer.

Should Ella be non-existent—in which case the family breakfasts at the table under the sunny window—here is the opportunity to use the colorful china of peasant type so popular a while ago and now a bit out of the mode that has gone formal so decidedly. With cloths of Basque toile or any other rough linen—or even cloths of gay gingham made up at home, with napkins to match—these sturdy peasant plates are well in order.

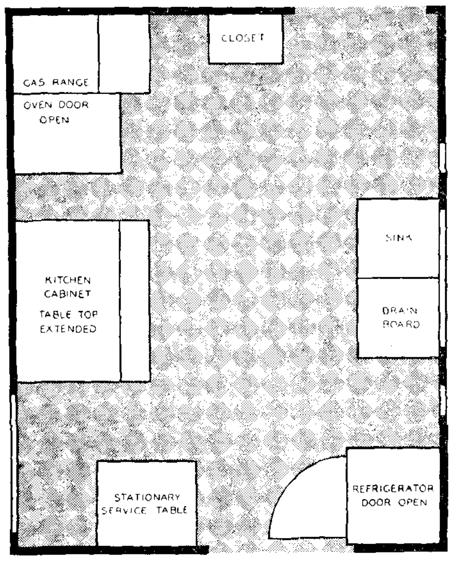
A word might be said here about stock cabinets and cupboards versus those built in by the local carpenter. Good standard units not only possess patented features obtainable in no other way; they have the additional advantage of being made by experts, of kiln-dried wood that won't warp, with hardware that catches at a touch. There are so many sizes, shapes and kinds that nearly any requirement can be met. And if the colors aren't all that you wish—as frequently happens, alas—it doesn't cost a great deal more to have them finished to your own order, leaving off the little bunches of flowers which almost all makers seem to imagine that women want. It is harder, perhaps, to see that the breakfast table is without fancy chewed-off corners and the chairs minus jigsaw work in back but, if the worst comes to the worst, we can always find plain ones in unpainted wood and do them ourselves. The chief advantage in buying ready-made cabinets, and so on, lies in the kitchen planning service that goes with many of them. A word to the cabinet people brings a competent man to lay out a kitchen for us free of charge.

There's Room for Improvement

In this respect, Dr. Gilbreth assures us, the makers of kitchen accessories are far behind their big brothers who work on the cabinet and cupboard units. The sizes of bowls aren't what they might be, the shapes are bad from the efficiency standpoint, the average spoon hurts the hand if one beats with it for any length of time.

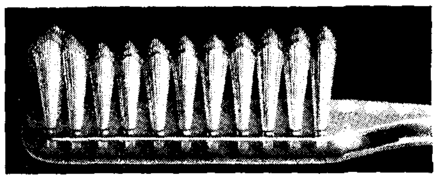
Nor are the range makers allowed to depart without a reprimand. They used to give us ovens with glass in the doors. Now they've recalled these exciting peepholes, through which we watched the progress of events, because they say the glass discolors. Why don't they give us glass that won't, instead of cutting down on a poor girl's pleasures like that? Then, take the grand mechanical refrigerators. Why shouldn't they be made to open out and spin around inside to give us access to the back of the shelves? Why shouldn't they at least be equipped with light inside? In short, why shouldn't all sorts of superb intellect be trained on the housekeeper's equipment to make it as efficient, as time-saving, as the tools and the machinery used in modern factories?

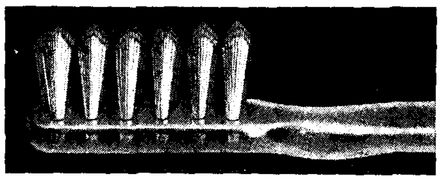
If any lady reading these lines has a mechanically minded husband, she might make his fortune by starting such trains of thought. . . . If, on the contrary, she has a mind of her own that runs to gayety rather than to mere performance, she might discover some new method of using color in the kitchen. One would have imagined they'd all been discovered long ago, but along comes a bake shop in Columbus, Ohio, that makes colored bread—and if that isn't a new one, we'll eat it. Pastel shades, we're told, have great appeal for afternoon tea sandwiches and so have red and orange, but the public still hangs on to blue. To be sure, Lincoln's Birthday loaves sold well, striped in the colors of the flag. . . . It's going to be hard, dear readers, to beat an idea like that.



Massage the Gums as You Clean the Teeth

Try a new Pro-phy-lac-tic
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.





TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic

A world leader in sales for 42 years, because the famous tuft cleans back of the molars: 50¢. Also in a larger English-type with four rows of bristles: 60¢.

MASSO Pro-phy-lac-tic

The newest small-type brush. A nimble little brush which in many mouths reaches places never before touched. Dentists approve it. Try it; you will feel the difference: 50¢.

THERE is health for your teeth and gums in the *longer,* upstanding Pro-phy-lac-tic bristle. As you flutter the brush from the base to the tips of the teeth (the method approved by modern dental science), the bristles s-p-r-e-a-d.

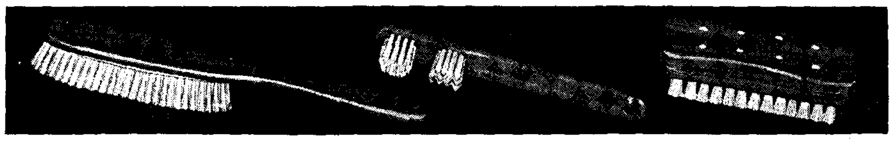
Longer than others, they gently but firmly massage the gum margins. This action is automatic. It is due to the length, shape, and spacing of the Pro-phy-lac-tic tufts.

The massage stimulates vigorous circulation. The blood supply is activated and comes up briskly to nourish teeth and gums. Soft, spongy tissue soon hardens to rosy health, clinging more protectingly about each polished tooth.

Buy a new Pro-phy-lac-tic tonight. As you take it from the familiar yellow box, note the beauty of its bristles, the clean trimness of its manufacture. More than sixty years of knowing-how and the painstaking of the New England conscience went into its making.

That is why it carries what we believe is the broadest guarantee in its field: *If for any reason at all, its service fails to satisfy, we will send you a new brush without charge or conversation.*

In addition to the TUFTED and MASSO (illustrated above), Pro-phy-lac-tic offers a youth's size at 40¢, a baby brush at 25¢, and a wonderful special brush for denture wearers, the dental plate brush, at 50¢.



Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Hand Brushes, Clothes Brushes; all may be had in Pro-phy-lac-tic quality, in a wide variety of styles, colors, and prices. Established in 1866, Pro-phy-lac-tic pioneered the packaged tooth brush. For more than half a century Pro-phy-lac-tic have been recognized as bristle authorities.

Brilliant offense. Stubborn defense. Scoreless wave and counter-wave from kick off to last minute of play. Then the scales tipped. Not by a lucky break. By sheer superiority of staying-power. Where did the victors get it? From their extra quota *of* stamina.

STANDS THE GRIND LONGER !

This "Iron-Man" of Oils

adds 25 per cent to Oil Mileage

THE human eye cannot tell good oil from bad. But the modern motor can. It grinds any oil into submission sooner or later. Here's an oil that defies the motor 25 percent longer. An oil that *stands up* long after ordinary oils have ceased to have lubricating value.

It is the extra quota of stamina in Monogram Oil. It stands up because it is refined *only* from premium paraffin base crude, the *only* crude that can be refined to Monogram's standard of 25 percent more stamina.

Test Monogram yourself. Have your crankcase filled with it. Notice immediate smoothing of motor, cold or hot. When your speedometer shows your usual oil-change mileage, just go on driving 25 percent *farther*.

Look for nearest service station with Monogram "Stands Up" Sign. The owner has selected Monogram to assure him a steady trade by selling the oil that goes 25 percent farther.

New York Lubricating Oil Company, established 1893, Makers of Monogram, 116 Broad Street, New York City. Branches or distributors in many of the principal countries of the world.

Jobbers and distributors in open territories are invited to communicate with us

Stands up!

MONOGRAM OIL

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Tribe of Dan

Continued from page 44

Twistle's door was locked. But Pride was not dismayed. There were keys in the other doors, and, gambling on his knowledge of old French houses, the flyer sought a duplicate.

The fifth key did the trick. Pride stepped into an atmosphere odorous of hair oil and perspiration. A black trunk peeped from beneath the bed. The Hawk dragged it out. A much-traveled trunk. Splattered with railway stickers. Quite in order for a butler working on the Continent. The lock of the trunk had been broken, suggesting that Mr. Twistle had at some time or other found himself without the key.

HURRIEDLY The Hoosier Hawk went through the contents. Musty-smelling clothes. Shirts, collars and underwear marked "John Twistle." Purchased in London mostly. Two cheap suits. A packet of references, half a dozen letters.

Pride ran through the references. Wordy references that the English love to write. "Lord Elderberry has pleasure in stating that the bearer, John Twistle, has worked in the capacity of butler at Elderberry Hall, etc., etc." "Lady Tirmouse wishes to state that the holder of this reference, John Twistle, has carried out the duties of head butler, etc." Twistle had the goods. The half dozen letters were from a Mrs. Twistle in Milbay Road, Plymouth, thanking her son for small sums of money that he had forwarded. All dated some months earlier. Twistle's generosity had evidently died at the end of the previous year.

Pride slammed down the lid and glanced around the room. He was a trifle annoyed by the apparent respectability of the butler. Viciously he flung back the mattress, tilted the oleographs on the walls, flicked the pages of a novel by Mrs. Henry Wood that he found beside the bed. The flyer had taken a great dislike to Twistle.

Seizing a cane of twisted thorn-pear he probed the obscure corners beneath a large clothes closet. He found nothing but fluff and cobwebs. Angry at his lack of success he twisted the cane within his hands. The bent handle turned. The fingers of the flyer twirled it round and round. It separated itself from the cane, disclosing a small receptacle.

Pride turned the cane so that the ferrule was in his hand. His strong fingers gave it a quick turn. The ferrule end, like the bent handle, unscrewed and disclosed a small cavity.

Richard Clefeld Pride whistled softly, hooked the cane on his forearm, stepped from the room, locked the door and descended quickly to the quarters of Betty Calverton.

The girl's eyes asked a question. Pride lifted the cane. "I've borrowed this for the moment," he said. "I believe it will tell—"

"Here comes Twistle!" cried the girl. "And your friend is with him."

The butler escorted Penguin Murphy to the sitting-room of Betty Calverton. After announcing the mechanician he turned in his ponderous manner and started for the door. The Hoosier Hawk halted him. "Twistle! One moment!" cried Pride.

The butler turned. The Hawk drew the cane from behind his back. "Is this yours, Twistle?" he asked pleasantly.

The Percheron took a step forward, his cold eyes upon the stick. Just for an instant a ripple of astonishment swept over his flabby features, then, regaining his calm, he spoke: "Yes, it is my property."

Pride leaned forward. "Ever hear of the walking cane trick?" he murmured.

"No, sir," answered the butler.

The Indiana flyer took from his pocket the little book written by the Honorable Daniel Kerwedyn when Daniel was piqued by the plagiarists. "Let me read you this," he said quietly. "Listen."

In a low voice he read from Tricks of the Con Man:

> "Many Americans and English fall victims to the loaded walking stick. Usually worked in Parisian bars by two men apparently strangers to each other. One, carrying a cane, places the stick against the bar, and, after buying a drink, leaves without his malacca. The confederate picks up the cane, examines it and finds that the handle unscrews. It discloses a small cavity where, to his seeming surprise, is hidden a ten-thousand-franc bill. A little crowd is attracted by the discovery, and the finder makes a humorous suggestion. He will hand the note to the barman for safe keeping, place the cane where the owner left it and await results. 'We'll watch him look for that bill,' he observes pleasantly.
>
> "The stick owner returns at a run. He appears to be tremendously delighted at finding his property. Breathlessly he explains to the interested group that the cane is his wet-day bank, his *dernier ressort*. He tells them that it is worth ten thousand francs. The audience smiles. The confederate insinuates that it is worth a dollar. The indignant stick owner wishes to bet that any man on the street will give him ten thousand francs for it. The confederate winks slyly at the persons who have seen the ten-thousand-franc bill extracted from the cane and given into charge of the barman. He suggests that they take his lead and make a little money on a sure thing. Bets are laid. The owner of the cane unscrews the handle, finds the receptacle empty, then, as the suckers start to grin, he turns the cane, unscrews the ferrule end and from another receptacle brings forth another ten-thousand-franc bill."

PRIDE regarded the fat butler. "This stick," he said pleasantly, "is evidently designed for that trick."

"I didn't know that it unscrewed at the bottom," snarled the butler.

"You didn't, eh? That's funny," remarked Pride. "Know anyone in Milbay Road, Plymouth?"

"No," snapped the fat man.

"Your mother doesn't live there?"

"No. She never lived there."

Pride smiled. "You'd sooner read East Lynne than the letters of some unfortunate servant whose trunk got into your possession. Listen, big boy, do you know a gentleman named Kerwedyn, who—*Grab him, Murphy! Hold him!*"

But Murphy had been taken completely by surprise as the big butler turned with amazing suddenness and stampeded for the door. He bowled the mechanician over with his wild rush and he was in the hall before the Indiana flyer caught up with him.

Pride sprang like a bobcat aiming at the back of a flying deer. He landed on

(*Continued on page 55*)

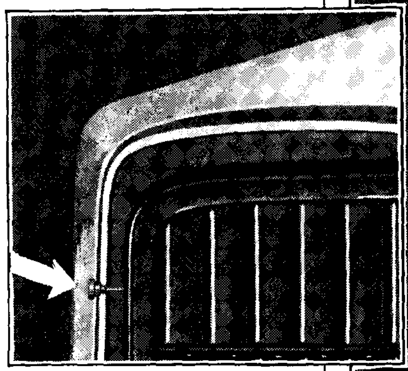
The New and Greater Pines Automatic Winterfront

The same sure protection from cold adopted by 25 leading manufacturers

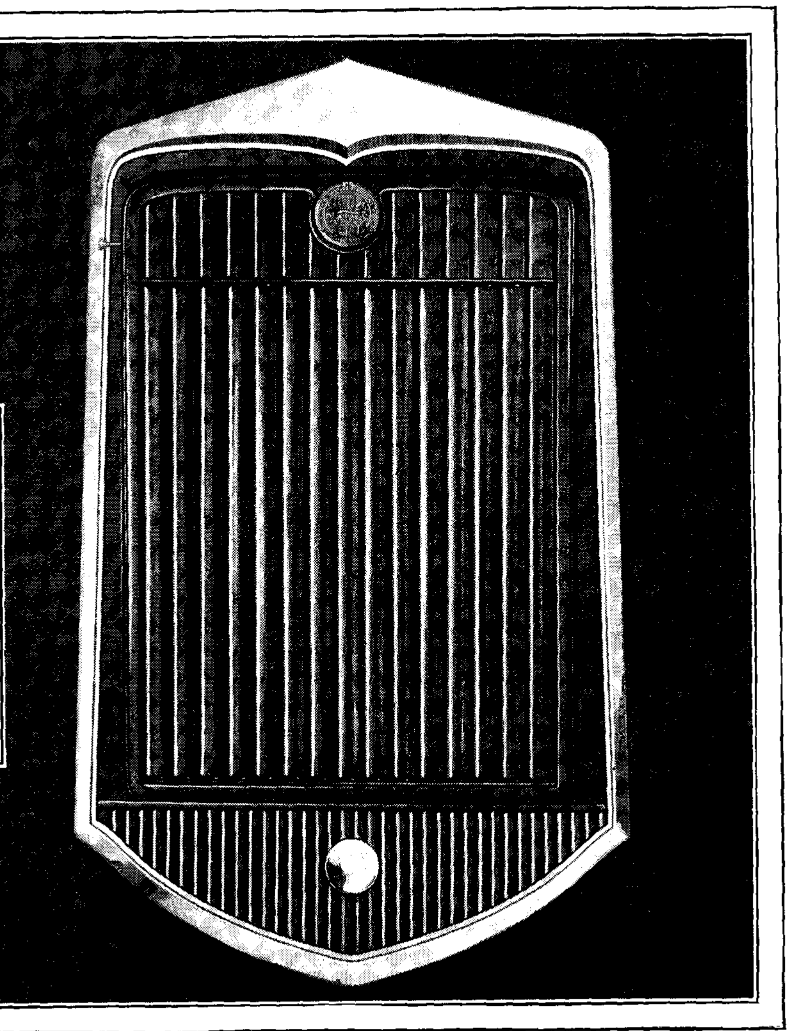
NOW $15 AND $20
NEW VERTICAL DESIGN
NEW CLOSING DEVICE

A NEW, greatly improved Pines Automatic Winterfront is now ready for your car. You will recognize it immediately as the same type of automatic motor protection that more than 25 leading manufacturers build into their cars at the factory. Your car—old or new—cannot be called up to date without one. Engineers of the finest cars built say it is the only way to be sure of safe, efficient motor operation. Their word is law. And once you drive a Winterfront equipped car, you will never again be without this vital protection.

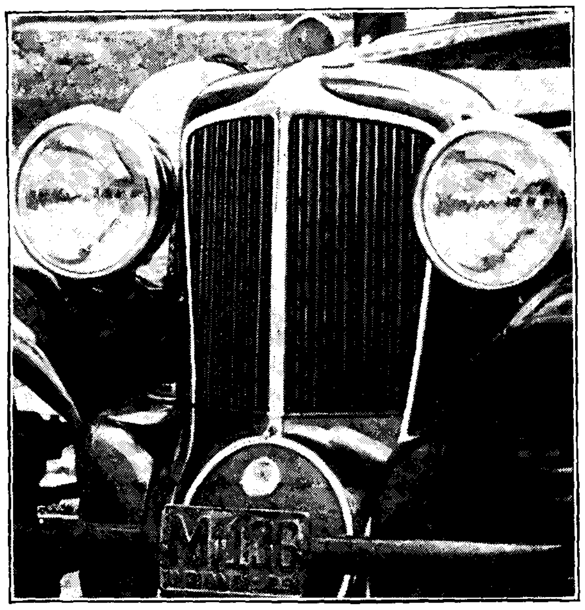
The beautiful new Pines Automatic Winterfront is designed after the models built into costliest cars. The same streamline beauty. The same dependable action. The same vertical type shutters. And now—to place this vital motor protection within reach of *every* automobile owner—prices are substantially lowered. $15 buys the new type Winterfront for small cars—$20 for the larger cars.



New Closing Device
An ingenious invention now enables you to close the Pines Automatic Winterfront the moment you stop your car. Thus all heat is retained. When you start your car, Winterfront opens again—automatically.



For your car—the new vertical type Pines Automatic Winterfront



Illustrating the new Cord (front-wheel drive) equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront. The Fulton Sylphon Thermostat is used in this Winterfront.

Protect your motor!

There is no higher authority than the engineers who build fine cars. 25 of the leaders will tell you a motor cannot operate safely and efficiently without automatic motor protection. They have learned the real facts in their own laboratories—on their own testing grounds. They build Pines Winterfronts into their cars because it's the *only* way yet discovered to guard costly motor mechanism against cold—to prevent excessive dilution, fouled spark plugs, "over-choking," high carbonization, deadly friction, and a score of cold-weather driving evils. No other method can accomplish the same result.

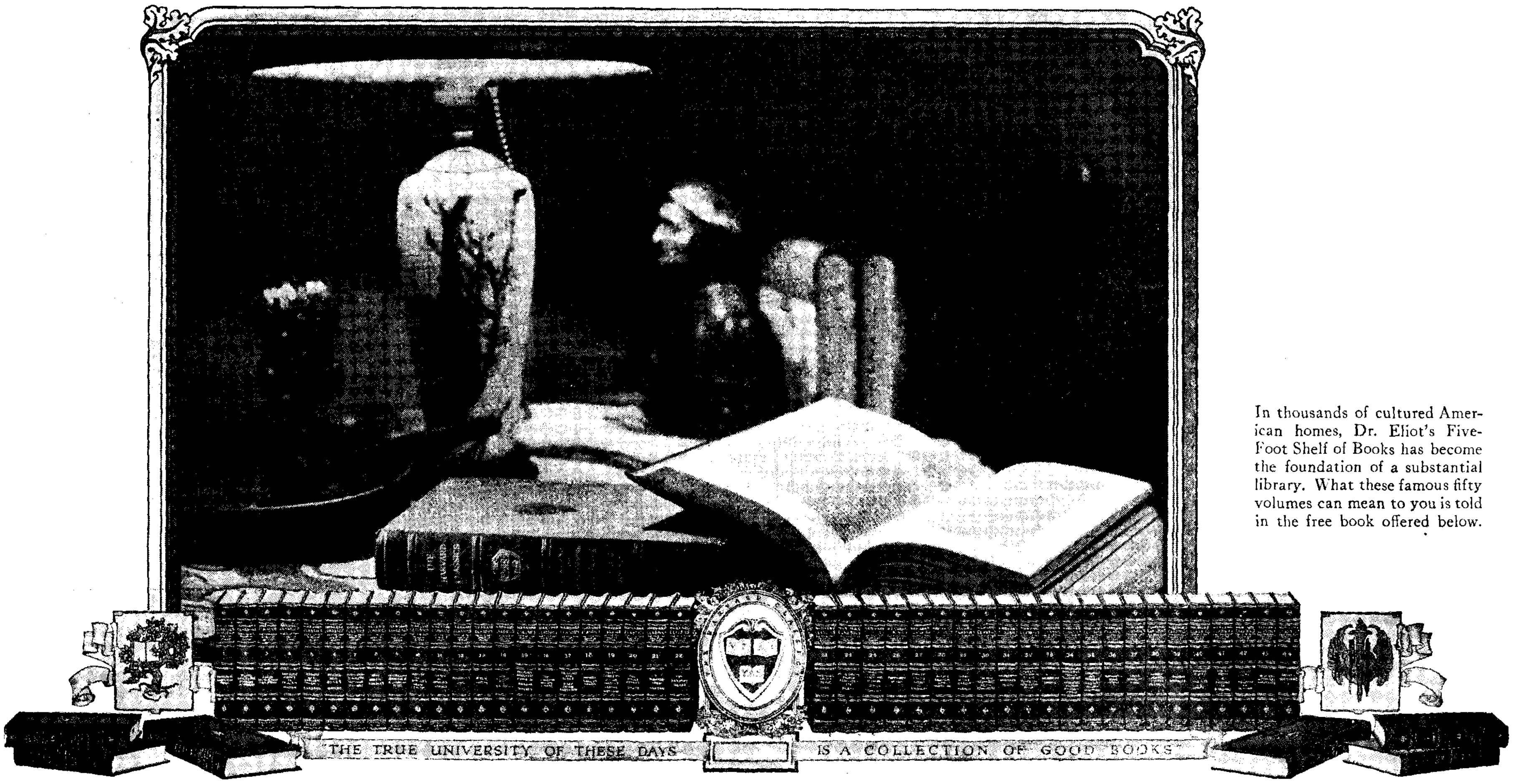
Beware of false economy!

The authority is overwhelming! You cannot trust this vital protection to memory. 25 great manufacturers bear the cost of installing Pines Winterfronts in their cars because they know the danger of cold. These cars represent the height of engineering accomplishment. Your car needs this vital protection. Go today—have the new Pines Automatic Winterfront installed. *Protect your motor!*

If you're buying a new car, beware of radiator obstructions and worthless substitutes which may be designed to "look like Pines Winterfronts." Millions who know will continue to demand a Winterfront equipped car—or a car built to permit quick, easy installation of the detachable model.

IMPORTANT! *If your car is equipped with a hot water heater, Pines Automatic Winterfront will more than double its efficiency.*

PINES
WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*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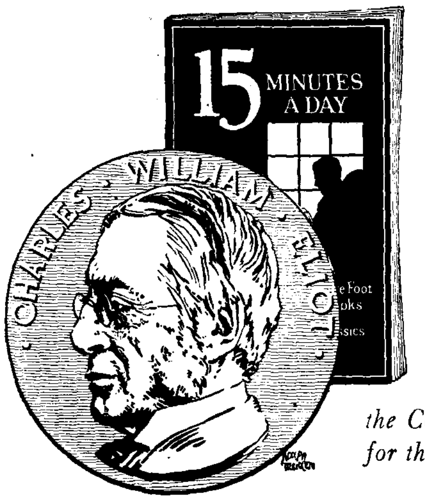

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Name Mr. Mrs. Miss } ....

Address ....

The Tribe of Dan

Continued from page 52

the elephantine shoulders of the butler. Together they made a Cresta Run of the waxed and polished floor, the butler acting as the sled with Pride as the pilot.

Deceptive was the butler. There was strength in the huge body. He fought like a madman, but there was a strange combination of science and studied calm about The Hoosier Hawk. A stiff left, wickedly driven, cut through the waving arms to the fat man's chin. He gurgled like a strangling capon and lay still.

"Tie him up, Penguin!" ordered Pride. "He's a crook sailing under the name of some chap whose trunk he stole. The Tribe of Dan planted him here!" To the girl at his side Pride spoke gently. "You must bear with us for a little while," he said. "Murphy will stay here and guard this fellow. I'm going to look up the doctor and Count Laterza. Please trust me!"

"Oh, I do! I do!" cried Betty Calverton. "I trust you implicitly!"

DOCTOR HENRI DUCREUX was coy. Pride sent in his card by the maid; the doctor returned it with a demand that the caller explain his business. Surprised, The Hoosier Hawk scribbled a few words in French on the back of the card. Translated, they ran: "Regarding the dead young man in the automobile."

Doctor Ducreux came out of hiding. A short, stomachy Frenchman, formal and frigid. He informed Pride that he was not practicing. He was a retired military doctor. He recalled the affair of the young man in the automobile. The young man without life, he remarked decisively, bowing in a manner that suggested a distaste for further cross-examination.

Pride, rising, hinted at a desire to pay a fee. Doctor Ducreux waved the matter of payment aside.

The Hoosier Hawk, again on the street, felt a trifle depressed. It seemed that young John Calverton had really killed Monkswell. There was, according to Doctor Ducreux's statement, a basis for the demand of half a million. Annoyed, Pride hailed a taxi and drove to the Hôtel de Paris.

Count Laterza was ill in bed and did not wish to be disturbed. The Hawk was insistent. He fought his way into the young man's chamber.

Count Laterza was a youthful Italian apparently busy sowing French wild oats. He was on the verge of hysteria when questioned by Pride. He had met Colonel Strangburn at Ciro's some two weeks before the murder. He knew nothing of him. He knew nothing of what happened to the body.

"Please go away!" he cried. "Go away and leave me in peace!"

Pride was unruffled. "Where did Colonel Strangburn stay?" he demanded.

"At the Hermitage!" shrieked the count. "Go away! Please, please go away! The thoughts of—of that thing drive me mad!"

Richard Clefeld Pride set his jaw and walked toward the Hotel Hermitage.

Colonel Strangburn had checked out. The suave reception clerk informed the Indiana flyer that the colonel had left two days before. Yes, there was a forwarding address. "Hotel Biltmore, New York, monsieur." The Hoosier Hawk smiled and thanked the clerk.

Pride went to the big doorman. He placed twenty francs in the eternally-cupped hand. He whispered of his interest in Colonel Strangburn.

The doorman knew little but he thought that a barber in the Boulevard des Moulins might know something. The colonel visited the barber every day although he, the colonel, shaved himself. "A curious circumstance, monsieur," said the doorman, and his left eyelid was lowered as he spoke. "Very curious."

The barber on the Boulevard des Moulins startled The Hoosier Hawk. His client had left town, so there was no reason for him to keep a secret. A good client was the colonel. A very good client. Yes, he came every day. Why? Ah, la, la! Was monsieur of the secret police? No? Ah, merci, monsieur! The barber stroked the fifty-franc bill that the American flyer thrust into his hand, then leaned forward and whispered the reason. The Colonel Strangburn wore a wig. He had hair, lots of it, but it was red. And he disliked red hair. So every day the barber shaved the colonel's head and adjusted the black wig.

Pride, a trifle stunned, rushed from the shop and took a taxi to the Villa de Cythère. Strangburn was the Honorable Daniel Kerwedyn himself!

To Betty Calverton, Pride unbosomed himself. Colonel Strangburn was the archcrook of Europe. His hand in the affair made any payments ridiculous.

"The money has arrived," stammered the girl. "I—I don't know how we can stop Father from paying the ransom!"

"We will take Twistle to your father's bedside and make him confess!" cried Pride. "Murphy has a way—"

"Twistle?" interrupted the girl. "But Twistle is not here!"

"Where is he?" demanded Pride.

"We let him go when we got your card!" gasped the girl. "The card you sent us. Your man, Murphy, has it!"

A servant brought Murphy on the run. The astonished Penguin fished for the card. He handed it to his master.

It was the card that Pride had sent in to Doctor Henri Ducreux. The identical card with the few scribbled words written by Pride when the doctor demanded his business. But these words had been added to. Cleverly. The imitation of Pride's handwriting was good. Before the words: "Regarding the dead young man in the automobile" a slick forger had written: "Release Twistle as I now find he has nothing to do with the affair and knows nothing." Pride's own words followed!

THE Indiana ace stared at the card. The fat, pompous doctor had fooled him! Bright babies were working for the Honorable Daniel Kerwedyn.

Pride dashed for a taxi, and sped to the house occupied by Doctor Ducreux. The frightened maid answered the jangling bell. The doctor? Ah, the doctor had left. Where? She didn't know. Yes, yes, there was another man. Yes, he might have worn a snuff-colored suit. He was a fat man.

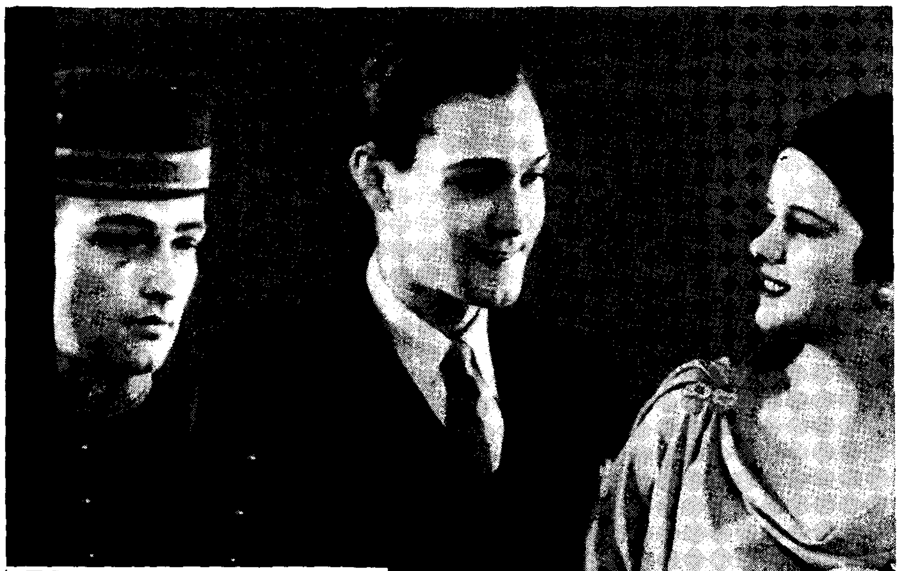
The telephone rang in the sitting-room. Pride thrust himself past the protesting girl. Out of the medley of noises that came from the instrument he caught a query: "Is that you, Henri?" Hurriedly he flung an affirmative into the cup.

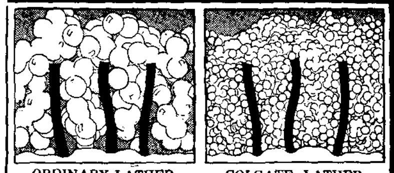
An emaciated whisper lifted itself from the gurglings within the receiver. "Hurry to number eighty-eight *Allées des Capucines!*" said the voice. Then—silence.

The Hoosier Hawk asked the operator from what town the call had come. "Marseilles, monsieur!" she snapped.

Richard Clefeld Pride started back to the Villa de Cythère. The Tribe of Dan

(*Continued on page 56*)





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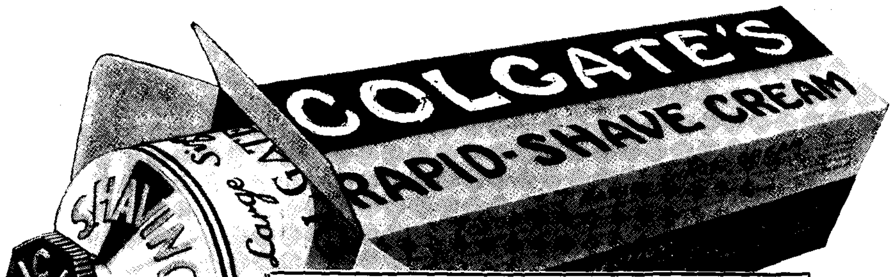

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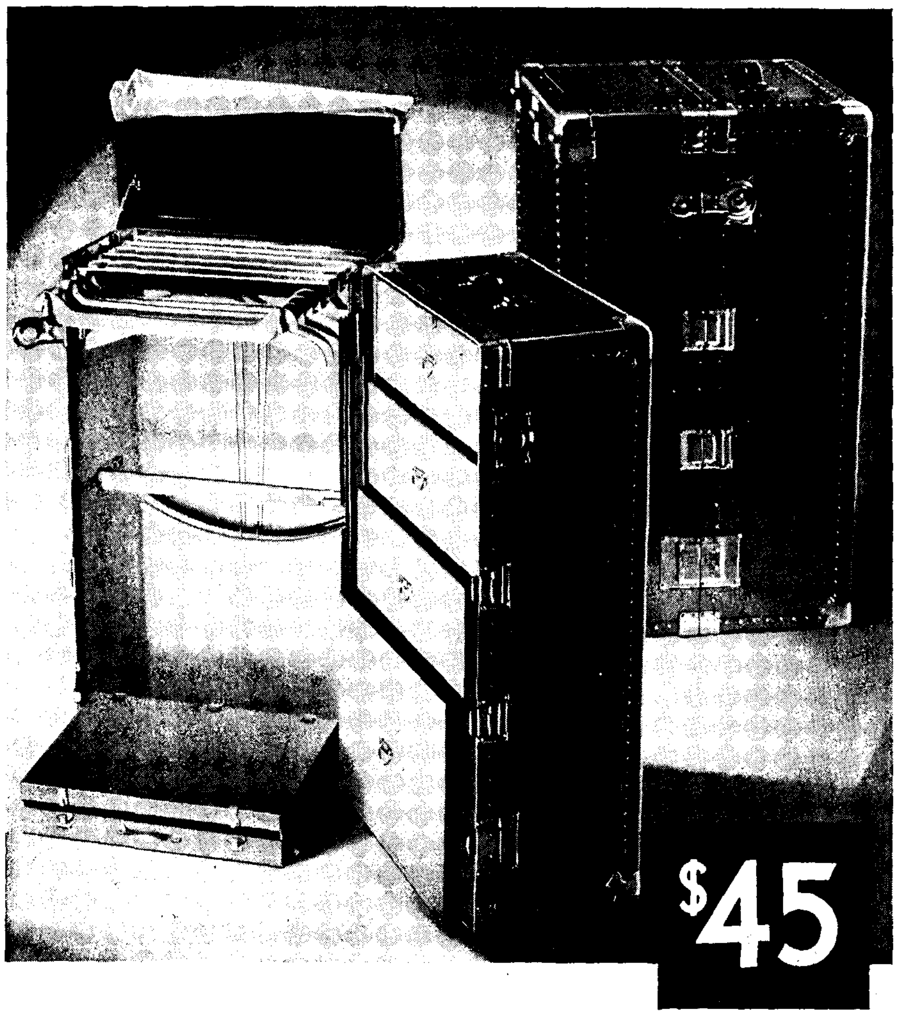

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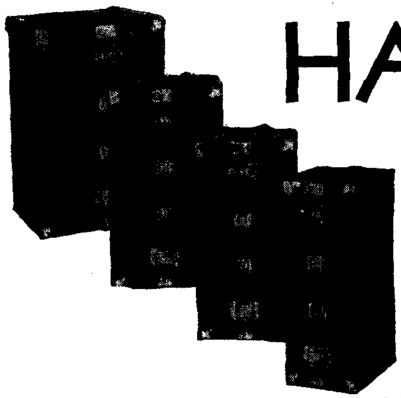

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(Continued from page 55)

had a rendezvous in Marseilles. The "doctor" and the "butler" were evidently speeding in that direction. But the money had not been collected! The half million was still at the villa! Kerwedyn must be in Monte Carlo! The big plot-master of the tribe would surely make an effort to collect!

At the gates of the Villa de Cythère Pride met Penguin Murphy. Murphy running bareheaded into the night.

"Captain! Captain!" he cried. "The money has been paid! It has! It has! Someone got through the servants' entrance to the old man's bedroom! He took the lot! Had a car in the side street! A blue racer! I caught sight of his tail as he swung around the corner!"

PRIDE, half stunned, turned away from the Villa de Cythère. He couldn't face Betty Calverton. The Tribe of Dan had made a fool of him. Proudly he had rushed from Nice to protect the girl against the infamous gang of crooks. Proudly he had offered himself as a protector. A fine protector! The imitation butler had fooled him, the pseudo-doctor had played a gay trick upon him, and now another of the gang, presumably Kerwedyn himself, had got away with the coin!

He, Pride, had an address. He grinned painfully as he repeated it while running toward the Place du Casino. Train or car would not allow him to reach Marseilles in time to intercept the meeting. The spoils would be divided quickly and they would disperse.

He thought of the police. He might telephone Marseilles. Tell the stupid little police about Kerwedyn. But a capture by the silly police would not quench the blazing anger that burned within his breast. It wouldn't kill the murder madness that was in his strong fingers. Fingers that ached for the throat of Kerwedyn!

Quickly Pride reviewed the situation. There was but one thing to do—dash to Marseilles by air! . . .

NUMBER eighty-eight Allée des Capucines, a three-story building, was in darkness. Pride, crouching in the shadows, examined it closely. The shutters of the nine windows were closed; it had the air of an unoccupied house.

The Hoosier Hawk turned into a side street, the rue Lafayette, and entered the narrow rue Jemmapes at the rear of number eighty-eight. The little street was deserted. An iron drain pipe in the high stone wall called to the adventurer from Indianapolis. He took a chance.

From the top of the wall he stepped upon the roof of a narrow shed running between the house and the rear wall. He crept along it to the house itself. A light flashed in a rear window, flashed and disappeared. The place was occupied.

The roof of the shed brought the flyer to a point level with the second-floor window in which he had seen the light. He decided to climb higher before seeking admittance. Again he found a useful pipe. A shutter banged loosely above him. With its aid he clawed himself to a window sill. Cautiously he tried the window. It was unlocked. He lifted it noiselessly and slipped his legs into the darkened room.

The springs of a bed jangled, there came a muttered curse regarding the cold, the draft from the raised window having reached the occupant of the bed. Then, to Pride's great astonishment, a voice, an American voice, started to chant softly, ever so softly:

"John Brown's body lies a-mold'ing in the grave. . . ."

The Hoosier Hawk took a chance. "I'm hunting for a chap named John Calverton," he whispered.

"Glory be!" came the soft murmur from the darkness. "Sorry I can't rise to greet you."

Pride smiled as he cut away the cord that held John Calverton to the bed. In the darkness the youth whispered his story. After Count Laterza had left the car the supposedly defunct Monkswell had come suddenly to life. With Colonel Strangburn's help he trussed up the young American and brought him to the house in the Allée des Capucines. Calverton knew nothing of the demand made upon his father. When Pride whispered that the money had already been paid the boy choked with temper. "Let's go!" he growled. "Monkswell is in the house. He and another devil brought me food an hour ago. Have you a spare gun?"

Together they crept down the stairs. A bar of light came from a door ajar. Pride peeped within, then wheeled aside to let young Calverton see. A man in a flowered silk dressing gown sat in a saddlebag chair, his back to the door, reading.

Standing in the bar of light John Calverton made gestures at The Hoosier Hawk. Pride understood that the man was Monkswell and that Calverton desired the privilege of dealing with him alone. The flyer nodded, his finger on his lips to denote that the job should be done silently. Kerwedyn with the plunder was probably rushing at full speed toward the house.

Young Calverton took the advice of his new friend. He thrust the door open and leaped across the space that separated him from the lover of literature. Monkswell attempted to rise, but the butt of an automatic crashed on his head and he fell unconscious.

"Put a rope around him and stow him in the cupboard!" ordered Pride. "I'll get the other chap!"

"He'll be in the kitchen!" whispered Calverton. "He does the cooking!"

Hurriedly The Hoosier Hawk descended to the basement. Time was precious now. At any moment there might arrive the pseudo-doctor and the false butler. And Kerwedyn himself.

A swinging door from the kitchen thrust itself out suddenly and knocked the revolver from his hand. He sprang at the figure outlined in the opening. An armful of plates clattered to the floor. The man slipped and went backward. The Hawk after him. Then, in the moment of intense quiet that followed the crash of the crockery, Pride heard the front door bang.

Holding the throat of the other he listened. The footsteps of one person! One! *Kerwedyn!* He delivered a smashing jolt to the jaw of his antagonist and leaped for the stairs to the hall! The plot-master of the Tribe of Dan was in the house!

PRIDE, reaching the hall, saw the Honorable Daniel Kerwedyn. The big leader of the gang of super-crooks had turned when halfway up the stairs and was hurrying down. Something intangible in the atmosphere—something that his wolf-like instinct felt—had startled the clever rogue and he was making swiftly for the open.

He saw Pride and realized that his skin had told him the truth. His quick brain acted. The flyer had reached the bottom of the stairs when Kerwedyn sprang from the eighth step, his feet thrust out before him and aimed at the chest of the man he knew instinctively to be an enemy!

The leap was made with such suddenness that The Hoosier Hawk was caught napping. The crash shook the house.

The big crook made an attempt to rise, but the steel fingers of the half-stunned flyer had a clutch on Kerwedyn's vest. A steel clutch.

Across the hallway rolled the two. Over and over. Kerwedyn on top, then Pride, again Kerwedyn. Grunts, groans, curses. They cannoned against a chair; their touch reduced it to matchwood.

Young Calverton came leaping down the stairs. He danced away from them as they did their steam-roller stunt. Pride screamed to him to stand clear. The flyer was getting rid of the murder-ache that had filled his fingers during the evening. He wished no interference.

Impact of fists on flesh. Scratching of shoes on the tiled floor. The *clump, clump* of the handbag that Kerwedyn clung to as he rolled. The Hoosier Hawk realized what was in the handbag. It held the spoil. In it was the plunder that the crooks had taken from old Calverton!

Young John Calverton danced out of the way of the two as they rolled. In the half light of the hall, locked together, their free arms flailing madly, they looked like an eight-limbed monster from another world. Kerwedyn lost his clutch on the bag. It flew open. The floor was papered with bills. On a bed of bank paper the two big men fought.

Young Calverton flung open the street door and shouted into the night. A small policeman came running from the Boulevard Dugommier. He stared for an instant at the mastodons on the floor, put his whistle to his lips and sent a needle of sound into the night.

Kerwedyn heard the whistle. The whistle of doom for himself. He drove his knee into the stomach of The Hoosier Hawk and raised himself to get a swing at his jaw. But Pride was alert. As the head of the Tribe of Dan lifted himself the right fist of the Indiana flyer went upward in pursuit. It was a jolt that would have stopped a charging bull. Daniel stretched himself peacefully on the floor and all thoughts of booty fled for the moment from his head. Pride climbed to his feet. He wiped the blood from his face as a bright inspector and two policemen came through the door.

"Inspector," said Pride, "have you ever heard of *Tête-carotte,* the king of crooks?"

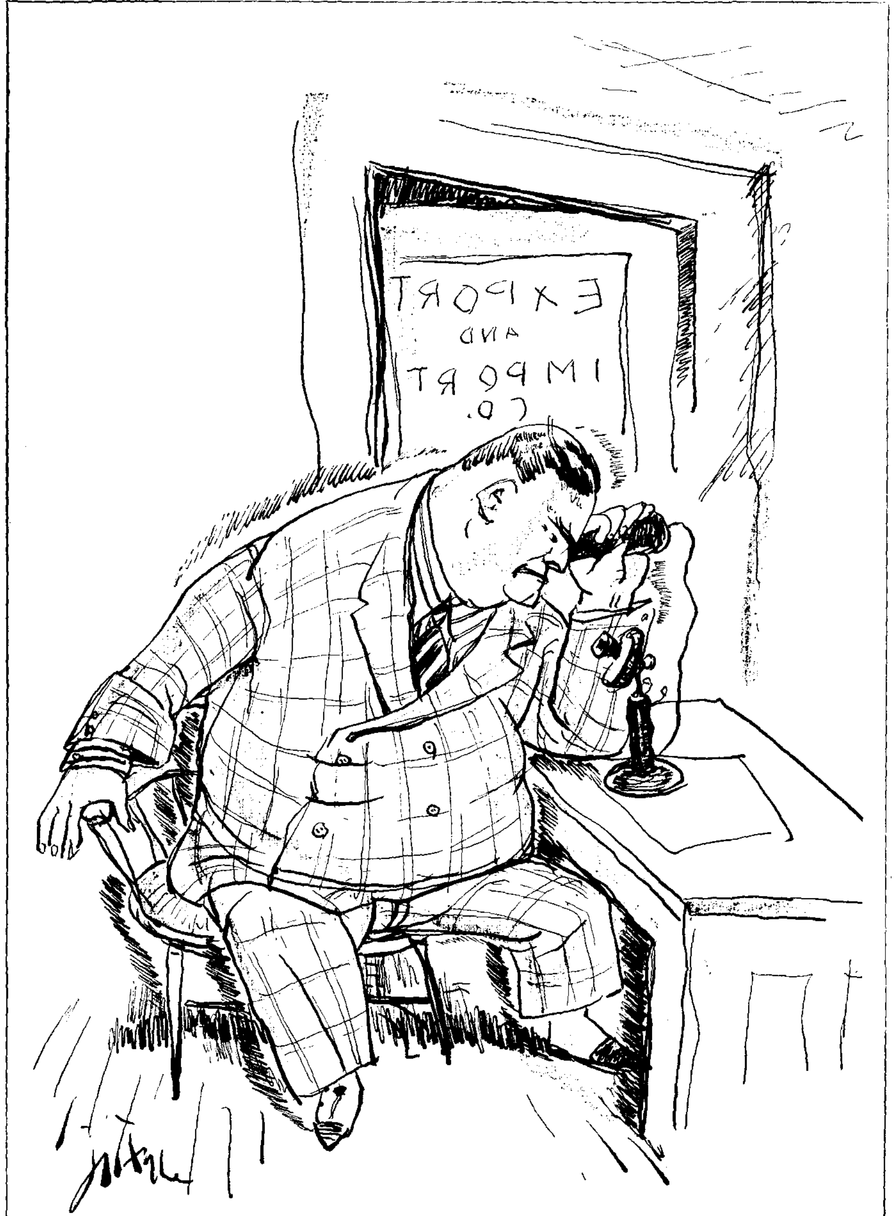
"Oui, monsieur!" cried the inspector.

"There he is," said Pride quietly. "Handle him gently. It will mean promotion for you."

The inspector saw class in spite of the battered condition of The Hoosier Hawk. He brought his hand smartly to the salute as his clever little subordinates slipped the handcuffs on the stunned leader of the Tribe of Dan.

TEN minutes later Richard Clefeld Pride managed to get in telephonic communication with the Villa de Cythère. A voice like liquid honey poured thanks into his ear as he told of the rescue of John Calverton and the recovery of the spoils.

Blushing greatly Pride repeated for his own pleasure the little commands that came to him. "What did you say? Oh! I must come at once to Monte Carlo? To be thanked? I'll be delighted. No, no! There is no reward! None at all! You see—You see—" He looked around cautiously to see that young John Calverton was out of hearing, then stammered out the end of his remark. "You see, I did everything for you—*Betty!*"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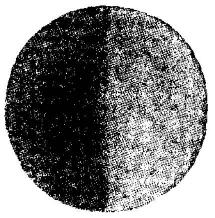

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Salute!

Collier's NEW Radio Hour

Sept. 14th

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New tales of love, laughter, romance, mystery and adventure from the world's greatest story tellers . . . Novelties in music and dramatic effects from all nations. Men and women leaders in sports, politics, business, fashion, science and art as guest speakers.

All join to make the New Radio Hour youthful, fast-moving, and "different" as Collier's itself.

The Love Story Girl, Uncle Henry, Mr. Editor and other famous Collier radio characters will dramatize new villains, heroes and heroines from Sax Rohmer, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Jerome Beatty, Frank Condon, Stephen Morehouse Avery, May Edginton, Dana Burnet, Jay Gelzer, Richard Connell and others.

And Prof. Lucifer G. Butts will offer inventions and discoveries never dreamed of by Edison and Einstein.

Double-action entertainment. Read Collier's, then listen to it on the air every Sunday evening.

TUNING TABLE

Note — Time shown is Daylight Time. If your community is on Standard Time deduct one hour.

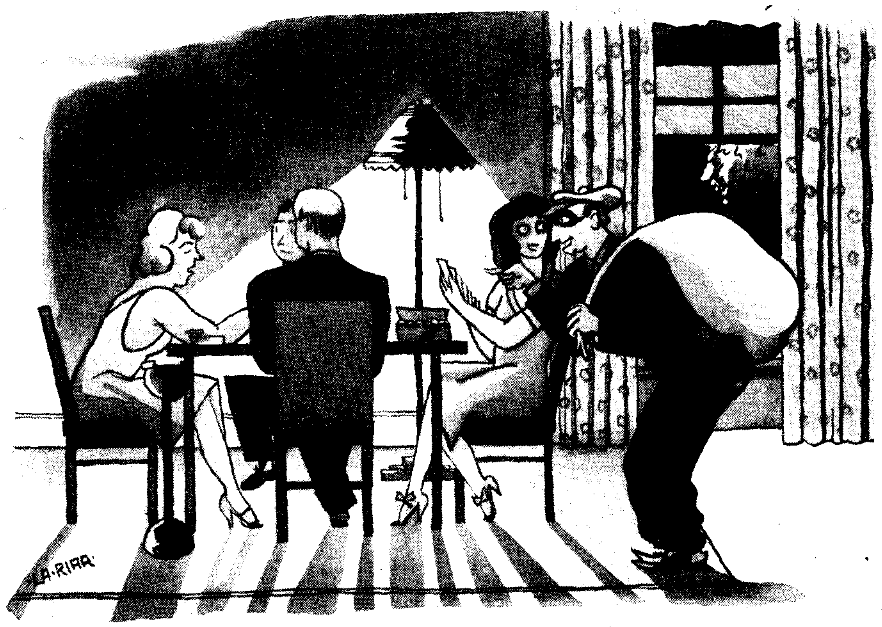
East . . . 8:15 P. M.
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WLW WJR

West . . . 7:15 P. M. Central Time
6:15 P. M. Mountain Time
KYW WREN KWK KOA
KSL

Pacific Coast . . . 5:15 P. M.
KPO KFI KGW KOMO
KHQ

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, Inc.

ALL STAR—ALL ACTION—ALL AMERICA



"It's a cinch at two spades, lady!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. J-7-6
H. A-10-2
D. K-Q-J-6-5
C. J-8

West
S. 10-9
H. K-5-4
D. A-8-2
C. A-K-Q-7-5

East
S. 8-5-4-3-2
H. 6
D. 10-9-7-3
C. 6-4-2

South
S. A-K-Q
H. Q-J-9-8-7-3
D. 4
C. 10-9-3

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's was played in a game of Duplicate Contract at a large number of tables. At all of them South was the Declarer with Hearts the trump. At most of the Contract tables the bidding was: South two Hearts, West three Clubs and North four Hearts. In Auction the final declaration in all probability would have been two Hearts.

Some players have the idea that Queen-Jack suits should not be bid in either Auction or Contract; others think they should be bid at Auction but not at Contract. The fact is that they are perfectly good bids at both games, if supported by the requisite side strength. A hand with a long suit headed by Queen-Jack, supported by a side Ace-King, is more valuable than an Ace-King suit with nothing on the side.

The Play

At all tables West started by leading the King of Clubs; in many cases he followed with the Queen, and when South played the Ten (a false card) he shifted to Spades. In some cases, before leading the second Club, he shifted to Spades to avoid giving dummy an extra trick by putting that hand in position to ruff a Club.

When the shift was made to Spades, whether on the second trick or the third, South of course had to win the first round; but what came next was a bit varied. A few unthinking Declarers finessed Hearts and caught West's King on the third round. They then led the King of Diamonds from the dummy hand; but playing that way they could not avoid losing one Diamond and three Clubs to the adversaries. Certain other Declarers, upon winning the Spade, led the Club so as to give dummy a later ruff. These Declarers failed also in making game because, although getting in the ruff, the West hand captured two Clubs, one Diamond and one trump.

The sound play for the Declarer when West shifted from Clubs to Spades was to lead the singleton Diamond, which must set up at least two good Diamonds in dummy. When that play was made, West felt obliged to win the Diamond and lead another Spade. Declarer then was in position to lead trumps and finesse if West did not cover with the King; consequently he was able to make a game without difficulty.

The interesting play of this hand, however, occurred at the tables at which West was keen enough to realize that leading three rounds of Clubs at the start would prevent Declarer from making game. After the dummy went down, West could see that he could take two Clubs and one Diamond; and that if the North hand was forced with a third lead of Clubs, his King of trumps could win.

The three rounds of Clubs could be led with safety provided East's play of the Deuce on the first round could be depended upon as sound. If East had held two Clubs, it is obvious that he should have signaled; if he had held three he should have played his lowest; but with four he should have played his third best, followed on the second round with his second best. Playing in that order he might unblock and also inform West how many Clubs were held by East, and incidentally by South. East's Deuce and Four told West that the East hand held three Clubs originally and consequently South had three also and was false-carding when he played the Ten of Clubs on the second trick.

It will be seen that three Club leads place the Declarer in a helpless position; he must lose four tricks no matter how he plays. Forcing the weak hand is very apt to present a trick to the Declarer; but in this case it was clearly a game-saver if South had one Diamond.

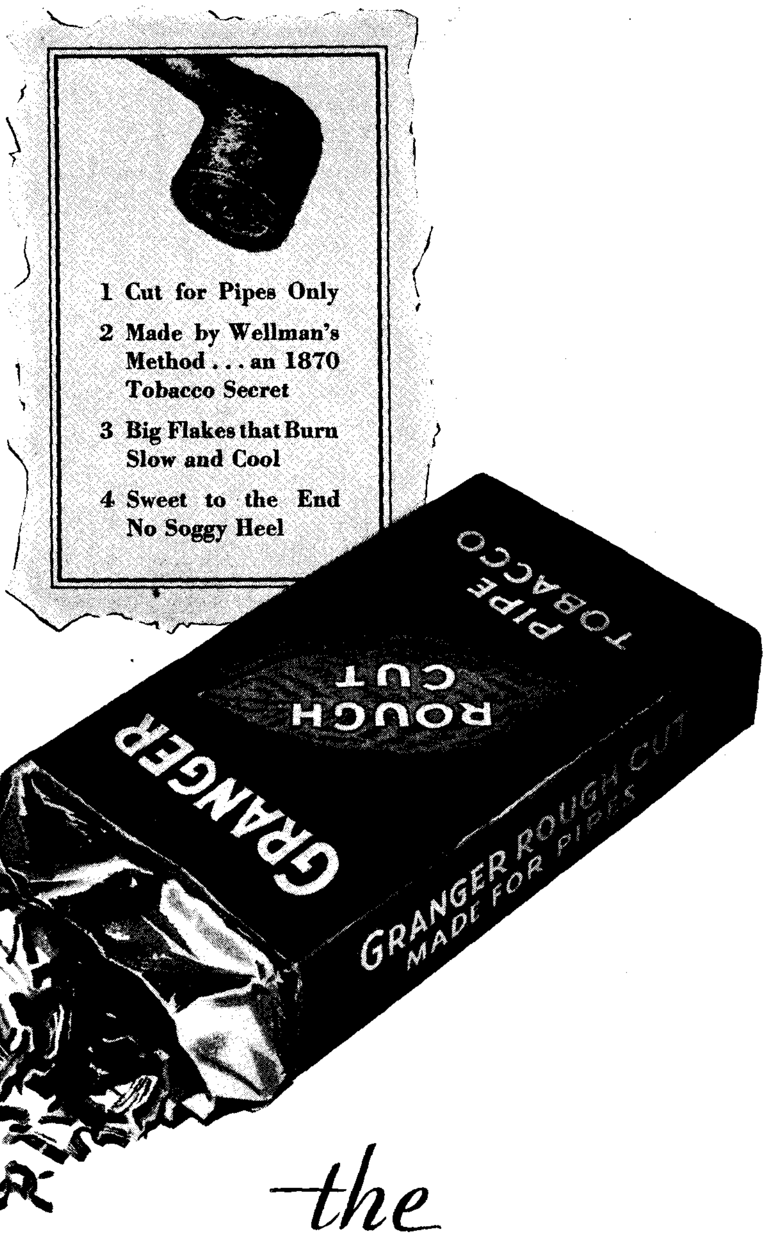
Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 10-4-3
H. None
D. Q-5-4-3
C. J-9-8-6-5-3

East
S. K-9-8
H. 7-6-3-2
D. 10-9-6
C. A-Q-4

West
S. A-J-7-2
H. A-10-9-8-5-4
D. 2
C. 7-2

South
S. Q-6-5
H. K-Q-J
D. A-K-J-8-7
C. K-10



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3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

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You'll find the present-day laundry ready to serve you, efficiently and economically, with a special kind of service that just fits your fancy!

Study the panel at the right. Select the type of work best adapted to your needs. Then ask a present-day laundry in your community for complete details. Test this service yourself! Results will delight you . . . just as they delight 8 million enthusiastic laundry customers who follow this plan every washday.

Today's laundries, thanks to the *multiple-suds method* and many other notable washday developments, offer gentle, scientific care for all your precious garments.

They safeguard your clothes as they save your time. "Let the Laundry do it" this week!

8 *different types of laundry service . . .*

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COMPLETELY FINISHED FAMILY WORK—A DE LUXE SERVICE.

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◆

AN ECONOMICAL SERVICE, ALL PIECES PRESS-IRONED; FOR THE WOMAN WHO LIKES TO TOUCH UP THE GARMENTS AT HOME.

◆

BED LINENS, TABLE LINENS AND TOWELS IRONED, EVERYTHING ELSE DRY. PIECES STARCHED AS NEEDED.

◆

BED LINENS, TABLE LINENS AND TOWELS IRONED, EVERYTHING ELSE DRY BUT WITHOUT STARCHING.

◆

BED LINENS, TABLE LINENS AND TOWELS IRONED, OTHER PIECES PRACTICALLY ALL OF WATER EXTRACTED, RETURNED DAMP READY FOR IRONING.

◆

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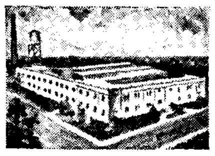

The million-dollar "proving ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Ill.

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Sardines and Boned Chicken

Continued from page 13

promising her a good battle, and when she came out, he just put his arms around her and kissed her very hard. While she was stamping her foot and rubbing her mouth furiously, he went home. It was the first time she had ever been kissed and wanted to be kissed again, and hadn't been. That made her hate him more than ever and precipitated the incident of the following night.

Mrs. Sanderson Simms gave a dinner party at the Hamilton Roof Garden and Derek was among the invited guests. Their tables were next to each other. Patricia was wearing green chiffon, and her mouth was redder than ever.

AT PRECISELY eleven o'clock she leaned over and said distinctly, "I had a letter from Ann today, Mr. Arden, and she said that your father is much better. I'm awfully glad. He must be glad to be out of the strait-jacket."

"Strait-jacket?" Derek asked.

"Didn't they have him in a padded cell in a strait-jacket?"

Adelaide Simms' young man looked at her and coughed meaningly. He had suggested the possibility that a streak of insanity ran in the Arden family.

"My father isn't insane," Derek said. "He's dead."

"Dear me," said Patricia, "could it be that I was *mistaken* in the name? Dear *me!*"

Later, Derek danced with Patricia. "Insanity in my family, eh?" he said. "That won't get you much."

"Of course not," she said. "All you have to do to make a liar of me is to act sane."

Then, in a corner behind a potted palm, he bent and kissed her again. They didn't finish that dance because Patricia flounced out to the terrace and ground her teeth at the moon, threatening to scream if he came near her.

The following day, what with the time and her hatred being ripe, she scoured the island shops and returned to the house with a large white canvas square which she smuggled to her room and unwrapped. She regarded it rapturously and was closeted in her room with the door locked for the remainder of the day. When she scuttled out to the bathroom there were smudges of red and green paint all around her nose and chin, but she wore a beatific expression.

After dinner she locked herself in her room once more and wrote things on chaste white stationery bearing the delicate gilt initial A.

For two days she rested, avoiding Mr. Arden assiduously. The third afternoon was one of activity. Collaring a small colored boy, she sent him to Derek's cottage with a note. The note purported to be from Mrs. Sanderson Simms (it was signed Mrs. S.) requesting the loan of Derek's table lamp.

While Derek was trudging up a coral road bearing his table lamp gingerly because it was cracked at the base, Patricia was bound for his cottage lugging a square canvas which was no longer white.

Derek turned the table lamp over to a colored house boy, instructing him to tell Mrs. Sanderson Simms that he had left it, and that she must be careful of the base or it was apt to fall off. The lamp and message were delivered in due time, and in front of Adelaide and her young man.

Adelaide's young man coughed pretty meaningly this time. Mrs. Simms placed the lamp on the table beside her own and ordered tea in a flustered manner. Adelaide said in a low tone, "Well, at least we can be thankful that the portrait is nearly finished. Mother doesn't have to go there to pose any more. You never can tell what will happen when things are like that."

Patricia returned from her errand and did a peculiar little dance of joy. She gave Plutarch an extra portion of boned chicken and went out to swing in the hammock, pushing herself by one foot. She reflected idly that life was pleasant and the need of money was greatly exaggerated.

At eight o'clock she dressed carefully and came downstairs. She wore turquoise-blue taffeta and it puffed out in places. Her eyes were perfectly fiendish. Fanny said, "You're dressed early. Are you going to Derek's? The invitation said nine."

"Yes," Patricia said, "I'll be around."

"Shall we see you there?"

"Yup," said Patricia, and bounced out into the night gleefully.

She retraced her steps of the afternoon, but swung off the main road within fifty yards of Derek's cottage. Cautiously, she crept to the side window and looked in. She restrained a shout of joy. Derek was lying on the davenport, asleep, attired in his bathing suit. Luck surrounded her.

She circled the cottage and arrived at the other side. After she disappeared in the yawning window of Derek's bedroom things came hurtling out of it. Climbing out again, Patricia gathered heaps of dark materials in her arms and departed for a certain rock near by which overlooked the sea. Once there, she sat down, hugging her knees delightedly, and sort of waited.

Derek awoke when the Bilkingtons arrived. The Bilkingtons ran the riding academy in Hamilton and were quite English. They were formally attired. Hard on their heels were the Simmses, who were also formally attired. Derek retreated to the bedroom after profuse apologies for his attire. The guests spread themselves around and looked at each other.

FANNY came with her crowd. The others drew in a little to make room, and Fanny's crowd distributed itself. There was a long, long silence and sounds of scrambling from the bedroom. Presently Derek's voice, hushed with some unknown emotion, drifted out. "It's a lovely evening," he said.

Adelaide's young man coughed gently and the Bilkingtons looked at each other. Things get around in Bermuda. At this point the entrance of the Bradleys, who ran a gift shop in Hamilton, created a diversion. The Bradleys were wearing evening clothes. Derek peeked out and made sure of this. He said, through a crack in the door, "I hope you'll make yourselves at home. Cocktails in the pantry and cigarettes in the box on the table."

Then he returned to contemplation of the fact that his pants were gone. All of them. Not even a pair of white ducks remained. And, *why* were those people here sitting around on his chairs and divan as though they were waiting for something?

A chaste white card bearing a delicate initial A floated in the window and landed at his feet, answering his question. This card said:

> Mr. Derek Arden requests the pleasure of your company at a formal unveiling of the portrait of Mrs. Sanderson Simms, Friday evening at nine o'clock.

Derek moaned faintly to himself. The portrait was nearly but not quite finished. Even at that he could get away with it if he had his pants.

A picture of Patricia's face rose up. "It's that snub-nosed Stafford girl," he muttered thickly.

Fishing in his chifforobe drawer, he found and donned a pair of pajamas. He leaned out of the window and looked. There she was at the corner of the house, listening. He climbed out and approached cautiously. All he wanted was to get his hands on her. His approach was cautious, but Patricia's conscience was heavy, and just as he reached for her, she jumped like a frightened hare and screamed. She ran, and Derek followed.

Patricia ran around the house once, screaming delightedly, and then plunged in the front door, taking refuge in Mr. Bilkington's arms. Derek went in after her before he thought. One frog was off the pajama coat, and he was madder than he had ever been before in all his life. With difficulty he restrained himself from jerking her out of Bilkington's arms. Bilkington was speaking. "Mr. Arden," he said, "this is extremely unusual."

"Just standing there," Patricia quavered wickedly, "thinking that the view was heavenly, when he *lunged* at me!"

DEREK, whose hands were twitching convulsively, said, "Things have been stolen from the house recently and . . . ah . . . people have been lurking about. It was a mistake, Miss Stafford. I'm sorry you were frightened." But his murderous glance in her direction told her that though Judgment Day might be deferred, it was inevitable.

Fanny said crisply, "You'll drive home with us after the unveiling, Pat."

"Yes," Patricia said, sinking down weakly, "maybe I'd better."

Derek had to make the most of a bad situation. He couldn't tell them that his pants were gone. He said, "If you'll pardon my outfit I'll give you a sight of the portrait immediately. You've been waiting a long time. There are a few finishing touches to be made, but there will be no more sittings. A little more luster on the pearls and a deepening of the shadows in the shawl . . ." He went over and jerked one side of the silken drape covering the canvas.

The drape came off and Patricia closed her eyes. She could not bear to look.

On the easel was a passable painting of a table lamp executed in brilliant reds and greens, with a yellow background. The Simmses rose and gasped. The Bilkingtons gasped and rose. The Bradleys were frozen beyond audible comment.

Patricia alone retained her power of speech. Just before she drifted out with the others, she said gently, "I'm sure, Mr. Arden, it's a *lovely* picture."

Safe in her room with the door barred, she gave way to howls of mirth. The picture of Derek standing on the porch proclaiming unintelligibly (to everybody but Patricia) that Patricia Collins had worked a miserable hoax on the citizens of Hamilton was even more beautiful than she had expected. She doubled up in uncontrollable spasms at the recollection of Derek hurling anathemas after the carriage which bore her. Naturally, the Bilkingtons, the Simmses and the Bradleys had been unable to distinguish the carriage which was being reviled.

Just before she went to sleep Patricia sat bolt upright in bed and knit her brows. Mr. Arden's pants were lying in a neat, orderly little pile on the rock. All of Mr. Arden's pants were on that rock. She hoped it would not rain.

And while she slept a pajama-clad figure was fussing around the Royal Poinciana tree with a can of sardines. Plutarch displayed no more than his usual loyalty.

The next morning was very bright and blue. Patricia had her breakfast and then set out toward Mr. Derek Arden's cottage. She had to get his trousers and return them anyway, didn't she?

Derek was not at all unpresentable in pajama trousers, a white linen coat and a clean shirt. Patricia gave him his trousers. "They're a little wrinkled," she said, "but it didn't rain, thank heaven."

"I suppose you sat up all night praying that it would," said Derek.

"No. I feel quite amiably disposed toward you now," said Patricia. "I . . . I'm not as bad as I seem."

"You couldn't be," he said, "but just go ahead and have your fun. I always say we're only young once."

"I must say you take it nicely," she said. "I'd be howling mad."

"Oh, I'm a sweet-tempered person," he said between his teeth.

Patricia hung around for a while, but nothing much came of it. Derek was puzzled because, in spite of his healthy loathing for this red-mouthed young imp, he was tortured by a desire to kiss her and keep on kissing her.

Patricia was puzzled because it was the first time that he had had a perfectly swell chance to kiss her without interruptions or *much* protest, and he hadn't.

She drifted out presently with a rather empty and dissatisfied feeling. She decided to go swimming and torment Sandy for the afternoon. But when she reached the house, Fanny clutched her and wailed, "Plutarch didn't come for his breakfast!"

"Don't worry," Patricia said, "he'll be here for his lunch."

"But it's past his lunchtime . . . he gets sardines, and he's *always* way ahead of time, sitting there waiting, and today he *wasn't*."

Knowing Plutarch, Patricia knew very well that he might miss one meal, and if he were interested in a particularly lively cricket he might be a fraction of a second late for his lunch, but *never* would Plutarch miss two meals in a row without a very good reason. She left Fanny in the middle of a sentence and departed with a furious whirr.

Derek was lying in the front yard whistling and waiting for her. "Where's my *cat?*" she demanded.

"Where did you leave him?" said Derek, with maddening calm.

Patricia walked around him threateningly, making mad gestures. "*Where* have you *got* him?"

Derek turned his pockets out and rolled up his sleeve. He grinned satanically. Patricia turned and marched into the house. Derek's voice floated after her: "The key to the *sardine* closet is *hanging* above the *si-n-nk!*"

A FUTILE search. No cat. She came out again, controlling her tears. "If he's still alive," she said, "f-feed him chicken and sardines, p-please. S-salmon makes him s-sick." Then she went away.

Derek watched her stiff little back as she marched down the road. He felt a twinge of conscience, but he stilled it.

Patricia cried all the way home. Back at the house, she called off the search and went mournfully down to the beach. Derek joined her after a while.

"I've got something important to tell you," he said.

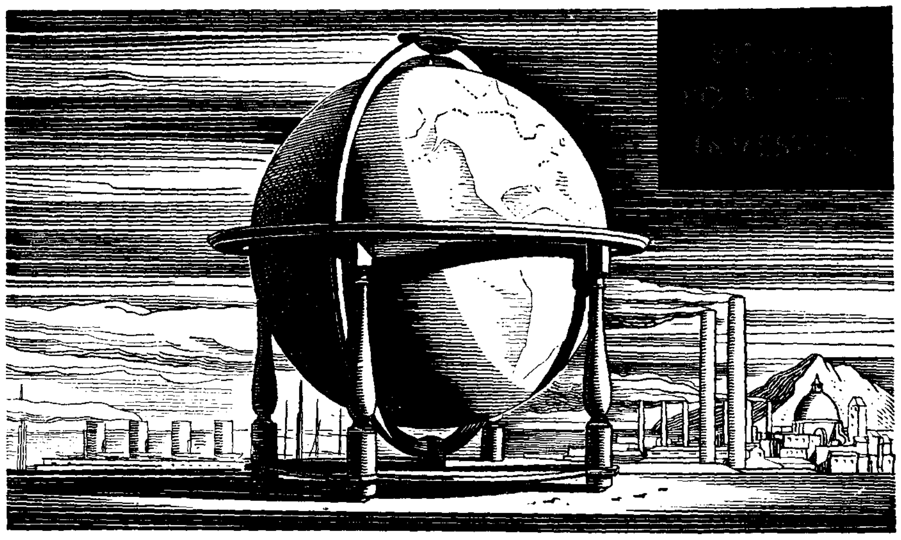
Patricia choked off a sob in the middle and turned swollen eyes in his direction. "I've got two important things to tell you," Derek said then.

"W-well?" said Patricia.

"I've got your cat," said Derek, "and I want to kiss you."

She allowed him to kiss her and then

(*Continued on page 62*)



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(*Continued from page 61*)

struggled a little in his arms. "Where is he?"

"He's safe," Derek said. "I want to kiss you again, Patricia."

"When I get Plutarch," she agreed readily.

They went to the deserted church, because that was where Derek thought he had Plutarch. But he hadn't. The window was open, and Plutarch had departed without leaving a note.

Derek and Patricia faced each other in front of the altar. "He's *gone*," Derek said. "My Lord, what an unreliable cat!"

Patricia stamped her foot and screamed. "We never will find him, and it was the only c-cat I had! I hate you!"

"I'm sorry," Derek said. "How could I know that he opened windows?"

"Beast!" said Patricia, and she left him standing there looking at a cobweb. It was probably the first time a church door had been banged so hard as that in all history.

Notes from Derek came from time to time saying that he was trying to find Plutarch, but that he hadn't. He seemed very humble about it all.

A WEEK went by during which she didn't see him. Then one morning when she came down for breakfast Fanny happened to see her and said, "Derek Arden's sailing this morning."

"*Sailing?*" Patricia said, getting hold of a chair back and hanging on, "sailing where?"

"To New York," Fanny said. "He's going to buy you a cat. He told me to tell you, and I told him he had a nerve to think that any cat could take Plutarch's place. I told him he'd better not show his face to you again, even to give you a cat. I told him you hated him."

"Now why," Patricia wailed, "did you tell him *that?*"

"Because you said you did," Fanny said bewilderedly. "Don't you?"

"Why . . . yes," Patricia said, "but I suppose it's not pleasant to have him think that I've been going around talking about it to my friends." She sat down and munched a piece of toast reflectively. Her voice was elaborately unconcerned as she asked, "Uh, what time is he sailing?"

"I suppose he's going with the boat," Fanny said. "It sails at eleven."

Patricia looked up at the clock. Eight-thirty. Two hours and a half. Not that it mattered. Not that it mattered a damn' bit. She finished her breakfast and sidled out of the house. He might as well know that she wouldn't hate him the least little bit less if he brought her a thousand cats.

She trotted down the road to Derek's cottage. A baggage man was there looking forlornly at a couple of trunks. "Where is Mr. Arden?" said Patricia.

"Down in Hamilton. He's leaving this morning. Things to wind up."

"Tops?" Patricia said brightly, concealing her perturbation.

The baggage man just looked at her. She sauntered until she was out of sight because he looked after her, and then she flew. "Fanny," she said, bursting into the house, "can you loan me a hundred dollars in cash? If you can, call a carriage!" She went upstairs to pack a bag and change.

"But . . ." Fanny said. Patricia started upstairs. She leaned over the banister.

"I'll have it back on the first boat," she assured her.

"She hates him, all right," Fanny said, and then went to manage the hundred.

Patricia kissed Fanny good-by, and started with a margin of forty minutes to arrange passage, get baggage through and get on the boat.

Thirty minutes before sailing Derek started for Fanny's cottage with the intention of kissing Patricia good-by in spite of hell and high water. They met. They stopped their carriages and sat looking at each other. Derek noted the baggage. "Going somewhere?" he asked.

"I'm leaving this morning," Patricia said, rather flustered.

"Did Fanny tell you I was?" he asked. This was an important question.

Patricia tried to look lofty without much success. "I . . . I haven't seen much of Fanny this morning," she said. "May-maybe she forgot."

Derek got out of his carriage and approached hers. "Get down," he said thickly. "Get right down out of that hack."

"I haven't much time," Patricia stammered.

"You've as much as I have," said Derek. "We're sailing on the same boat." Which might have meant any number of things.

"Why should I get down?"

"Because," said Derek, "I'm going to kiss you or wring your neck. I'm not sure yet which it will be."

Just then there was a sound of squealing brakes. A carriage was coming around the downhill curve. Patricia's driver clucked at his horse and moved over.

Patricia started to get down, but her eye caught the carriage coming around the curve and she froze. Derek looked in the direction of her riveted eyes. The carriage was a rackety old thing, and the colored man who drove it was singing light-heartedly. Beside him, on the seat, sat a proud and aristocratic object. A silver Persian cat who had recently been filled to the whiskers with chicken. Plutarch was having a swell time. Patricia found her voice. She said, "That's *Plutarch.*"

But Derek was already running beside the carriage. He clutched an indignant Plutarch to his breast and said, "Where did you get him?"

"'Funnies' thing," the colored man said, "you know that ol' church up the road? I cleans it. I fin' this cat tryin' like sixty to get out. I taken him home an' feed him salmon. He likes to ride."

"And he didn't get sick," Patricia said, weakly. Derek gave the colored man a bill and handed Patricia her cat. She sat there holding him. Plutarch looked a little sulky. *She'd* never let him ride, except in a basket that ruffled him.

"Well, I guess I don't have to go to New York," Derek said, looking blandly malicious. "But you'll be missing your boat."

"D-don't be so d-darned mean," Patricia said.

"Are you going to get down, or aren't you?"

"It sort of depends," Patricia said. "Are you going to wring my neck?"

"No," Derek said.

STILL she sat there hugging Plutarch and looking undecided. Derek jammed his hands in his pockets and stepped back. "I can see that you're going to catch that boat."

"Who said I was?" she bridled.

"Well, I can't wait any longer."

"I was just *getting* down," she protested. "I have to . . . uh . . . brush my dress. It's all dusty from Plutarch."

Plutarch looked offended. His coat was as sleek and shiny as ever, without a speck of dust *anywhere.*

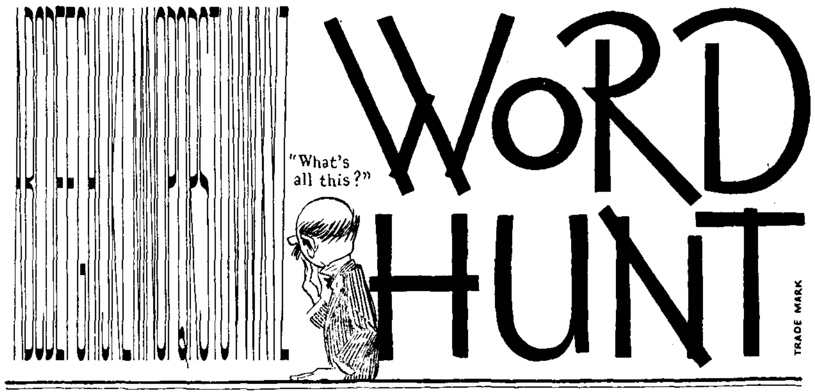
Derek helped her out of the carriage and she brushed her dress. "You're an impossible little wretch," he said pleasantly.

"Not," she said with spirit, "as impossible as you are."

"Well, what's the answer?"

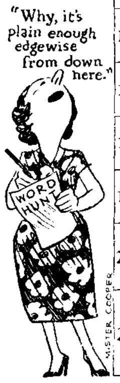
Patricia sort of stamped her foot. Not very hard. "You know the answer as well as I do!" she cried.

WORD HUNT



In the English language there are just twenty-one words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters I-N-S. One of them is INSECT. You supply the others.

1	I	N	S	E	C	T	Any of numerous small invertebrate animals generally having the body more or less obviously segmented. Figuratively: Any small, trivial or contemptible person.
2	I	N	S				The arched middle portion of the human foot next in front of the ankle joint; also, that part of a shoe, stocking, etc., which covers it.
3	I	N	S				The inside sole of a boot, or shoe. Also, a thin strip placed inside a shoe for warmth or ease.
4	I	N	S				To be persistent, urgent, or pressing. To take a stand and refuse to give way.
5	I	N	S				To affront wantonly. Also, gross indignity offered to another; an affront.
6	I	N	S				The inner side. The part within. Interior or internal portion; within.
7	I	N	S				(*One of two forms*) *To impart gradually.* To cause to be imbibed.
8	I	N	S				To set so as to be within; to cause to enter. Also, an inset.
9	I	N	S				To make sure or secure. Also, to procure or effect insurance.
10	I	N	S				Unsound of mind. Crazy.
11	I	N	S				To inclose in a sack.
12	I	N	S				Sunk in.
13	I	N	S				(Rare) To absorb.
14	I	N	S				To fix by searing.
15	I	N	S				Variant of INSTALL.
16	I	N	S				An inner shoe or boot.
17	I	N	S				To set a soul in; to fill with soul; to animate.
18	I	N	S				(Latin) In its natural or original position or place.
19	I	N	S				(South Africa) To yoke or harness, as oxen to a wagon.
20	I	N	S				(Roman Archæology) A building, or a group of buildings standing together, forming a block or square.
21	I	N	S				To adorn with or as with stars. To turn into a star. Also (Zoölogy), any of the several stages in the life of an insect.


"Why, it's plain enough edgewise from down here."
WORD HUNT
MISTER COOPER

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Waling
2. Walked
3. Walker
4. Walled
5. Waller
6. Wallet
7. Wallop
8. Wallow
9. Walnut
10. Walrus
11. Walise
12. Wallah
13. Wallie
14. Walter

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A PLEA FOR THE ASHMAN

It is a well-known fact that there is a definite commercial lure behind the call to be an ashman. An ashman who puts his mind to it is able to be a real joy to his wife and children. Every evening you see him trudging home, his pockets full of charming and useful little knick knacks.

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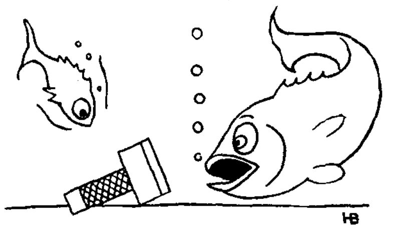

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Help Yourself

Continued from page 17

enough for you. If I didn't have Burnside I just wouldn't have anything fit to give you."

She laughed. It sounded to Davy as if she hadn't wanted to laugh, as if she couldn't help it. She turned a little, so that she looked up toward the big white pillars in the mild shadow of the elms. She stopped laughing; he could see her lips tighten faintly at the corners, as if something hurt her, and he knew what it was. Often and often, when he looked up at Burnside from the road it seemed so lovely that it hurt.

It hurt him now, not just because it was so beautiful, but because it reminded him of the bills in his hand, of the way he'd put off painting it, of that note at the bank and the corn that ought to be replanted. It didn't reproach him; it just made him realize, suddenly, that he didn't deserve Burnside any more than he deserved Mary. A man who couldn't take care of a place like this wasn't fit to own it; Burnside deserved a master who didn't get into debt, who was smart enough and spry enough to keep up with his work.

Mary glanced at him.

"You're worried, Davy."

It was queer, he thought, that he always wanted to tell Mary the truth. If Aunt Hattie or Emma had said that, he would have claimed he wasn't worried.

"Kind of," he admitted.

"Money?"

"I've been running behind some. I had to borrow, last fall, when I put on the new roof, and now this painting"— He brightened. "Come to think, though, I'll save some money doing that myself instead of hiring Ed Seavey. Good thing, one way, that we had that fuss."

"Couldn't Arthur Pew do the painting? Or Elbert? You've got enough to do without that, Davy."

Davy suddenly remembered the worst of all his worries. And this one was worse than all the others put together because, he discovered, he couldn't tell Mary about it. Even Mary might not understand how he could be sorry, in one way, because she was going to marry him and come to live at Burnside.

"No," he said. "Elbert's sick and Art's working on his lessons, and anyhow I wouldn't want to trust either of 'em to paint a house. It's got to be done just right. Sooner do it myself, anyhow. It's kind of fun, working on a house like Burnside."

BUT he wasn't thinking about the fun of watching the old walls brighten and gleam under his brush. He was thinking about the job of telling them, up yonder, the good news that wasn't going to be good news for them. Not even Mary could make them feel that Burnside was just as much their home as it had always been. He was going to hurt them—hurt them hard; he was going to get his own happiness by hurting them.

"Don't worry so, Davy. It's going to be all right."

She lifted her arm impulsively and drew his head down. For just an instant, in the magic of that kiss, Davy believed her, believed that everything was going to be better, ever so much better, than just all right.

He wasn't allowed to believe it very long, though. Behind the thicket of elder bushes, that had seemed to be secluding, there uprose a shrill tumult of conjoined squeals.

"Oo-oo-ooh! Cou—zinn Da—veeze kissing Teee-chur-r!"

"Here! Wait! Aremma, Emartha—come back here!"

Davy shouted uselessly after the scurry of the twins, racing as one child up the driveway toward the house, their squealing unison preceding them:

"Mamma! *Mah-ma-ah!* Cou—zinn Davvee-ee-e . . ."

Mary didn't seem to mind. She laughed.

"I forgot to watch for those little snoopers! They must have been hiding behind those bushes all the time!"

"I'LL have to tell 'em now," said Davy. He tried not to let his voice sound the way he felt, but he didn't make a very good job of it. Mary looked at him, puzzled.

"The twins have saved you the trouble by this time," she said. "What's the matter, Davy? Weren't you going to tell them? I thought you wanted to tell everybody right away. You said—"

"I—I sort of wanted to—to break it to them kind of—kind of gently," Davy explained. "You see, Mary—"

Emma had run out to the porch. The twins were jerking at her skirt, squealing and pointing. Emma lifted both arms in a gesture that Davy couldn't possibly misunderstand; her voice floated down in a high, clear note of unmistakable delight and she hurried down the slope, the twins skipping on each side of her; the weight lightened in Davy's heart as he saw that Emma was just as glad as—well, almost as glad as he was. She ran straight at Mary, arms outstretched.

"I'm so glad I could cry!" She kissed Mary on both cheeks, turned and kissed Davy, too. "It's just too wonderful! We've been hoping for it so long—and only last night Arthur and I were saying that the only thing that could make Burnside nicer than it was would be to have you in it with us, Mary."

Mary said something about being late for school, but Emma wouldn't listen. She kept her arm happily around Mary all the way to the house and she kept talking, too, saying things that made Davy ashamed of having doubted her. If only the others felt the way Emma did—

His heart lifted as he watched and listened to them. Aunt Hattie cried, she was so happy, and Cousin Libby looked as if she was going to, and Elbert, whose stomach always went back on him when his after-breakfast lay-down was interrupted, didn't seem to mind the pain a bit. And Arthur Pew stopped right in the middle of his delighted congratulations and got the startled, solemn look he always wore when one of his ideas came to him.

"I've got it! I know what to call the baby! Mardavia! After the two nicest people in the world!"

When Mary left, Davy walked down the hill with her.

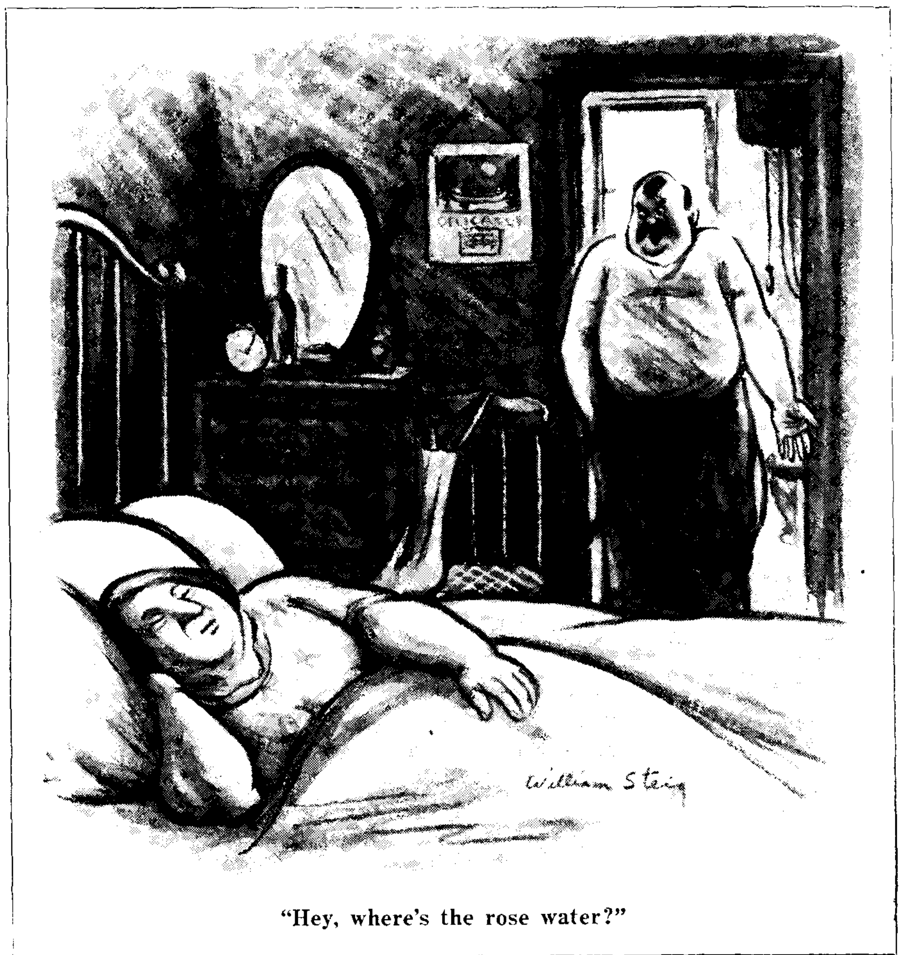
"I ought to 've known better than to worry about how they'd take it," he told her. "I ought to 've known they couldn't help feeling the same way as I do about you."

MARY didn't say anything. She just laughed. It was a nice kind of laugh, though, and it made Davy understand that she wasn't hurt because he'd been worrying.

"None of 'em 'll think they ought to move out," he said contentedly. "They'll all feel just as much at home at Burnside as ever—more, I guess."

"Were you worrying about *that*, Davy?" Mary sounded, now, as if she weren't quite pleased with him, after all—not angry, but kind of—well, kind of out of patience with him.

"I know it was dumb of me," he confessed. "But—I don't know just how to say it. We've always stuck together pretty close, us cousins—closer'n most brothers and sisters, I guess. And they all have always felt as if Burnside was home. Never seems to me as if it just belonged to me. That's one reason why I set so much store by it, Mary—because it's home for a lot of us instead of just one.



"Hey, where's the rose water?"

"And if the rest of 'em didn't keep on feeling that way it would spoil—no, nothing could spoil that, Mary—but it'd—well, I'd feel as if I'd robbed the rest of 'em so as to be happy myself. Guess I'd feel as if I'd kind of robbed Burnside, too. Seems as if a house like that had a right to be home to more than just the two of us."

Mary laughed. Davy knew that everything was all right. She understood. She always understood.

"You didn't need to worry about that," she said. Somehow she sounded as if she liked him a little more than ever. "Not as long as you're you, Davy!"

SHE laughed again, more softly and kindly, and wouldn't let him come any farther with her. He went back, walking light, to his painting, and, as he worked, he hummed under his breath and almost forgot about the grocery bill and the corn-planting and the note at the bank. Little worries like these didn't seem to matter any more.

The talk at the dinner table made him wonder how he could have been so dumb as to be afraid they wouldn't love having Mary live at Burnside with them. They were going to feel more at home there than ever. And Emma had called up Edith Gillinger in Rochester to tell her the news and Edith was so excited about it that she and Phil and Junior were driving out this afternoon to help celebrate.

That meant a picnic over at Albertson's Gully, no matter if it was a bit early for picnics. Aunt Hattie was immovable about this. Aunt Hattie loved picnics even when there wasn't such solid warrant for them, and Davy hadn't the heart to refuse, although he knew that he ought to stick to his painting instead of killing chickens and freezing ice cream.

Phil Gillinger drove him over to call for Mary at the schoolhouse in the big, shiny new car. At first Davy had an uneasy feeling that Mary wasn't glad to see them, but he saw that he was mistaken about this, because after a second she cheered right up and was just as jolly and gay as she could be, and kept on being that way all the rest of the afternoon. And somehow he thought that she was nicer to him, too, than ever; whenever he met her eyes they seemed soft and shining and—and kind.

He could hardly remember his mother, but it struck him suddenly that Mary looked like her. He wondered why he hadn't noticed this before. He wondered whether anybody had ever felt as absolutely happy as he felt.

He kept on feeling happy—too happy to join in the jolly clatter of talk; he kept on getting happier, minute by minute, till they started back. He was so perfectly happy that, for an instant, as they came to the sharp bend in the road where you caught your first glimpse of Burnside, far away across the flat, checkerboarded floor of the glen, he couldn't stop being happy, even when, instead of the white columns drowsing below the elms, he saw the great pillar of smoke and the yellow, leaping, hungry fire at its foot.

IT WAS pleasant, on the stoop of the little box of a house where the locktender used to live when the canal was running. Sitting here, after supper, you didn't seem to feel very bad about anything, even when you looked up at the knoll and didn't see Burnside there.

In fact, Davy discovered, he kind of liked to look up there, this evening. It was the first time he'd ever felt that way, and it puzzled him, set him thinking.

It was easier to think, sitting here, than it used to be. Your mind worked better, Davy guessed, when things were kind of quiet and when you didn't have to worry about bills and notes, and when you were caught up with your work. It was almost fun, thinking was. He had done quite a lot of it before Mary came out and sat beside him on the step, leaning lightly against his shoulder.

"It's funny," he said. Mary didn't ask him what was funny. That was what made it so easy to explain things to her—she didn't keep trying to help you pick out your words; she just waited for you to go on.

"It just struck me that I've quit feeling bad about Burnside," he went on. "I guess I must have got over it quite a while ago but I never noticed it till just now. I can think of Ed Seavey without wanting to break his neck."

Mary laughed. He twisted his head so that he could see her face and again he thought that she looked a lot like his mother.

"I know it sounds crazy," he admitted, "but I've been thinking that Ed did me a pretty good turn when he set fire to that turpentine."

Mary laughed again but she didn't say anything. It seemed to Davy that she leaned a little closer against him.

"I set a lot of store by Burnside, but it was keeping me dog-poor. It took a lot of money and work that ought to've gone into the farm, and besides that—"

He hesitated. Even to Mary it was hard to say what he was thinking without sounding mean, stingy.

"You see, there was so much room in it, and there were so many people that sort of felt it was home, that it was always bound to be kind of full of company, and it costs something to feed a houseful of folks, even on a farm. One reason we've got out of debt so fast is because we've had a lot more eggs and milk and vegetables to sell than I ever used to have—and a lot less groceries to buy, too. I know it's kind of mean to think about such things, but—"

Again Mary laughed. He could tell that she didn't think he was stingy.

"THEY'D all be living at Burnside this minute," he went on, "if it hadn't been for Ed Seavey—or if it had been any of my doings that made 'em move out I'd be feeling dirt-mean."

He paused. "It's funny, though, how quick they all found some place else to go. Of course Art could always have got his old job back in the shoe factory, and Aunt Hattie could have gone to live with Jennie any time, and Elbert and Libby'd always've been welcome at Elsie's house, but as long as I had Burnside it didn't seem as if any of 'em could live anywhere else. If it hadn't been for Ed Seavey—"

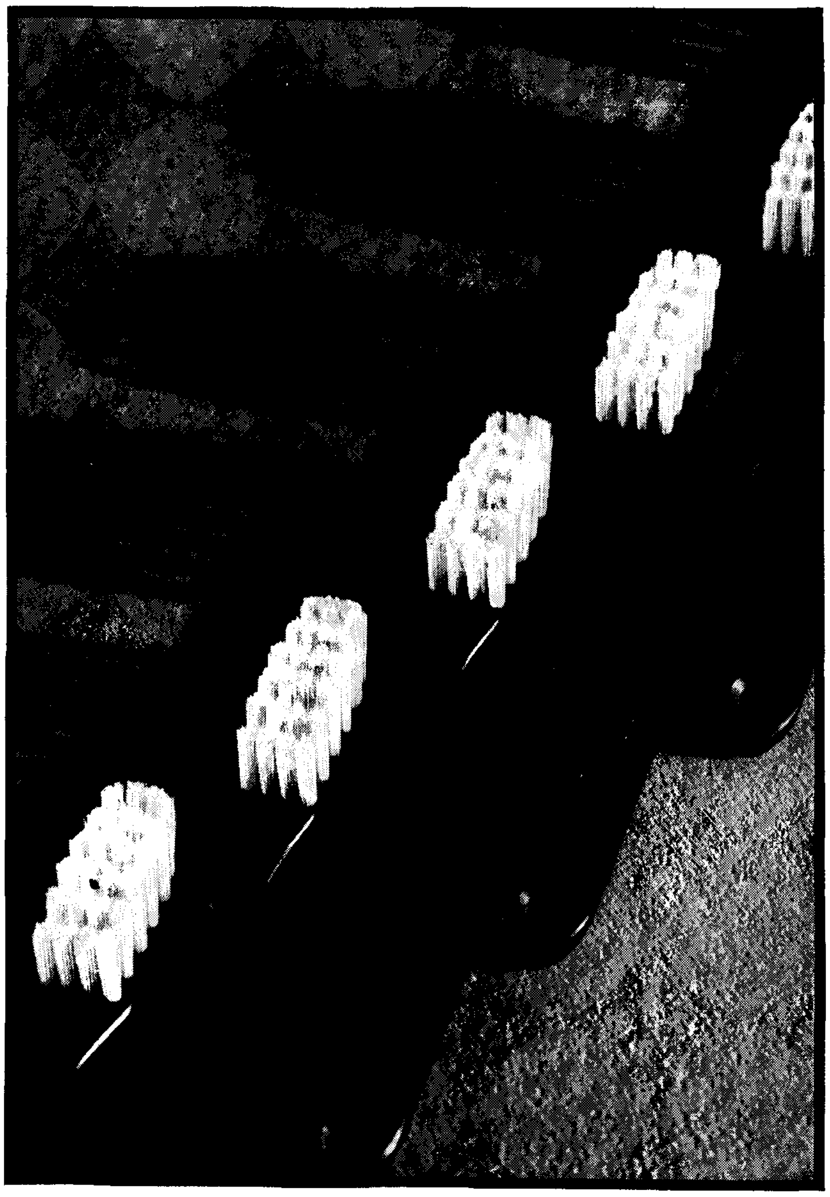
A rabbit made a brown streak across the lawn, Mary's collie in hot chase: still one hop in the lead it reached the sanctuary of the big brush heap at the edge of the orchard. The collie, wasting no energy on vain regret, came trotting back.

"We ought to do something about those rabbits," said Mary. "They're just ruining the garden. Shep would tend to them if they didn't always have that brush pile to hide in."

Davy stood up.

"Come on, then. It's safe enough, after that shower this afternoon, to go down there right now and—" he stopped. Mary's eyes were laughing. He knew what it meant. It was always happening, just this way. He'd slowly think out a brand-new idea and then, just as he was going to surprise her with it, he'd find that laughter in her eyes and know that she'd only been waiting for him to catch up with her. But he didn't mind. He laughed, too.

"And see whether Ed Seavey's notion works the same way on rabbits as on relations," he finished, cheerfully.



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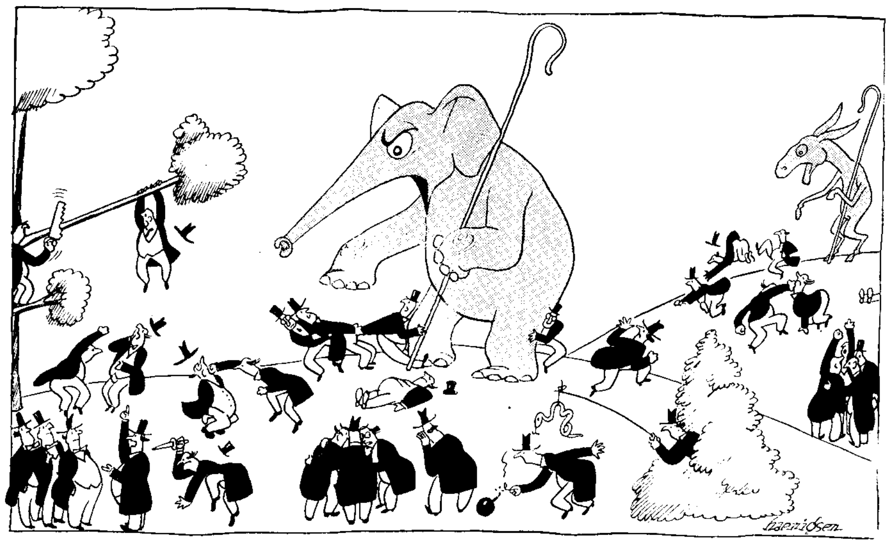


Mischief Makers

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

TO REALIZE what a madhouse party politics has become one has only to keep in mind the fact that the Republican party has just got rid of its national chairman, the second in Mr. Hoover's year and a half in office, and that a good many Democrats would like to get rid of their national chairman, John J. Raskob. No one knows how long Senator Fess, the new Republican chairman, will last. Mr. Raskob will remain to be an issue against the Democrats wherever the nomination of Governor Alfred E. Smith was unpopular in 1928.

In addition, the Republicans, in order to bridge the gulf between the two elements in the party, have had to adopt the device of having, in effect, two chairmen of the senatorial committee in charge of the campaign to elect senators next November, Senator George H. Moses for the East and Senator Frederick Steiwer for the West. Mr. Moses will be forbidden to set a foot across the Mississippi River for fear of causing the loss of Republican senators out there, and there are even some states in the East where there is as much of a political quarantine against him as if he carried the Japanese beetle.

Similarly, if Chairman Raskob of the Democratic National Committee showed himself in some of the doubtful states in which the Democrats hope to carry the election the Democratic candidates in them would die of heart failure.

Mr. Raskob has met the situation by withdrawing into the background and putting forward Mr. Jouett Shouse, irreproachable politically, a Southerner and the son of a Protestant minister, as the actual director of Democratic affairs.

The Senate's Bad Boy

No such self-abnegation is expected of Senator Moses. Most of the Republican senators who are up for reëlection this year hoped that he would withdraw from the chairmanship of the senatorial committee this year in the interests of the Republican party. One can't think of anyone except Senator Grundy who would be quite as objectionable to one half of the Republican party as manager of the senatorial campaign as Mr. Moses is.

Mr. Moses is the "terrible infant" of the Republican party. He would rather make a wisecrack than elect a Republican majority of the Senate. In fact if he could consult his inclinations he would rather see Democrats elected than see progressive Republicans like Borah, Norris, McMaster and Schall returned to their seats.

I am not sure that President Hoover does not share this opinion of Mr. Moses—the only one they have in common—for there have been signs at times that the President inclined to agree with his friend Franklin Fort of New Jersey that the Western progressives should be punished by defeat.

It is an interesting situation in the Grand Old Party. Its members will shudder every time its senatorial chairman opens his mouth. And to condemn George Moses to silence would be a cruel and unusual punishment of the sort forbidden by the Constitution.

Never the Twain Shall Meet

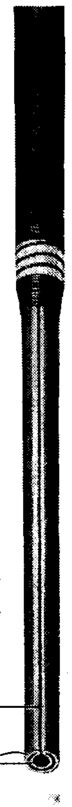
The President is not quite sure whether he wants some of the Republicans elected or not. At least one Republican candidate for senator is frankly anti-Hoover, Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, who bolted Hoover in 1928 and who has taken no pains to conceal his opposition to the President ever since.

The Eastern half of the Republican party will allege that the tariff law is bad because the Eastern industrialist interests did not receive the protection they deserved. The Western half of the Republican party will allege that the Western farmer was sold out to the Eastern industrial interests in the tariff law.

The Western Republicans will shout for the debenture plan of farm relief or the Haugen-McNary equalization fee, both denounced by President Hoover. While the Eastern Republicans, if they spoke frankly, would condemn even Mr. Hoover's mild form of farm relief as subversive of the present economic order. Besides, there will be wet Republican candidates for senator and dry Republican candidates for senator and straddling Republican candidates for senator.

The Democrats are not much more united except that, not being in power, they have not had to assume responsibility. They will denounce the tariff piously, but as a matter of fact there are few of them who did not stick a thumb into that Jack Horner's pie. They helped to make the final bill but avoided, except to the extent of five votes, responsibility for voting for it. They are wets and drys, high tariff men and low tariff men, representatives of big business interests and representatives of the farmer.

They shudder at the possibility of winning both houses of Congress because of the extent to which legislative responsibility will show them up before 1932.



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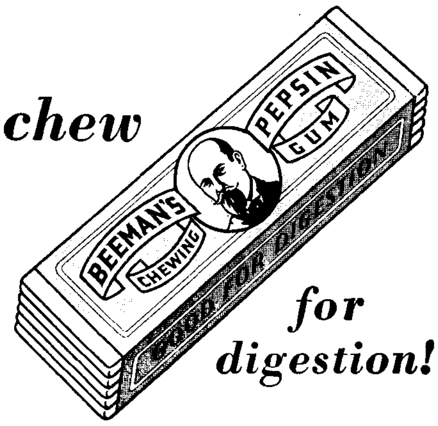

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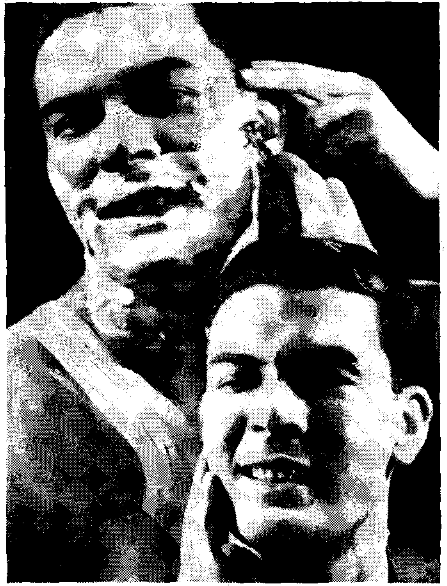

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SHAVING
CREAM
RELIABILITY
UNIFORMITY
PURITY
EFFICACY

Girl Friend

Continued from page 35

rolling blue eyes at Marjorie. He'd had a shot or two of bicarbonate of gin. He was at the hide-her-hand stage of mashing. The girl tugged her fingers out from under and left him looking sheepish.

"Sit down and join us, Mr. Corcoran," she said.

I did. She made introductions. This guy was called Ross. His face came to me as I looked at it. Blond-head he was, with a profile dames dream about.

"You're an engineer or something, ain't you?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

"Seen you around the Garden and the armories," I said.

"That's where we install ventilating systems," he says.

THE goof was uneasy. He was as eloquent as a weak-kneed clam until Marjorie took a recess to beautify herself for a dance.

"You're in the fight racket?" he says.

"Yes," I said, letting him smell my cigar smoke. "And I'm Eddie McComb's manager among other things."

He winced at this.

"May I ask," I said, giving him the point, "how long you've known Miss Chisholm."

"Met her with Eddie McComb up at Scarsdale Manor the other night," he said.

"So you're improving the shining hour with Eddie's gal while Eddie's training," I said

He winced.

"Oh," he said, "we're just having a good time. No harm done, is there?"

"I manage Eddie McComb's fights, not his love affairs," I said.

"Well," he says, "Marjorie's a nice girl. She isn't engaged to Eddie McComb, is she?"

"Not that I know," I said. "And it needn't worry you. What Eddie don't know won't hurt him."

The girl came back to the table. This mug gave her a worshipful look and she surprised me by making the return gleam sweet and encouraging. I watched them dance. His feet took up a lot of acreage. Otherwise, he floated about like a liner towing a trim yacht. Miss Chisholm offered me the next dance, perhaps, I figured, to spite the boy friend because other gals had shown ocular interest in him.

Out on the floor I told her what a grand-looking bloke this Ross guy was.

"Makes good money, too, I bet," I said.

"What he makes is good," she says, "but not too much."

"You like 'em wealthy?" I asked.

"Healthy and wise," she said.

Which didn't get us very far.

"You're a good dancer," she said.

Her eyes were too deep for me to read.

"And a good business man, too, I bet," she said.

"Listen, Marjorie," I said, steering her between two tramps strangling two gals on a corner of the floor. "Tomorrow morning I'm taking Buck Rogers out to camp with me as Eddie's trainer. Buck wears bullet holes for vaccination marks. If Eddie gets away from Buck to New York before Buck breaks training it'll be after a guy has taken his measure with a tape—lying down."

We'd maneuvered to where Ross sat staring at us, cow-eyed.

Marjorie sat down.

"Sorry you have to leave early, Mr. Corcoran," she said.

Ross looked cheerful at that one.

"Before I go," I said, "I want you to come out with Mr. Ross some day."

"Where?" asked Ross.

"Eddie McComb's camp in Jersey," I said.

The blond guy wilted.

"We'll go, but it'll have to be a Saturday," said Miss Chisholm.

It was a Saturday. Two weeks after, Buck Rogers had taken his outboard eyebrows and gorilla pan to Madame Bey's and put Eddie McComb through the course of training these Roman gladiators got to tie lions together by their tails. Buck had shadowed him from waking to sleeping every day. Eddie didn't have a chance to sneak out. Buck had given him a personal exhibition on arriving by tackling a big colored heavyweight in a wrestling bout and tossing him bodily from the ring. And Buck had given me the office:

"The kid's O. K.," he said. "Two more weeks like the last two and he'll be right. Got that skirt on his mind all the time; but I told him she was down with measles."

But love gives locksmiths the ha-ha. That's a well-known fact. Buck Rogers rings me up from a Jersey roadhouse with beer in his voice to tell me Eddie has done a Houdini. While running the roads he'd jerked ahead of Buck, hopped a car and vanished in the direction of East Orange, which I knew was Miss Chisholm's home.

I called up Miss Chisholm. Had she seen Eddie? Yes. Out of a window. It was Saturday and he had got to her home by two o'clock.

"What happened?" I said.

"I didn't admit him," she said.

"What did he do?" I said, warming to the girl.

"Tried to break the door down."

"And then?"

"My brothers are minions of the law," she giggled.

"What?" I hollered.

"Translated, that means cops," she said.

"I mean," I said, "where's Eddie now?"

"Probably trying to find a bondsman."

"Be serious," I said. "I'm ruined for this big fight if he's pinched."

"I was never more serious," she said. "He won't be pinched, but he'll be scared. And when he phones you, if he does, tell him he can meet me tonight for dinner—"

"If I talk to him it won't be about food," I said.

"He can meet me tonight for dinner—" she went on as if my patter meant nothing. "At his training table."

BEFORE I could catch my breath she hung up. After about an hour tangling myself in telephone calls to the police stations in all the Oranges, a ring from Eddie breaks through. He's done some more road work, escaping two big coppers—the gal's brothers, no doubt—and sprinting over half of Jersey till he lands in a car barn at Newark and will I come out and rescue him?

He was wondering whether to cut his throat or be a sailor when I found him.

"Back to camp," I said, "and forget it."

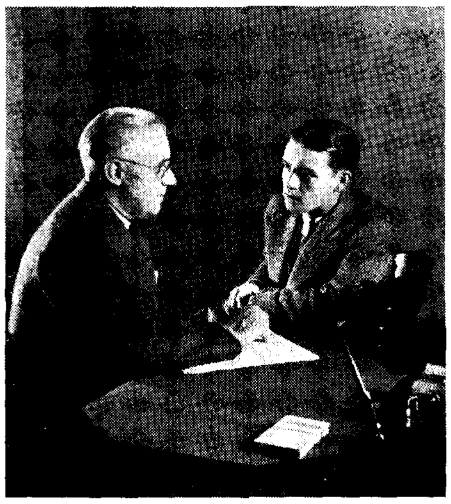
He came along as if he'd been wound up and was running down.

"I don't want any more training," he said. "I don't want to fight Kid Curley."

"There's company for dinner tonight," I said. "Marjorie Chisholm will be there."

He looked at me dumbly, saw I meant it, and you'd have thought he'd dived

(*Continued on page 68*)



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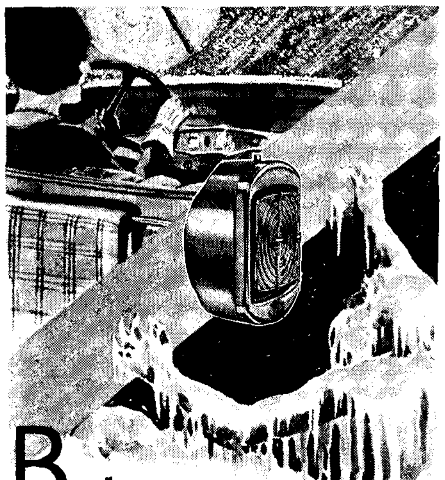

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(Continued from page 67)

into one of those electric belts that make window-dummies man-killers. He wanted to run back to Summit.

When seven o'clock came around a roadster spurts up to the house, driven by Miss Marjorie Chisholm and containing, likewise, the blond guy Ross.

That was a big help. The meal proceeded without any serious breach of etiquette because Buck Rogers kept a soup ladle near his right hand throughout.

After it was over and the Chisholm said she and her escort were due for a country club soirée, I took her to one side.

"You kept your word," I said, "and that's top score with me. But why did you bring the blond boy along?"

"I'm heart whole and fancy free and fond of innocent fun," she said. "Any more questions?"

"Yes," I said. "On the square—do you care for Eddie McComb enough to marry him?"

She laughed like a country brook, even if I haven't heard one for ages.

"When is this fight?" she said.

"Two weeks away," I said.

"I'll answer your question then," she said. "No more now. I'm under contract."

"What does that mean?" I said.

"Under contract to you," she said, "to keep away till then."

We shook hands and I gave her a brace of seats as close as doormats to the ring. Evidently, I figured, after she'd flown away with the blond goofus beside her and Eddie scowling after her, my scheme had worked. She's undecided between the blond and the bruiser; but she's on the square with me. And she was. Not a peep out of her until the night of the scrap—and with Buck Rogers and me doing a double Siamese twin act with Eddie he had nothing to do but train.

That fight was held in a Bronx barn big enough to hide a flock of Noah's arks. Kid Curley was what Joe Humphreys called a local product and as he stepped between the ropes after Eddie his brother and sister products let the world know it. A prophet may be a bum in his own country but a box-fighter's a hero, even on his back.

You can read about that fight in the record books; but you'll never read all that happened in the last round. Right off I could see it was a mistake to let Marjorie Chisholm see it. She'd come along with the handsome bimbo Ross. The seats I gave them was right in our corner, smack up behind Buck Rogers, handling the bucket. Eddie McComb spotted her and the good-looking goof. He threw her a kiss from the tip of his glove, then pulled it back as this Ross guy frowned.

"There's that mug with her!" Eddie growled—as if anybody in a roaring fight mob gave a rap for love affairs.

I passed it by, until he started to lean over the ropes and glare.

"Get your mind on this fight," I said, trotting him out to ring center for instructions.

AS HE wound up and stretched on the ropes his eyes and his mind was on that couple. The gal cried his name, but Ross was silent.

"I'll take that guy after this is over," Eddie growled.

"You'll need all you've got to take Curley," I said.

A bad break; but Eddie was a nut.

Curley was on top of him at the first bell. Eddie slipped. I heard a scream. That was Marjorie. Eddie got up, ducked, ran and boxed neatly. He went strong in the second. Curley was occupying his mind. Curley was in fine shape, although along about the fifth the champ had missed more left hooks than his strength could spare. I told Eddie to take it easy, get under that left more and more and mix it hard every time Curley missed. Eddie did. He had the mob yelling. But toward the end of the sixth Curley reached him with a hook. I saw it coming. Eddie had taken a tenth of a second to look toward the gal. He dropped, took a full count and the bell came just as he reached his feet.

"Forget that girl," I bawled at him, twisting his head around between rounds. "One more like that on the jaw and they'll have to feed you through your ears."

"Attaboy, Eddie," cried Miss Chisholm. The big goof Ross said nothing.

THE seventh was fair, both a bit tired and taking it easy. The Bronx boys gave their native cheer and the referee called for signs of motion. In the eighth he got it—from Curley. It began with Eddie looking at that gal again. Down he went from a left hook. It looked like keeps. But he struggled to his feet, clinched and kept clinching until the bell saved him.

The decision seemed gone, and still that fathead of mine turned on his stool to look at the girl. I left him to Buck, who smacked his chops to pull him around.

I was at the girl's side.

"Get out of here!" I yelled. "Can't you see you're ruining the poor simp? Every time he's glimmed you Curley's socked him on the button. Quit. We've got a swell chance for the title and you're wrecking it. Curley's tired. Give this kid a chance. This means everything to him and me!"

I said no more, because the bell sounded and before it stopped, Eddie McComb was on the floor. He took eight and was up, staggering. His knees were buckling. Curley measured him with a vicious left hook—and missed. *Eddie backed away, but finally Curley* caught him and battered him around three corners of the ring.

That bell was like an alarm clock ringing through a nightmare.

Boys reached for hats when the tenth started. It looked like one punch and curtains for Eddie. He tottered out. Curley tried a left hook, and Eddie's head dropped to duck. Then Eddie gave the mob electric shocks by pasting Curley full in the mouth. A tooth danced on the canvas. It cheered Eddie. He windmilled, and Curley caught a few. The mob rocked the building. Curley swung in desperation and Eddie reeled back to Curley's corner. Bad—bad.

The referee ran forward. Then as a milling mob screamed everything went black. I said the first prayer in years, expecting to wake up a ghost. Something hard whizzed by me and I heard Buck Rogers grunt. Then a thud in the awful moment of silence. The referee shouted to everybody to keep their seats. That saved a stampede. I could hear other shouts and the club manager yelling for an electrician. Then the crowd started laughing.

The lights came up as suddenly as they'd gone out. Eddie McComb was sitting quietly on Curley's stool, but Curley was squatting on the canvas rubbing the back of his head, dazed. The stool that should have been in that corner was in Buck Rogers' hand.

"Finish it!" roared the crowd.

The referee consulted a commissioner, who nodded. The boys were called out for two more minutes. What minutes! Curley was a real champ. No beefing. In he went and got a pasting he'll never forget. He was on his feet at the finish, but he didn't know it.

They called it a draw. Not so hot! But it made Eddie a much better meal ticket and meant a return bout.

I rushed him to the dressing-room, leaving everybody else to argue what had happened and why things were wrong or right. The gal and Ross had vanished. Buck Rogers followed me.

"Curley's head's harder than that stool," he whispered to me.

"You found out?" I said.

Buck grinned. He could always think quick in a pinch.

MISS CHISHOLM was paging me. I took her to a quiet dressing-room with nobody in it, away from newspaper men who were wrangling about the accident to the lights.

"Where's your big boy friend?" I said.

"Oh," she said, as if she hadn't seen him in weeks, "he was in a hurry."

"Afraid of Eddie?"

"No. Oh, no!" Those hazel eyes were very deep. "I just suggested that if he knew where the lighting switch was he could put the lights out. A cop spotted him, I think."

"Where were you?"

"At that entrance over there."

"Where's he?"

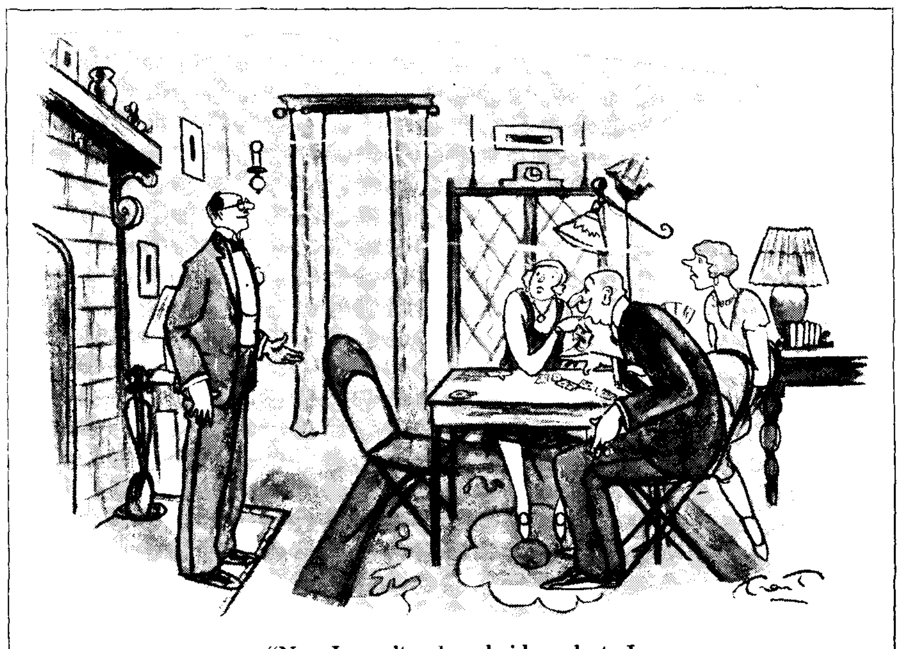
"Still running, I guess."

She laughed and her face softened.

"You did that for Eddie?" I said. "You must love him."

"I did it for you," she said. "Guess the rest."

What would you do with a gal like that? Marry her? I did.



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Jaws of Circumstance

Continued from page 21

"From that time on until you arrived at the pond you continued walking alone in the woods?"

"I stayed on the rocks at the end of Quaker Path for nearly an hour."

"And then continued your walk through the woods in the dark?"

"Yes."

"Toward the picnic ground?"

"Yes."

"What made you think that Miss Crandall and Mr. Merrill would still be there at that hour?"

"At ten o'clock?" the witness repeated. "Why, ten o'clock is not very late!"

"For a pair of lovers—perhaps not. But for two persons who professed for each other the most platonic of friendships to spend over two hours mooning about an old mill pond in the dark is rather unique, don't you think? It would appear that there was something deeper than merely platonic friendship between them. Weren't you just a little bit—concerned?"

"I was thinking only of Mr. Ashbury's false and sordid letter, and of warning them."

"I see. It's extremely unfortunate for you that no one saw you on this long perambulation of yours. It would have given you an excellent alibi!"

THE white, strained face relaxed for a moment.

"I am glad that no one saw me," she said softly. "It enables me to share this terrible thing with Conrad."

"Very touching, I'm sure! You stated that you did not have an opportunity to take the will to your safety deposit box at the bank because you were arrested the evening following Miss Crandall's murder. What did you do with it?"

"I gave it to Mrs. Reade to keep for me."

"Expected to be arrested, did you?"

"No, when I saw Sheriff Putnam and the constable come up the steps of the house, I went into Mrs. Reade's room and put the document into the top drawer of her bureau."

"So that they wouldn't come across it if they searched your room for evidence, eh?"

"Merely so that they wouldn't come across it. It was intrusted to me in confidence by Miss Crandall."

"And later when Mrs. Reade came to visit you at the jail you told her to turn it over to your attorney, I assume?"

"That's right."

"Right, and also very clever! As I said before, you're a remarkably resourceful young woman. It's difficult to believe that you're only twenty-two years old! Such acumen is worthy of a Richelieu! Miss Lansing, if you had known of the existence of the letter written by Mr. Merrill to Miss Crandall would it have made any difference to you—I mean in your feelings toward Mr. Merrill?"

"It didn't," the witness replied.

"I beg your pardon! Are you stating that you knew of its existence before it was read in court?"

"Yes."

Caxton reënforced himself with a deep breath.

"You mean that Mr. Merrill *told* you about having written it?"

"Yes."

"When did he tell you this?"

"Shortly after we became engaged."

"I see. He wanted to unbosom himself, eh? Start, as it were, on a clean slate?"

"Mr. Merrill felt that I had a right to know all the circumstances that were connected with that letter," the witness replied.

"Thought it might show up some time and embarrass him, so he made a clean breast of it, eh?"

"I don't know what Mr. Merrill *thought,*" the girl said.

"It made no difference to you whatever that he still kept on seeing a woman with whom he had had a love affair?"

"Not after he had assured me that he loved me and me only," Virginia Lansing said softly.

"You were willing to marry him on any terms so long as he *professed love* for you?" Upon Caxton's thin lips the words achieved the import of an epithet.

"Yes."

"You, too, knew that a person cannot be put in jeopardy of his life twice for the same crime, didn't you?"

"I have heard something to that effect. I never knew what it meant until you applied it to Conrad a while ago," Virginia Lansing replied.

Caxton made a wry face.

"Is there any statement you wish to make before I release you?" he asked hopefully.

"No."

"Nothing you wish to add or detract?" he insisted provokingly.

"Nothing."

"That'll be all, then, Miss Lansing. Thank you!"

The girl arose. She stood poised for a moment with one small hand resting upon the railing of the dock. Her deep-blue eyes moved tranquilly down the row of faces of the twelve men that were to decide her fate, then came to rest upon the gray-haired stranger in the third row, one chair removed from the aisle. The man made the faintest of movements with his grizzled head. A close observer might have noted this but not the look in his eyes. That was for the girl only. She bowed her head as if she had received a benediction, then stepped briskly off the witness stand and returned to her seat between Conrad Merrill and her counsel.

Senator Enderley arose.

"The defense rests, Your Honor," he said. "May we ask an adjournment until tomorrow morning, when I shall be ready to begin summing up?"

"Any objections, Mr. Caxton?" Judge Farnham inquired.

"None whatever, Your Honor," the prosecutor replied so amiably that it was difficult to believe that the words had emanated from his lips.

"The Court will reconvene tomorrow morning at ten sharp, gentlemen!"

IN SPITE of the hard rain that had fallen since daylight, the last seat was filled by nine o'clock. The faint rubbery odor of damp raincoats permeated the big courtroom. The gray-haired stranger had managed to capture the aisle seat in the first row beyond the low railing. He sat there with his wide-rimmed hat on his lap and his head tilted back slightly in the odd, listening attitude of a man who is conversing mentally with himself.

When the defendants were brought in, his body seemed to incline forward as if drawn by a power over which he had no control. His eyes followed them until they were seated, then moved to a table which had been placed in the center of the vacant space that separated the jury box from the judge's bench. The table was covered with a sheet.

(Continued on page 70)

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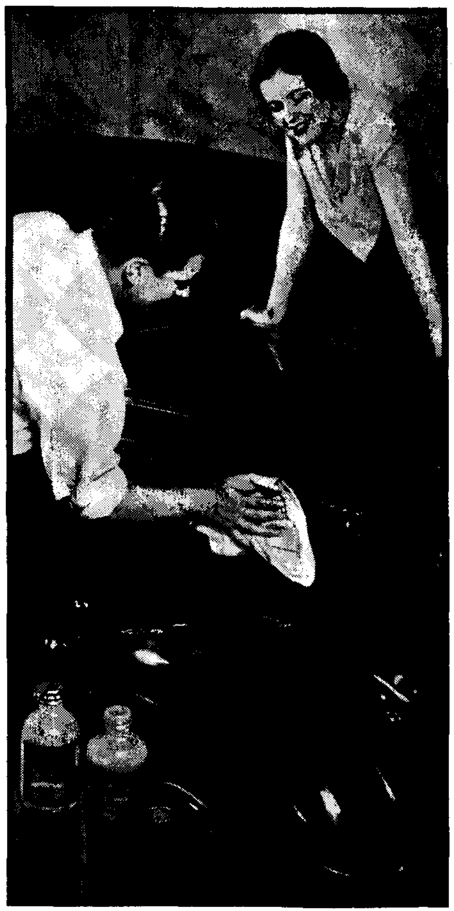

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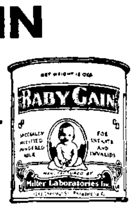

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(*Continued from page 69*)

His inquiring gaze remained fastened upon it with a sort of apprehensive expectation.

The sheet did not cover the table evenly. There were little pointed hummocks here and there as if dread things were trying to force their way through the white expanse of sheet. So fascinated by it did he appear that he forgot to arise immediately when the crier called out "The Court!" and Judge Farnham entered. His belated compliance with this formality and the hasty resumption of his seat after the rest of the audience had sat down caused the judge to glance his way for a moment.

SENATOR ENDERLEY got to his feet.

"Your Honor, gentlemen of the jury," he began in his deep rumbling voice: "The first point in a trial is to establish the facts in the case; for he who fails in his proof fails in everything. Mr. Caxton has given us a great deal of evidence. Unfortunately, evidence and proof are often confounded as implying the same idea. Nothing is farther from the fact. Proof is the legal credence which the law gives to any statement by witnesses or in writing. Evidence is the legal process by which that proof is made. Hence, we say that law admits of no proof but such as is made agreeable to its own principles.

"Gentlemen, there are two species of presumptive proof. The first is the presumption of the law, and the second the presumption of the judge or the jurymen. The presumption of the law is that conclusion which the law attaches to a certain species of guilt. Thus, that he who has deliberately and willfully killed another has done so from malice is a presumption of the law. BUT—and this is a very large BUT, gentlemen—how far he who has been found with the weapon in his hand beside the body of a person just killed, did or did not give the mortal stroke, is a presumption to be made by you jurymen, and not determinable by any rule of law.

"In this case I wish to call to your attention the fact that although the weapon which presumably snuffed out Miss Jane Crandall's life—namely, the silk scarf—was found, still another weapon—that which Dr. Ross testified had caused the wound upon Miss Crandall's temple and which he stated might have stunned her—a harmless, pocket flashlight, has been offered by the State. Would a man bent upon murder have chosen so inadequate a weapon? Preposterous! I wish also to call to your attention the fact that the scarf was worn by the victim herself, that it was carried to the scene of the alleged crime by herself, and not by any other person for the purpose of committing murder.

"Evidence, gentlemen, is classed as positive and presumptive. Positive evidence is where the witness swears distinctly to the commission of the act or crime which forms the subject of the trial. Presumptive evidence is that conclusion which you as jurymen draw for yourselves from circumstances or minor facts sworn to by witnesses. It is for you to determine the credibility of such witnesses.

"In this case, with one or two exceptions, we are fortunate in having listened to apparent credibility in witnesses, but *unfortunate* in having seen the State draw the most unwarranted conclusions from facts that are in themselves utterly harmless. I am referring, gentlemen, to the State's first and most monstrous error, that of presuming that the admitted presence of my unfortunate clients at the scene of the crime constitutes proof or even evidence of their guilt. Presumptions, gentlemen, are consequences drawn from a fact that is known to serve for the discovery of the truth. But no presumption can be made except upon a fact already known and ascertained—namely, that my clients met at the pond by prearrangement to commit murder.

"The stains on Miss Virginia Lansing's handkerchief and upon Mr. Merrill's coat sleeve are not presumed to be blood because they are presumed to be murderers, nor, on the other hand, are they believed to be murderers because the stains are proven to be blood; for this is reasoning in a circle and returning back to the point where we started. The defense freely admits that these stains are human blood. We know that it is not Miss Crandall's blood on Miss Lansing's handkerchief, but her own, as the witness Reade testified. That the blood upon the sleeve of Mr. Merrill's coat is Miss Crandall's we freely admit.

"We want to be fair, gentlemen. If the rules of evidence are founded on the principles of human nature; if, like other rules, their fitness is to be judged by their practical utility, it must be admitted that proof by circumstance is good and reasonable. But, gentlemen, Mr. Caxton has disregarded almost every known rule on evidence to the point where it has sorely tried the patience, not only of the defense, but of the distinguished jurist who presides over this court.

"I have gone, gentlemen, for my arguments to that great authority, Phillips on Evidence. Phillips says that the most probable things often prove false, because if they were exempt from falsity they would not be probable but certain. The State has presented us with a string of arguments which because of their very probability might easily be utterly false, and which I have shown are in fact utterly erroneous. Erroneous principally because they are built upon slander, sordid and ugly.

"Gentlemen, you are not asked to convict a rat-faced, beetle-browed murderer of a furtive and horrible crime, but a boy and a girl who have proven—and I say *PROVEN* with the firmest of confidence—by their utter fearlessness that they are innocent. They have readily admitted circumstances that because of their very incriminating nature must brand my unfortunate clients as innocent. Guilt does not speak such things with firm lips, gentlemen. Every point made by the State has been met with a logical and straightforward explanation. You are asked to believe that such two persons met by preconceived arrangement to commit a cowardly murder. One because of jealousy, the other from motives which the State has never made very clear to us, but in which I believe the suggestion of pecuniary gain was paramount.

"I ASK you, if it's true that Conrad Merrill 'worked' Miss Crandall to the tune of fifty thousand dollars; if it is true that he is an adventurer and a love pirate, why should he want to kill her *after* having got so substantial a sum?

"The State would like us to think that in some mesmeric manner Mr. Merrill had been able to induce a rich woman to leave his fiancée her entire fortune so that he might benefit from it by marrying Miss Lansing. This is a somewhat circuitous route, gentlemen, to say the least!

"Mr. Caxton in his summing up will no doubt tell you that this was merely to throw dust in your eyes. But he himself has proven by cross-examination that Mr. Merrill did *not* know that the will had been made; indeed, that Miss Lansing herself did not herself know it until the afternoon of Miss Crandall's death when Mr. Merrill was still in New York. Mr. Caxton has proven further that as Mr. Merrill did not get in touch with Miss Lansing after calling Miss Crandall he could not possibly have made arrangements with her to meet him at the mill pond that evening.

"Now then, gentlemen, let us retrace our steps to the fatal evening. The witness Barnes has told us that he dropped Mr. Merrill at the entrance to the picnic grove at twenty minutes to eight o'clock, and that on the way out he met Miss Crandall's car returning and recognized Collins, the chauffeur, driving. By Collins' testimony, we find that he, Collins, had dropped Miss Crandall near the entrance not much more than five minutes earlier. That she must have walked directly to the mill is evident or Mr. Merrill would have seen her.

"Mr. Merrill arrives. He looks about for her, returns to the road and looks up and down it, then proceeds to the mill and sits down for some ten minutes before he sees her lying in the spillway. I want you to pause here, gentlemen, and consider how inexorably fate had taken a hand in this matter. We know that at the moment Mr. Merrill took a seat upon the beam Miss Crandall had been dead less than ten minutes; that indeed there was in all probability still a spark of life left in the unfortunate woman."

The senator paused.

"Do you choose to believe that my client murdered her and after doing so sat down upon the very spot where he had committed his crime and waited calmly for his victim to die? Do you believe that having felled her with this ridiculous weapon, a pocket flashlight, and having choked her to death with her own scarf, he deliberately sat down upon the beam where he had spilled her blood? I reiterate, do you believe this? At this point there will be raised the question in your mind: 'If Mr. Merrill did not kill Miss Crandall, who did?' It is not within your province or mine to ferret this out. We are concerned with the guilt or innocence of Mr. Merrill and Miss Lansing. Nevertheless, before I've done my finger shall be raised, not to willfully accuse, but to remove once and for all the mantle of suspicion that has fallen upon my unfortunate clients.

"AT LEAST one witness, gentlemen, has infinitely greater motives for having committed a murder than have my clients. Disappointment in love, jealousy and a great fortune slipping from his control. Yet this man's movements are not looked into at all by the prosecution. He goes blithely on spreading the propaganda of sordid slander. Understand, I'm not trying to shift responsibility from the shoulders of my clients at the expense of another—*perhaps* equally innocent—man, but it does seem to me that the prosecution has gone a little far afield in its eagerness to convict *somebody.*

"To the purely physical aspects of the case I might point out that if Mr. Merrill had intended to drown Miss Crandall, would he have chosen the shallow spillway when equally near was the deeper body of water impounded by the dam? The fact that he told Mr. Corbin that he just *happened* to be walking through the grove is self-explanatory in view of what we've heard about his friendship for Miss Crandall. If he didn't wish anyone to know that they were in the habit of meeting there, he quite obviously would have protected Miss Crandall's good name even after death, particularly as he had no reasons for thinking it dangerous to do so.

"I want you to note how perfectly the time element tallies with my client's statement. Mr. Merrill arrives at twenty minutes to eight. He walks about a bit looking for Miss Crandall, then sits down on the beam for ten

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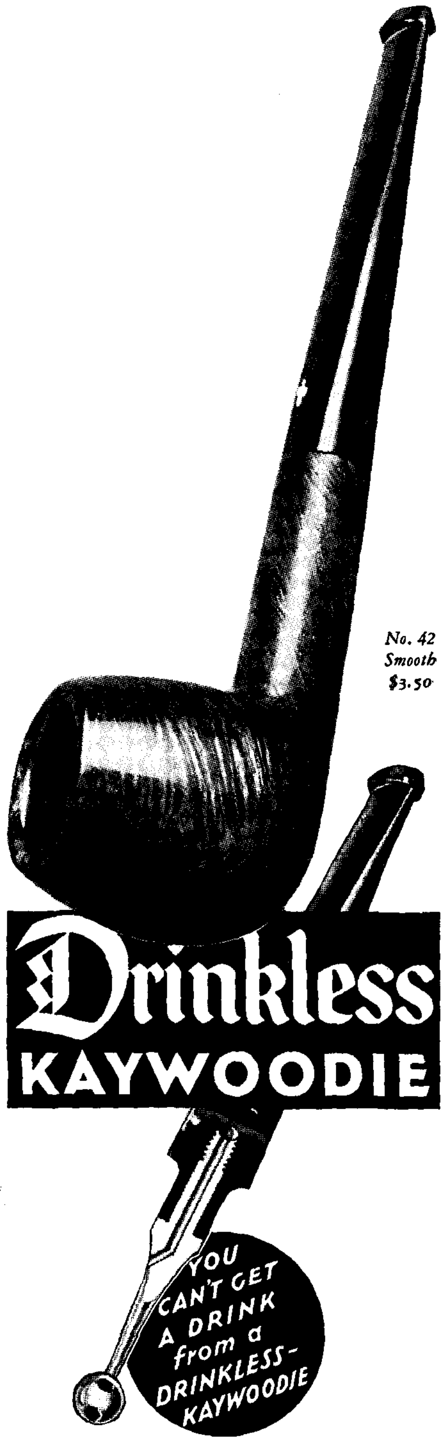

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minutes. The witness Corbin tells us that the clock in his hall struck eight as he walked down to the mill to shut the power off. Five minutes later he comes across Mr. Merrill almost in the act of pulling Miss Crandall from the water.

"The State has attempted to make capital of the fact that Mr. Merrill showed great anguish and distress when Dr. Ross performed the mortuary examination. Mr. Caxton is evidently under the impression that this constitutes evidence of guilt. Gentlemen, if any one of you had found a near and dear friend slain, would you not have shown an equal amount of mental anguish? There is no shred of evidence that he tried to obstruct the mortuary examination. And even if he had been guilty of murder, what would such an attempt have availed him but to point the finger of accusation at him?

"Sheriff Putnam stated that he saw a white form move in the bushes on the opposite side of the spillway in the direction which Mr. Merrill took after leaving the mill. The sheriff was unable to tell you whose this form was. We know that it was Miss Lansing's. How do we know this, gentlemen? By her own free admission.

"No one saw her go to the pond. The State's attempts to prove that she arrived there in time to help Mr. Merrill murder Miss Crandall were almost amusing if they did not involve so tragic a theme. If she were guilty, would she have admitted being at the pond at all when it was just as easy to deny that the *white form* was hers? And above all, would she have thrown away a bloodstained handkerchief near the scene of a crime in which the State claims she participated, or of which she at least is supposed to have had guilty knowledge?"

HE PAUSED in his summing up and turned to the defendant, Merrill.

"Mr. Merrill," he said, "will you please step forward? Mr. Caxton, may I have the silk scarf for a moment?"

The prosecutor had risen precipitately at the request. He darted a quick glance at the senator, who stood with his pudgy hand extended for the scarf, a smile upon his lips. Caxton hesitated for a fraction of a moment, then opened the black leather satchel slowly and drew the scarf from it and slid it across the table to his antagonist. Enderley picked it up and while the audience gasped and the jurors leaned forward in their seats he draped it about Conrad Merrill's neck.

(*To be concluded next week*)

Men to Measure

Continued from page 11

Hoover has picked his so-called "Baby Cabinet" and the singleness of purpose with which he has got after big men for the vital agencies, such as the Farm Board and the Tariff Commission, he has in the matter of appointments offended not more than the usual number of senators and has better patronage relations than some of his more partisan predecessors.

Cleaning Up the South

Further, despite his largely nonpolitical key position selections, he must be, and is entitled to be, considered a party President, not a nonpartisan one. Where he has stirred up the most political ferment is not in the Senate but among the shell organizations in some of the overwhelmingly Democratic Southern states. Here a few Negro and white politicians had for years controlled the hollow Republican machinery, delivered delegates to the national convention and done a lucrative business in the barter and sale of Federal jobs within the state.

As soon as he took office Mr. Hoover, pointing out these things, characterized them as disgraceful, said he would end them—and has. He has, through a committee of three, set up new Republican leaders in these states, ignored the old ones and "cleaned house" generally. The result has been beneficial to the public service.

The radical and unprecedented way in which Hoover dealt with the Southern situation made members of the national committee from those states mad, but did not make Republican senators mad, because from those states there are no Republican senators.

One real source of senatorial feeling about appointments has been in connection with the United States district attorneys.

It happens that Mr. Hoover's Attorney-General—Mr. Mitchell—under whom the district attorneys work, is about the most nonpolitical Attorney-General we have ever had. He is registered in Minnesota as a Democrat, but when you call him one, Democrats laugh—or snort. The fact is Mr. Mitchell hasn't enough politics in his system to find with a microscope.

He is a trained and capable lawyer, who took his present place with the understanding that efficient administration was all that was asked of him. In carrying out this idea, he has removed from office some seventeen or more district attorneys in various states who were not "delivering the goods." In filling their places he has considered senatorial recommendations but, in addition, has made "independent investigations," which in a number of cases have resulted in the rejection of the senatorial recommendations and the appointment of men indicated by the "independent investigations." And in no case has Mr. Hoover overruled his Attorney-General.

Senators have not liked this. Certain senators have "kicked." But it has not amounted to much. They have not gotten irreconcilably mad. No Republican senator has broken with the President over patronage in the way some Democratic senators broke with Wilson. Some senators grieve silently; some grouch publicly, but none opposes administration measures because he has been ignored on patronage matters—because none has.

The Public Agrees

Mr. Hoover has made some mistakes in appointments. All of the men he has selected have not turned out well. He has not rigidly held on all occasions to his rule either as to the "ordinary run of shad" or the "kingfish" selections. No President could possibly hold to any rule in these matters without making some exceptions—or an occasional slip. But the real trouble Mr. Hoover has had with patronage has come not over the appointments he has made when, in the more important posts, he relegated party politics to the rear but when he permitted party politics to be the obvious reason. He has gotten into more trouble with the public when he has yielded to the politicians than he has with the politicians when he has primarily considered the public—which, to a detached observer, seems to be perfectly fine and the way it should be.

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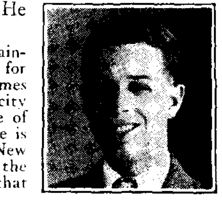

Another of our student members who tried is Arthur S. Pettit, 368¾ So. Burlington-Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. He writes:

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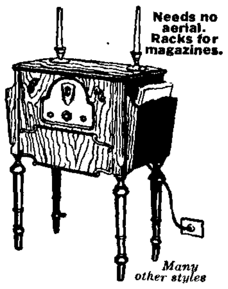

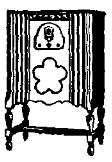

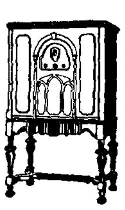

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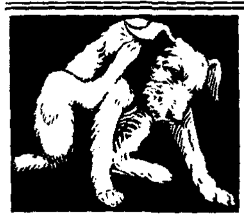

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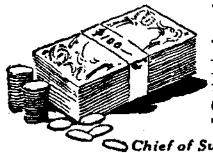

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A Gentleman at Arms

Continued from page 24

with men, that struck the shoals with much crashing of timber. It was a pirate crew that had fared badly in a fight with English brigs, and after much shrewd, bold bargaining Ellis Bean carried the buccaneers to Barataria, the island kingdom of Jean Lafitte. Once it had roared with the chanteys of swaggering corsairs gathered from the seven seas, its beach piled high with loot of captured ships, but *El Americano* came upon a scene of gloom and desolation.

The Pirate Patriot

Shortly before, the British had offered Lafitte a captain's commission and $30,000 in gold if he would aid them in their planned attack upon New Orleans. Who shall say that it was not a sore temptation to the pirate, outlawed and hunted by the United States? Yet not only did he acquaint Governor Claiborne with the plot, but offered himself and his men to the army of General Andrew Jackson. Stupidly refusing to credit Lafitte's good faith, Louisiana sent a fleet against Barataria, sinking the pirate ships and making many prisoners.

"Leave it to me," cried Ellis Bean when he had heard the tale, for his wild heart warmed instantly to the reckless Frenchman. "Old Hickory is my good friend, and I will take you to him with my guarantee, *amigo mio.*"

It happened to be so, for Bean's grandfather had been the first white man to settle in Tennessee, and an uncle was the first white child born in the territory. Jackson received the wanderer as one returned from the grave, nor was he less pleased with the news from Barataria. Lacking gunboats, for all had been captured, and with only raw levies to oppose the trained veterans of Pakenham, Old Hickory was happy indeed to be assured of Lafitte's patriotism, and from prison, swamp and sea came the bronzed rovers, forming two artillery companies.

Ellis Bean, alas, found himself bound by his word to Morelos. Off to Natchez he hurried, but a short stay soon satisfied him that neither men nor money could be raised for a Texas expedition. This duty discharged, he raced back to New Orleans, for fighting was ever his idea of a pleasant pastime, and particularly was he delighted at thought of being able to strike a blow for his native land.

"Yes, we'll make room for you," grimly smiled Old Hickory. "Know anything about guns?"

"Guns?" laughed the gay young soldier of fortune. "Hell, Gen'ral, I've been makin' 'em out of tree trunks an' rusty nails this last five years."

When Pakenham and his twelve thousand Peninsular veterans charged the American breastworks in the foggy dawn, Andrew Jackson was well entitled to bless the chance that had brought pirate and adventurer to his side.

Terrible indeed was the execution wrought by the deadly rifles of Coffee's Tennesseeans and Adair's Kentuckians, but the guns of Ellis Bean and Jean Lafitte were not the least effective among those that stopped the British rush, cutting down the front lines as though a giant scythe had been swung.

"Stay with me," urged General Jackson in the hour of victory. "The revolution in Mexico is a thing over and done with."

But Ellis Bean only shook his head, nor would he listen to the glowing plans of Jean Lafitte. The pirate had fixed his eye on Galveston Island, well out of American waters, and was already sending word to Panama and the Dry Tortugas. With smuggling, blackbirding and the loot of clumsy Spanish merchantmen, what easier road to riches and high adventure? When Bean refused, explaining his obligation to Morelos, the pirate nodded in understanding, furnished a schooner and clapped his back in loving friendship as the faithful Tennesseean started his sail across the Gulf.

Coming safely to Nautla, *El Americano* discovered that the revolution was confined to Michoacan, where Morelos fought despairingly with his back against the mountain wall. Every inch of the six hundred miles that lay between was enemy country, black with peril for a rebel, yet Ellis Bean started off as joyously as though to keep a tryst. It was a stumbling skeleton that reached the insurgent camp, caked with blood from many wounds, but the joy of his coming was like wine to Morelos and his weary men.

No less an authority than the Duke of Wellington likened the great Mexican to Hannibal, but not all the courage and military genius of the warrior priest could avail against the overwhelming numbers of the royalists. Day by day Calleja drew his iron ring tighter, and at last, on a dark night in a lonely mountain gorge, Morelos called *El Americano* into the shadows beyond the camp fire.

"The end is at hand," he confessed. "Only if aid comes from the United States is there a chance for unhappy Mexico. Now that his country is at peace, maybe President Madison will be disposed to aid us in our struggle for independence. I am sending an envoy to Washington, and he is taking my little son. You are the one man who can possibly get them through to the sea and across the Gulf to New Orleans. I know the danger and the suffering, but may I beg it as a last favor, friend of my heart?"

Morelos Betrayed

Worn by wounds, hunger and hardship, nevertheless Ellis Bean accepted the task, and again called upon his Indian craft to worm safe way through the Spanish lines and across states where Calleja's power was more absolute.

Small Juan Almonte, the boy that trudged at his side, was destined to fight at Santa Anna's side on the bloody field of San Jacinto, vainly attempting to crush the rebels of Texas, but now he was happy to cling to *El Americano's* hand, and cuddle against the warmth of his breast at night.

A hundred times the little band felt the wings of death brush against their cheeks, but the coast was reached at last and Ellis Bean sailed his charges across the Gulf in an open boat. Refusing to rest a day, for it was his passionate determination to stand shoulder to shoulder with Morelos when the end should come, he hurried back to Mexico, and again slipped like a snake through the Spanish lines. Too late! From a tattered rebel, hiding like a hunted beast in a mountain thicket, he heard the news of his leader's capture and cruel execution.

Morelos, after Bean's departure, had convened a congress and promulgated a constitution, and it was these brave, pathetic gestures that proved his death. When safety was in sight some wretched follower betrayed him. The insurgents fought like madmen, but the odds were too great, and flight was hampered by the priest's concern for his precious congress. Only at the very last did he spur his horse up a steep cliffside, but the soft earth crumbled and threw him back into the arms of his foes.

Loaded down with chains, he was marched through the streets of the capital after the Roman manner. Jeering crowds spat upon him and bruised him with sticks and stones, and with due pomp and ceremony an ecclesiastical court "degraded" him so that the military authorities would have the right to deal with him. Sentence of death was soon passed, and a rifle volley sent him the way of Miguel Hidalgo.

Now followed days when Ellis Bean must have wished that he had stood beside his beloved leader. Men and hounds hunted him from swamp to swamp, from cave to cave; hunger tortured him, fever burned him. It was to die that he crawled through the gate of a mountain ranch, but again a girl nursed him back to life. And again there were soft, fragrant nights, but when he came to take his leave, as was his habit, her loneliness forbade. The hate of the royalists had swept away father, mother and possessions, and as he looked down upon her tear-stained loveliness the Tennesseean thrilled to a tenderness such as he had never known.

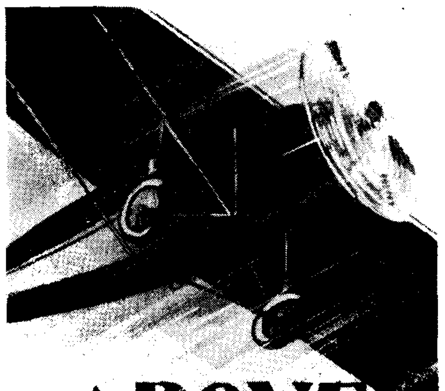
The Warrior Rests

A village priest made the two man and wife and the mountain valleys gave a home. In the fastnesses of Vera Cruz, Guadalupe Victoria, who was to be the first president of Mexico, blew upon the sparks of revolution, and Vicente Guerrero, also destined to occupy the same high office, fought on in Michoacan. A gallant struggle but hopeless, for Calleja's iron hand lay heavy on the spirit of the people. For a brief while Ellis Bean plotted and planned, trying to raise volunteers for Victoria and Guerrero, but at last he bowed his head in acceptance of defeat and turned his face to the land of his birth.

Back in the United States he knew tame years that must have wearied him inexpressibly, but in 1821 there came a glad and welcome call from Mexico. Others, far less worthy, had succeeded where Hidalgo and Morelos failed, and it was a free and independent country that held out open arms to *El Americano*, hero and beloved benefactor. While the bells still rang and before the echoes of a people's joy had died away, hate, treachery and intrigue robbed liberty of its bright promise.

As one in the grip of a nightmare, Ellis Bean saw Agustín de Iturbide put a crown upon his head and then go to death along with his tinsel empire; saw chuckle-headed Victoria the tool of men who loathed democracy; saw ardent Guerrero deposed and assassinated, and saw the incredible Santa Anna rise to power and dictatorship, his feet planted on the ruins of free institutions.

Sick of it all, he begged a post in distant Texas, deeming it a haven, but now that he had lost his youth it was as if Fortune lost her interest in him. In 1836 the Texans, oppressed and invaded, flamed into revolt and threw the Lone Star flag to the winds of the world. Ellis Bean could not find it in his heart to desert his adopted country, nor would he lift his sword against the men of his own blood. Thus, in grief, loneliness and inaction, flickered out the life that had been so high and fine a blaze.



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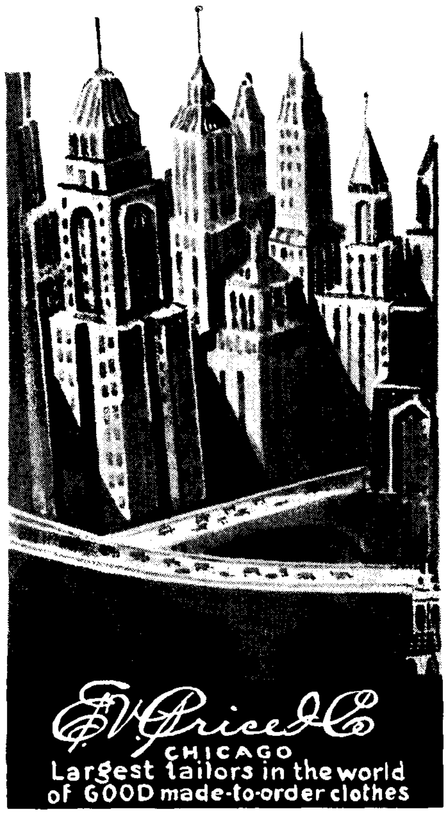

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Lovers' Lane

Continued from page 19

we could give up this big place, sublet it. I could bunk with Louis Whitlock for a while. He spoke of it the other day. Until things straightened out, you know."

Dina sat turned to stone, the waters she had loosed engulfing her. She was not, after all, nineteen, and she felt the very foundations of her life slipping and staggering under her.

"Then—then when would I see you, Mont?"

"Oh, any time you wanted to!" Apparently he did not see the patient, steady look she had turned upon him. But he was not quite as easy as he tried to make himself appear. "I mean, if you *don't* like my friends and if you aren't happy—" he floundered, "if we did split up for a while, it wouldn't mean that we weren't going to get together again," he said.

"You mean give up this place?" Dina asked, steadily, after a while.

"Everything we have would go into two boxes," Mont said.

"Our chairs, Mont. And the bed is ours," she suggested slowly.

"Oh, well, we could sell 'em!"

"Sell 'em?" she echoed heavily.

"Cam thinks I ought to go to New York," Mont offered, suddenly.

DINA sat silent, pondering. She pressed one rough square hand tight against her heart. It was all so much more terrible than she had dreamed it would be, this anticipated conversation with Mont.

She had foreseen her side of it; she had never dreamed that his would take this trend. In her imagination he had been apologetic, explanatory.

"Mont, why—why do you want everything changed?"

"Because you keep crabbing!" he answered promptly, but without any special heat. "And because I can't work here, and—oh, hell, everything!"

"I don't crab," Dina said, and stopped with a thickening voice.

"They want to push me ahead, give me a chance," Mont presently said. "I never could have dreamed they'd all be so decent about it! They think I have something—"

"Sonia thinks you have something," Dina said as he paused.

"Sonia?" he echoed, flushing.

"That's what she told me—" Dina admitted abruptly.

There was no mistaking the trembling significance of her tone. Mont began to look a little apprehensive. He made himself smile an indulgent, contemptuous smile.

"She said that she loved you and you loved her," Dina stated, in a shaking voice.

"Oh, that's just Sonia; you know her!" Mont dismissed her, carelessly. "She's always in love with someone," he added, as Dina made no comment.

"They all knew it but me," Dina said, smoldering.

"Knew what?"

"That you—that you like Sonia."

Mont looked up, half opening his lips, as if to protest. But apparently he changed his mind. While they had been talking, he had slowly dressed, and now sat opposite to Dina at the little breakfast table. He swallowed some coffee, wiped his mouth, and shifting himself about in his seat said, hardily:

"Well—what of it? What if I do? And what can I do?"

A score of possible questions went through her mind. She chose those she liked least, hating herself for what she said even as she said it.

"You mean you'd like me to go away—that it's all over between us—that we're going to get a divorce, Mont?"

He was cornered, his handsome face flushed and angry.

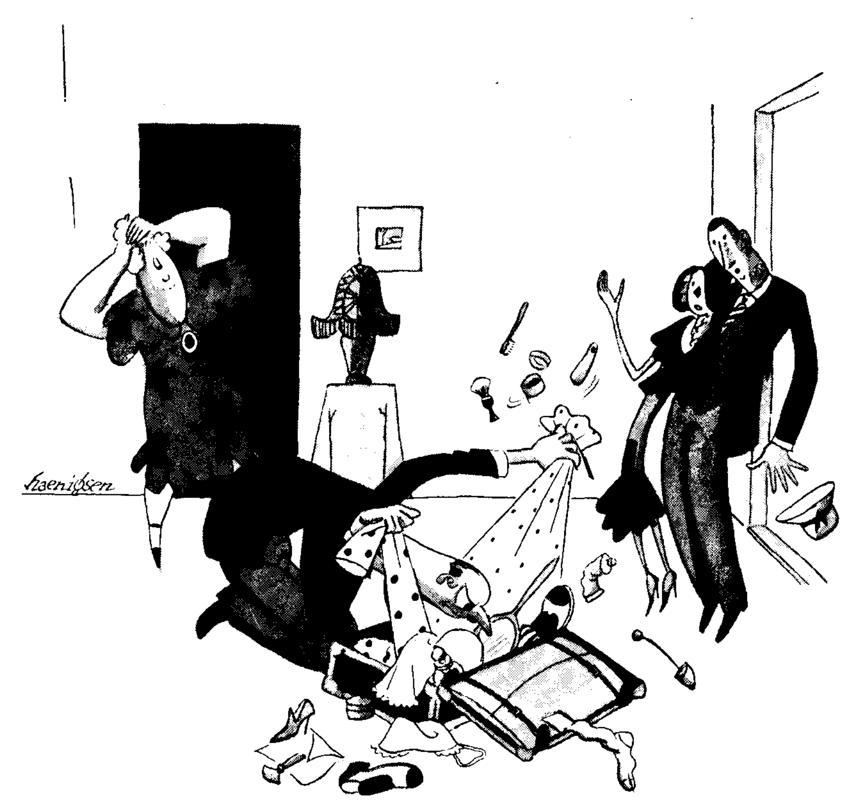
"A lot of good that would do, with Perry so crazy about her!" he said, perhaps choosing in his turn an answer that did not really represent his feeling.

"But you mean if Perry *would* let her go?"

"There's no use talking about it because he wouldn't," Mont muttered.

"He's been divorced twice before," Dina offered.

(*Continued on page 74*)



The absent-minded customs inspector welcomes his week-end guests

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(*Continued from page 73*)

"That has nothing to do with it!"

She was silent for a long moment, then she said:

"I *don't want to be in your way*, Mont."

When Mont spoke it was in a slightly contrite tone.

"You're not in my way!"

"I thought—" she cleared her throat. "I thought we were going to work it out together," she faltered.

Mont scowled darkly, made no answer.

"I mean," Dina continued, "ain't—aren't—I mean if I'm not in it—"

HE WENT on staring gloomily down at the checked red and white of the table cloth.

"I know I'm not like her," she said thickly, awkwardly.

"She's going to have a test for a part in a talkie," Mont volunteered with apparent irrelevance. "She's going to Hollywood."

"I know," Dina agreed, as he paused.

"She's been horribly lonely all her life; she's never had anyone really love her for herself," Mont began, and stopped again.

"Sonia?"

"Uh-huh."

"She has everything," Dina said, somberly.

An ugly look, a look of resentment, of determination, was on Mont's face. He cleared his throat; she saw him gather himself for an effort.

"There's no use everyone—all of us!—being unhappy!" he said abruptly.

Dina made no answer for a long minute. Then she said:

"No. There's no use in that."

And after another silence she added, holding her voice low and steady:

"I'll get a job, Mont. That's the first thing. We have no more money, and we owe a month on this place. I'll—get something to do. And you—do anything you think best—

"We didn't start our will-to-believe to get in each other's way, did we?"

He gave her a fleeting, uneasy glance. "We're all right!" he said.

"But—but it isn't all right if I'm only holding you down, Mont."

"Sonia," he said reluctantly, "Sonia thinks I ought to go to New York."

"Sonia does?"

"Well, she thinks I could study there and maybe do some free-lancing to keep myself going."

"Sonia," Dina said.

"They think—they think I've got something," Mont offered simply.

"Oh," she exclaimed, the first tears pressing against her eyes. "Oh, I do too!"

"And I'm kind of sick of this," he said bluntly, with a glance about the big studio room.

Her heart shriveled.

"I mean—it costs so darn much!" Mont argued.

Dina looked about her in utter dreariness. She had loved it, she had loved him too. She had been happy in this room.

"If I got a chance to go somewhere," Mont said.

"But how'd I ever," Dina was going on to say, "pay Perry?" But she interrupted herself.

"How'd you what?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"You see, if I get a chance, I may want to get out right away," Mont presently said.

"A chance to go where, Mont?"

"Oh, nowhere," he said vaguely. "Cam says there's lots of chances in Los Angeles," he added.

He was not like himself. He was not looking at her, nor saying what he felt; he was not happy.

"I wish," Dina said slowly, "I wish we had given this place up before all our money was gone. I wish I had gotten work."

"Well, why don't you? I was thinking—why don't you visit your aunt for a while, until we get things straightened out?" Mont asked.

The knife was in her heart. Dina rallied what courage she might.

"Aunt Floss!" she said, in a whisper. And mildly she added, "No, I won't do that."

"I thought perhaps, being married, it'd be different," he said, ashamed.

And in a dead silence he added, "I wouldn't want you to have any trouble, in case of my finding something—a chance—"

After a long while she was standing at the window, and heard his voice behind her. Dina turned.

He was dressed, he had his overcoat on, and his suitcase in his hand.

"We can't make a go of this!" he said, slowly, uneasily. "You know that as well as I do."

Dina could not speak. She looked at him dumbly.

"There's no use going on with it!" he said.

"Aren't you"—she cleared her throat. "Aren't you going to come back, Mont?"

"I don't know. I'm sick of it!" he muttered, looking down.

She heard him say, "Good-by!" heard his step on the stairs. Dina neither answered nor turned. She still stood at the window, looking out at the steel-gray bay and the bleak piers.

Stillness. Stillness. No sound upstairs, no sound in the room, no sound in the world. Bleakness and chilliness and silence.

Staggering, one hand pressed tight to her heart, Dina went to Mont's side of the bed.

She sank on her knees, catching in her arms the pillow on which his head had so recently lain. As she laid her face against it she was not crying, but she was breathing deeply like a person going under an anæsthetic.

The early winter darkness descended upon the city and wrapped the room in cold and shadow, and still Dina had not moved, nor raised her cheek from the crushed cushion against which it rested.

THREE weeks later, in sharp, sunny Thanksgiving weather, she went one afternoon to Elliot Lampson's studio to say good-by. Elliot was at his piano when she came in, but with her help he shifted himself to his usual position on the couch, and Dina sat beside him in a low chair.

"You've given up the studio?"

"Not exactly. I've sublet for eighty. They're buying the furniture. We owed him over a hundred."

"And what are you doing, Dina?"

"I'm working."

"Yes, I know. But at what?"

"I'm working for the same man I did when we first came here. An Italian named Solasso. He has a restaurant."

"You worked for him before you were married?"

"No, right after." An odd light, the wistful light of remembered happiness, came into her eyes. They were very dark eyes today, set in an almost colorless face. Elliot thought her much thinner than she had been a month ago.

"And what did Mont do—I mean then, in the beginning?"

"Mont? Well, the idea was we were both to get jobs. So I got mine, and while he was hunting for his he met Perry and found the studio."

"I see," Elliot said, with the smile that no one ever had from him but Dina.

"Oh, we had—fun!" Dina breathed, tears in her eyes.

"You didn't know him very well when you were married, Dina?"

"I didn't know him at all."

There was a long silence. She had quite impulsively grasped one of the man's long, thin hands in both her square warm ones. She was staring into space, with wide eyes. Elliot was thinking, with narrowed lids and a bitten underlip.

"Know where he is now, Dina?"

"I think he's in Los Angeles."

"Ha!" Elliot ejaculated.

"Yes; Sonia's there," Dina said quietly, answering the unexpressed question.

"She doesn't love him," Elliot said.

"No, I don't think she does. But Sonia loves to feel that men can't resist her," Dina said, thinking.

The man gave a short laugh of utter impatience and exasperation.

"She is beautiful," Dina offered, almost timidly.

Before answering he gave her a long look.

"Not as beautiful as you are, Dina."

"I!" she exclaimed, with a shocked laugh.

"You are beautiful; you are everything men want," he said simply.

"Not what *he* wanted," she answered.

"Ah, but he had you, my dear! He had you, and, I gather, he'd gotten you for nothing, just as an adventure, just as a matter of course. Sonia was different, an actress, another man's wife, with a white fur coat, and a manager deferring to her—"

"And beautiful," Dina supplied.

"WELL— But you would think any man," Elliot said, musingly, "you would think that any man would see through that ice-cold selfishness of hers, that stupid, complacent little egotism—

"However, men don't. I don't think, Dina," he went on, smiling at her again, "I don't think Mont ever saw how you've changed in these months—how you've developed, how much you've read and learned."

"Thanks to my friend!" she interrupted with her own smile and a little jerk of her brushed russet head toward his bookcases.

Again there was silence. Then—

"What are you making, Dina? Will you have enough?"

"A hundred. Oh, I'll have plenty! I've a room upstairs above the restaurant. Another—lady and I have it together."

"Nice room?"

"Not very," Dina admitted, with a laugh.

"You keep books?"

"As if I were smart enough to keep books, Elliot!"

"You're smart enough for anything. But if you aren't keeping books, what are you doing?"

"Well, I'll tell you," she said suddenly, bright color in her face. "I'm in charge of Solasso's kitchen—that is, the clearing-up part—and the empty milk bottles, and the odds and ends of butter, and the dishwashing."

Elliot, who had been looking at her when she began to speak, suddenly put his thin hand over his face and pressed his fingers tightly against his eyes.

"I like it!" she protested, gallantly.

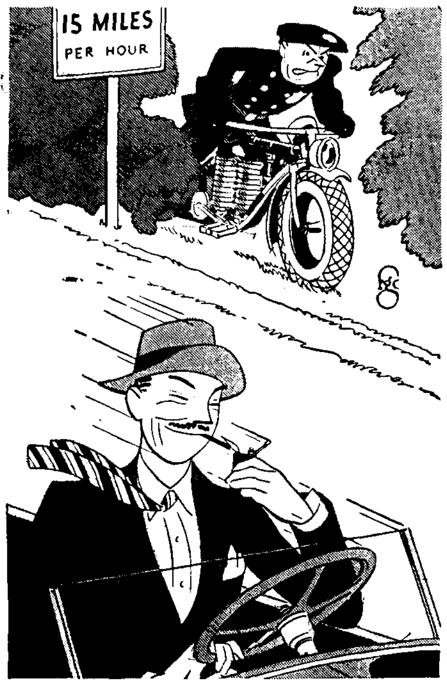
He cleared his throat.

"I've so much more than I need, Dina," he pleaded.

"Oh, hush," she said. And then, with a little significance, "It isn't *that* that makes my life hard, Elliot!"

"No. I suppose not."

There was silence in the big room that hung like a nest over the bay, with the beautiful panorama of the blue waters and the islands, and the Golden Gate, below it. Among Elliot's books and flowers, with his piano and his dog, his cats and goldfish, Dina was now quite at home. But she never lost her fresh appreciation of the atmosphere of the place, her delight in the leisure and



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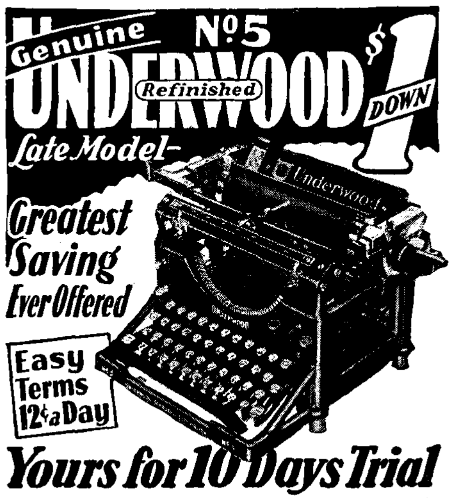

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spaciousness and beauty that were to him merely a jail.

"Will he come back to you, Dina?"

"I don't know."

"If he did, would you forgive him?"

"I don't know that, either, I suppose. It would depend upon what he had done, upon what he wanted me to forgive, wouldn't it?"

Elliot was watching her shrewdly.

"You'd forgive him," he predicted. And then, in a different tone, "Do you realize what a wonderful woman you are, Dina; how—how fine you are?"

"I?" she asked, coloring in confusion, hardly pleased. "I'm a—a webfoot from Squidgett, just good enough to wash dishes, so ignorant, Elliot, so *dumb*—

"BUT of course I'm not going to be a dishwasher all my life," she added, presently regaining her self-control.

"You'll come to see me sometimes?"

"Often!" A shadow passed across her face, and she jerked her head in the direction of Perry Hickson's studio. "I don't want to see them any more, particularly," she said. "I'm grateful to Perry for being so generous about the money. But—I don't want to see them any more."

"Don't?" he echoed, as always acutely sympathetic and interested in the processes of her thought.

"Never," she answered with a shudder. "I hate it all. I've got to get away from here!"

"I have an old place at Bolinas," Elliot said. "When I want to get away I go over there. Some time, next summer, will you come over and see it?"

"How can I tell about next summer, Elliot?"

"You couldn't tell about anything, I suppose, Dina?"

His tone made her look at him quickly. Her color rose.

"Oh, no—" she said.

"Well, it might be, sometime," he persisted, still smiling at her, still holding her hand.

"Mightn't it?" he asked, as she was still.

"Oh, Elliot, he'll always—"

"He'll always need you?"

She nodded.

"I see," Elliot commented, dryly. After a while he said, "Has anyone ever spoiled you, Dina?"

"Spoiled me?"

"Petted you, made things easy for you, given you presents?"

"I don't think so," Dina said.

"No, and I don't think so," he agreed.

"Not that it matters," she went on simply, "if that isn't—what you want."

She presently made a movement toward departure, but he held her hand.

"I like you so much, Dina," he said. "I've never liked anyone else so much. I've never wanted anyone else to be with me always."

"Oh, but I'm coming back to the studio Saturday," she said, willfully misinterpreting him, "to finish getting it ready for the new people, and I'll come down and see you then, shall I?"

"If you will!" he said resignedly.

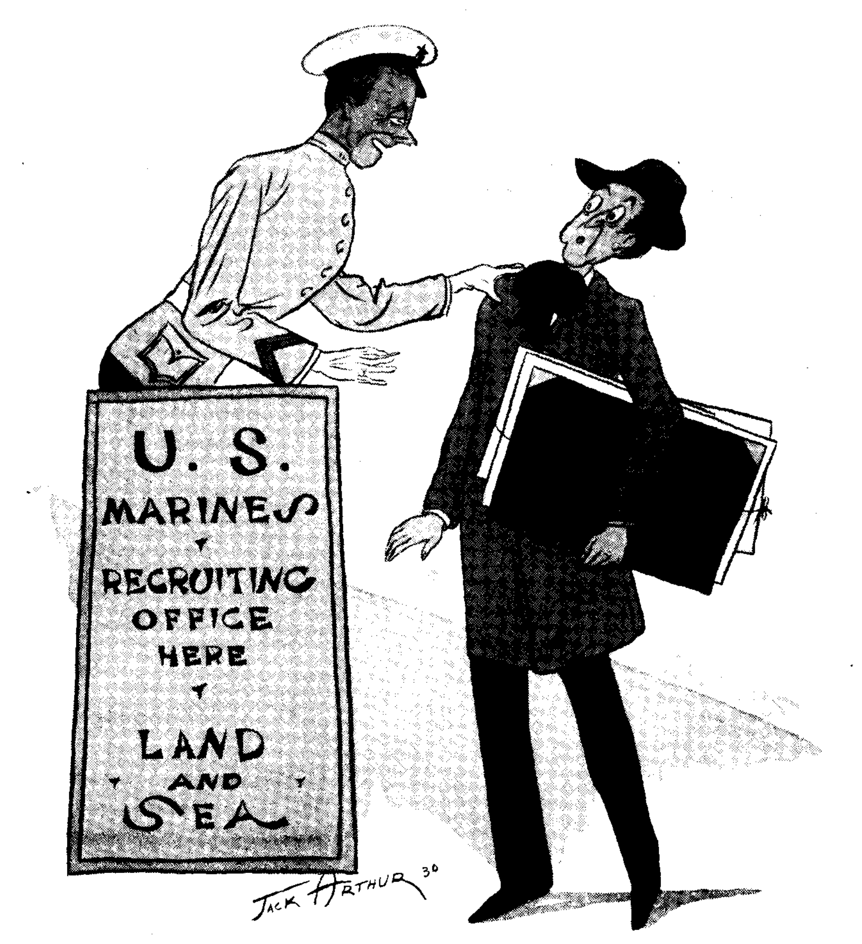
She was standing now. Moved by some sudden impulse of pity she leaned over him, and touched her lips to his forehead. Elliot tried to hold her, but she was gone, looking back at him over her shoulder, from the doorway.

"Here's your evening paper, Elliot, out on the terrace. Do you want it?"

"There's never anything in it," he said.

Glancing at headlines as she came, she brought it to him, nodded another good-by, went on her way. That on the Saturday night she had mentioned, five short days ahead, her name was to be there on the front pages of the paper, and Mont's name, and Perry's name, and Sonia's, neither she nor Elliot could dream, on this sober winter afternoon, when he strained himself among his pillows to watch the little figure in the blue coat run down the terrace steps, to watch her wave from the last turning, and disappear on her way to the basement of Solasso's Fashion Restaurant far downtown.

(To be continued next week)



"Boy, think of it. Three square meals a day and a place to sleep. You can paint all you want on the side, too!"

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Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching — or a moist, thick skin condition — or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas — douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

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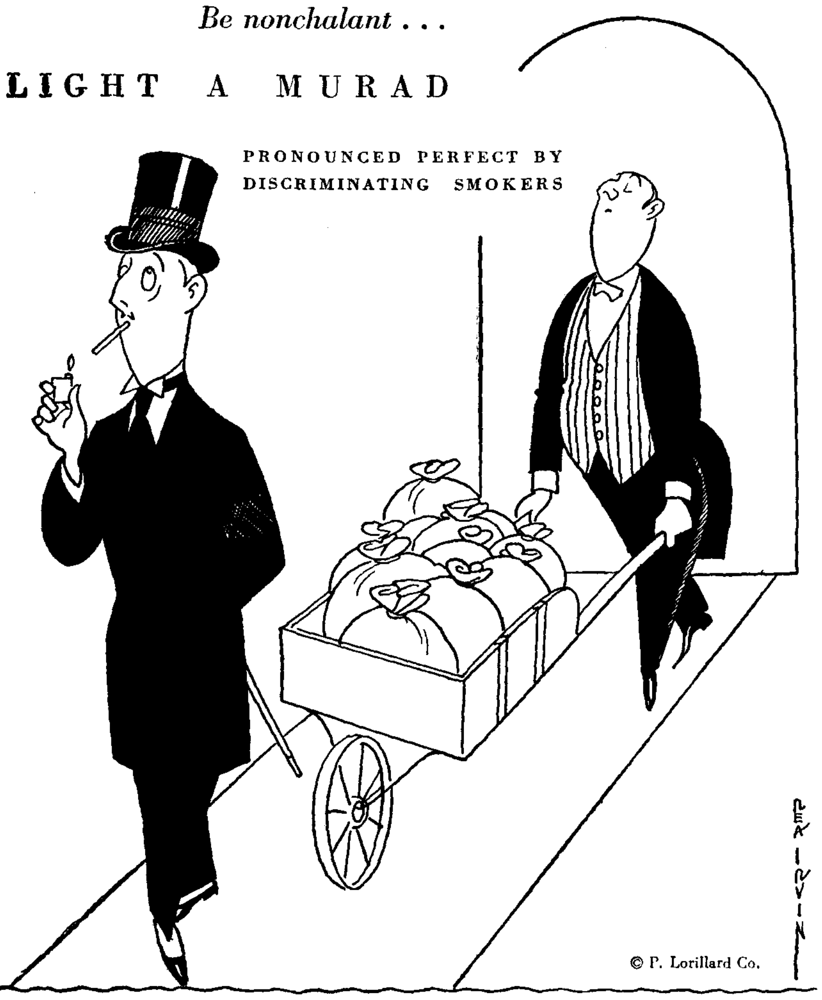

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Butch Minds the Baby

Continued from page 9

from a high-class safe opener, and finally Butch whispers to me to hand him the package I am carrying.

He opens the package, and what is in it but a baby's nursing bottle full of milk. Moreover, there is a little tin stew pan, and Butch hands the pan to me and whispers to me to find a water tap somewhere in the joint and fill the pan with water. So I go stumbling around in the dark in a room behind the office and bark my shins several times before I find a tap and fill the pan. I take it back to Big Butch, and he squats there with the baby on one arm, and gets a tin of what is called canned heat out of the package, and lights this canned heat with his cigar lighter, and starts heating the pan of water with the nursing bottle in it.

BIG BUTCH keeps sticking his finger in the pan of water while it is heating, and by and by he puts the rubber nipple of the nursing bottle in his mouth and takes a pull at it to see if the milk is warm enough, just like I see dolls who have babies do. Apparently the milk is okay, as Butch hands the bottle to John Ignatius Junior, who grabs hold of it with both hands and starts sucking on the business end. Naturally he has to stop squalling, and Big Butch goes to work on the safe again, with John Ignatius Junior sitting on the blanket, pulling on the bottle and looking wiser than a treeful of owls.

It seems the safe is either a tougher job than anybody figures, or Big Butch's tools are not so good, what with being old and rusty and used for building baby cribs, because he breaks a couple of drills and works himself up into quite a sweat without getting anywhere. Butch afterwards explains to me that he is one of the first guys in this country to open safes without explosives, but he says to do this work properly you have to know the safes so as to drill to the tumblers of the lock just right, and it seems that this particular safe is a new type to him, even if it is old, and he is out of practice.

Well, in the meantime John Ignatius Junior finishes his bottle and starts mumbling again, and Big Butch gives him a tool to play with, and finally Butch needs this tool and tries to take it away from John Ignatius Junior, and the baby lets out such a squawk that Butch has to let him keep it until he can sneak it away from him, and this causes more delay.

Finally Big Butch gives up trying to drill the safe open, and he whispers to us that he will have to put a little shot in it to loosen up the lock, which is all right with us, because we are getting tired of hanging around and listening to John Ignatius Junior's glug-glugging. As far as I am personally concerned, I am wishing I am home in bed.

Well, Butch starts pawing through his satchel looking for something and it seems that what he is looking for is a little bottle of some kind of explosive with which to shake the lock on the safe up some, and at first he cannot find this bottle, but finally he discovers that John Ignatius Junior has it and is gnawing at the cork, and Butch has quite a battle making John Ignatius Junior give it up.

Anyway, he fixes the explosive in one of the holes he drills near the combination lock on the safe, and then he puts in a fuse, and just before he touches off the fuse Butch picks up John Ignatius Junior and hands him to Little Isadore, and tells us to go into the room behind the office. John Ignatius Junior does not seem to care for Little Isadore, and I do not blame him, at that, because he starts to squirm around quite some in Isadore's arms and lets out a squall, but all of a sudden he becomes very quiet indeed, and, while I am not able to prove it, something tells me that Little Isadore has his hand over John Ignatius Junior's mouth.

Well, Big Butch joins us right away in the back room, and sound comes out of John Ignatius Junior again as Butch takes him from Little Isadore, and I am thinking that it is a good thing for Isadore that the baby cannot tell Big Butch what Isadore does to him.

"I put in just a little bit of a shot," Big Butch says, "and it will not make any more noise than snapping your fingers."

But a second later there is a big whoom from the office, and the whole joint shakes, and John Ignatius Junior laughs right out loud. The chances are he thinks it is the Fourth of July.

"I guess maybe I put in too big a charge," Big Butch says, and then he rushes into the office with Little Isadore and me after him, and John Ignatius Junior still laughing very heartily for a small baby. The door of the safe is swinging loose, and the whole joint looks somewhat wrecked, but Big Butch loses no time in getting his dukes into the safe and grabbing out two big bundles of cash money, which he sticks inside his shirt.

As we go into the street Harry the Horse and Spanish John come running up much excited, and Harry says to Big Butch like this:

"What are you trying to do," he says, "wake up the whole town?"

"Well," Butch says, "I guess maybe the charge is too strong, at that, but nobody seems to be coming, so you and Spanish John walk over to Eighth Avenue, and the rest of us will walk to Seventh, and if you go along quiet, like people minding their own business, it will be all right."

But I judge Little Isadore is tired of John Ignatius Junior's company by this time, because he says he will go with Harry the Horse and Spanish John, and this leaves Big Butch and John Ignatius Junior and me to go the other way. So we start moving, and all of a sudden two cops come tearing around the corner toward which Harry and Isadore and Spanish John are going. The chances are the cops hear the earthquake Big Butch lets off and are coming to investigate.

BUT the chances are, too, that if Harry the Horse and the other two keep on walking along very quietly like Butch tells them to, the coppers will pass them up entirely, because it is not likely that coppers will figure anybody to be opening safes with explosives in this neighborhood. But the minute Harry the Horse sees the coppers he loses his nut, and he outs with the old equalizer and starts blasting away, and what does Spanish John do but get his out, too, and open up.

The next thing anybody knows, the two coppers are down on the ground with slugs in them, but other coppers are coming from every which direction, blowing whistles and doing a little blasting themselves, and there is plenty of excitement, especially when the coppers who are not chasing Harry the Horse and Little Isadore and Spanish John start poking around the neighborhood and find Harry's pal, the watchman, all tied up nice and tight where Harry leaves him, and the watchman explains that some scoundrels blow open the safe he is watching.

All this time Big Butch and me are walking in the other direction toward Seventh Avenue, and Big Butch has John Ignatius in his arms, and John Ignatius is now squalling very loud, indeed. The chances are he is still thinking of the big whoom back there which tickles him so and is wishing to hear some more whooms. Anyway, he is beating his own best record for squalling, and as we go walking along Big Butch says to me like this:

"I DAST not run," he says, "because if any coppers see me running they will start popping at me and maybe hit John Ignatius Junior, and besides running will joggle the milk up in him and make him sick. My old lady always warns me never to joggle John Ignatius Junior when he is full of milk."

"Well, Butch," I say, "there is no milk in me, and I do not care if I am joggled up, so if you do not mind, I will start doing a piece of running at the next corner."

But just then around the corner of Seventh Avenue toward which we are headed comes two or three coppers with a big fat sergeant with them, and one of the coppers, who is half out of breath as if he has been doing plenty of sprinting, is explaining to the sergeant that somebody blows a safe down the street and shoots a couple of coppers in the getaway.

And there is Big Butch, with John Ignatius Junior in his arms and twenty G's in his shirt front and a tough record behind him, walking right up to them.

I am feeling very sorry, indeed, for Big Butch, and very sorry for myself, too, and I am saying to myself that if I get out of this I will never associate with anyone but ministers of the gospel as long as I live. I can remember thinking that I am getting a better break than Butch, at that, because I will not have to go to Sing Sing for the rest of my life, like him, and I also remember wondering what they will give John Ignatius Junior, who is still tearing off these squalls, with Big Butch saying, "There, there, there, Daddy's itty woogleums." Then I hear one of the coppers say to the fat sergeant:

"We better nail these guys. They may be in on this."

Well, I can see it is good-by to Butch and John Ignatius Junior and me, as the fat sergeant steps up to Big Butch, but instead of putting the arm on Butch, the fat sergeant only points at John Ignatius Junior and asks very sympathetic:

"Teeth?"

"No," Big Butch says. "Not teeth. Colic. I just got the doctor here out of bed to do something for him, and we are going to a drug store to get some medicine."

Well, naturally I am very much surprised at this statement, because of course I am not a doctor, and if John Ignatius Junior has colic it serves him right, but I am only hoping they do not ask for my degree, when the fat sergeant says:

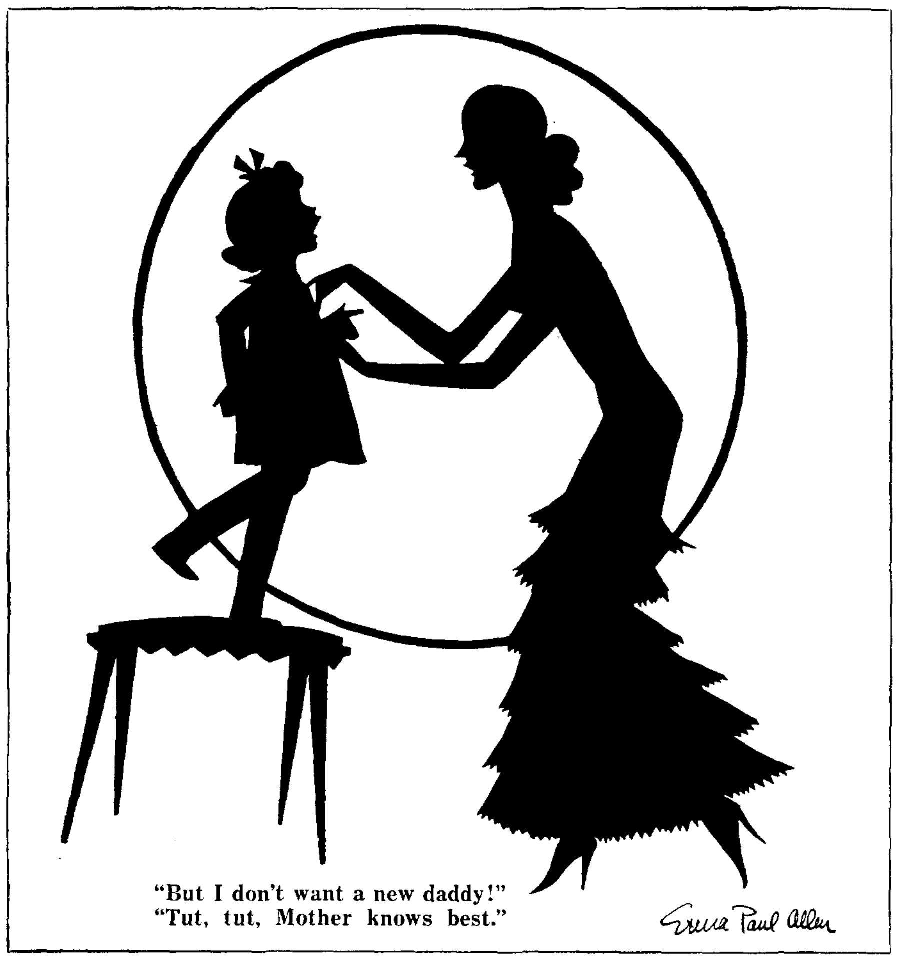
"Too bad. I know what it is. I got three of them at home. But," he says, "it acts more like it is teeth than colic."

Then as Big Butch and John Ignatius Junior and me go on about our business I hear the fat sergeant say to the copper, very sarcastic:

"Yea, of course a guy is out blowing safes with a baby in his arms! You will make a great detective, you will!"

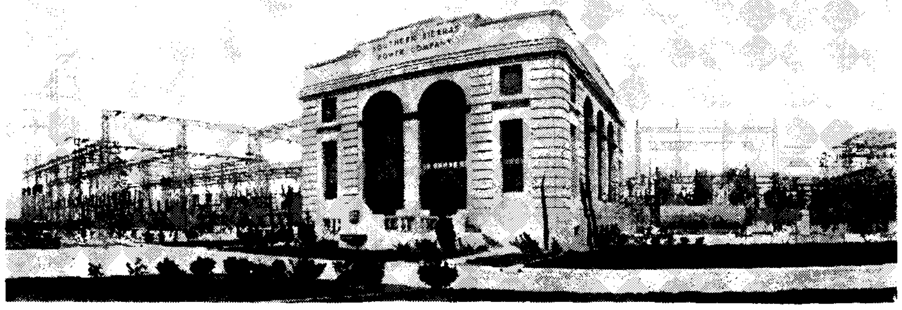
I DO not see Big Butch for several days after I learn that Harry the Horse and Little Isadore and Spanish John get back to Brooklyn all right, except they are a little nicked up here and there from the slugs the coppers toss at them, while the coppers they clip are not damaged so very much. Furthermore, the chances are I will not see Big Butch for several years, if it is left to me, but he comes looking for me one night, and he seems to be all pleasured up about something.

"Say," Big Butch says to me, "you know I never give a copper credit for knowing any too much about anything, but I wish to say that this fat sergeant we run into the other night is a very, very smart duck. He is right about it being teeth that is ailing John Ignatius Junior, for what happens yesterday but John cuts in his first tooth."



"But I don't want a new daddy!"
"Tut, tut, Mother knows best."

THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY ARE THE I.C.S. STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY



Chester M. Lindsley, radio engineer of the Southern Sierras Power Company, and one of the Company's great plants

WHEN Chester M. Lindsley entered the service of the Southern Sierras Power Company in 1917, at the age of 16, radio was in its infancy. Its development was an uncharted field. There were no precedents to follow. This new force in human relations was a challenge to men of imagination.

Today, 13 years after this youth became an employee of this mighty industrial organization, he is its radio engineer.

The Southern Sierras Power Company is one of the largest organizations in the West. The corporation embraces the Southern Sierras Power Company, the Nevada California Power Company, the Yuma Utilities (Power) Company, the Interstate Telegraph Company, and the Imperial Valley Ice and Development Company.

As a boy Mr. Lindsley was interested in his job. He was interested in all the jobs about him. But even at that age he realized success was not luck, an unexpected twist of fate. He knew that the positions ahead would be open only to trained men, those who had prepared themselves for the opportunities the future might present.

So in 1918, one year after beginning work, he enrolled for the International Correspondence Schools Electrical Engineering Course, studying during his spare hours. He graduated in this course in 1921. Immediately after graduation he enrolled for the I. C. S. Personnel Organization Course. In 1922 he took the Industrial Management Course. From 1923 to 1929 he devoted his spare time to the study of advanced Electrical Engineering and the Higher Branches of Mathematics. In the summer of 1929 he again enrolled in the I. C. S. for Calculus, and selected subjects from the Radio, Telephone and Telegraph Engineering Courses.

Mr. Lindsley's promotion with the Southern Sierras Power Company parallels, in a striking way, his mastery of his I. C. S. Courses. In 1918 he was promoted to operator of one of the Company's several hydro-electric plants. In 1919 he was transferred to the Civil Engineering Dept. In 1920 he was promoted to engineer in the famous Imperial Valley District of the Company's operations. In 1921 he was made superintendent of the Calipatria District. And in 1922 he was promoted again to a larger district, Brawley and Westmoreland. In 1923 he was made engineer in the Electrical Department in the main office at Riverside, Calif. From 1924 to 1927 he was the Company's right-of-way engineer. In 1927 he was promoted to the position of Radio Engineer. He holds this position today.

Today ambitious men achieve their aims through proper training for the job at hand, and for the larger jobs ahead. Thousands of men like Mr. Lindsley have taken I. C. S. Courses and recommend them to others who seek their recipes for success. By devoting spare time to study, ambitious men can prepare themselves, through this Universal University, for the greater opportunities as they develop.

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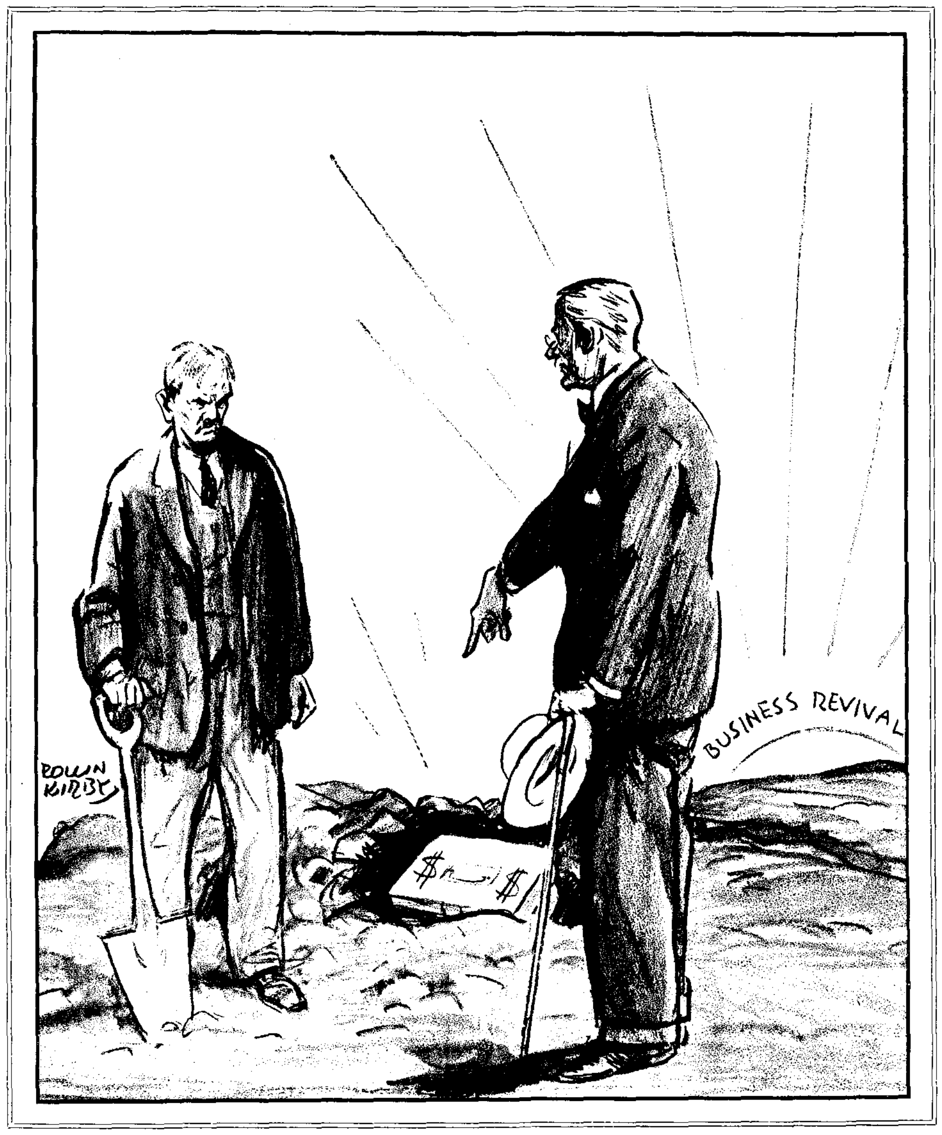
Time to Buy



THE biggest fact in the recent industrial depression has been our common reluctance to spend.

Just why millions of us take it into our heads at various times to stop buying is one of the unfathomed mysteries of human nature. If we lack money or credit we cannot buy; but, generally speaking, both money and credit have been readily available throughout the period of slow business. Very largely we have not spent because we felt vaguely cautious. Out of our emotions we created a buyers' strike.

This is a costly way in which to dissipate our feelings. When those who can spend refuse to use their money they soon have less money to use. The Biblical parable of the buried talent is sound modern economics. Dollars, like people, must work if prosperity is to continue and to grow.

Now is a profitable time for both personal and corporate spending. Business will again surge forward just as soon as we give ourselves a vote of confidence.

Organized business has a great opportunity and a great responsibility to accelerate our return to high prosperity.

No sensible person at any time, boom or depression, counsels or practices extravagance. Certainly blind expenditure or reckless gambling is not needed now or at any other season. Wise spending emphatically is required if we want to get ahead.

Those who can spend need to be persuaded to employ their funds in satisfying their normal desires.

Wages have not generally been lowered and while conditions have been tragic for those out of work the vast majority have been earning and accumulating. The savings bank figures prove it.

The coming business leader will exercise today all the skill he possesses to arouse the buying instincts of his potential customers. No great genius is needed to sell when everybody wants to buy. Real generalship is shown in making sales when public demand is sleepy or apathetic.

The most effective force in stimulating people to buy is advertising. Magazines have obviously a selfish interest in advertising and yet when the subject is broadly considered that selfish interest is insignificant in comparison with the large public interest involved.

At a time such as this it is far more necessary to advertise than it is when people are tumbling over each other to purchase needed goods.

Salesmanship can make us buy things which we want but won't have unless our attention is especially aroused.

Instead of cutting down the sales force and reducing advertising campaigns, astute business men concentrate their efforts. It takes courage and imagination to do this when the mass of us are timid, but only courage and imagination can earn high success. Incidentally, the records of the last fifteen years show that most of the corporations, now leaders of their respective fields, continued to advertise as extensively in lean years as in fat ones.

The last important buyers' strike before this year occurred in 1921 and 1922. If you examine the records you make the interesting discovery that the corporations which courageously appealed to consumers in 1922—a bad year—are in front in 1930.

Some actually made a larger effort in 1922 than had been put forth earlier. In many cases in which this policy was pursued great growth followed. The successful corporations today are very largely those which dared appeal to customers year after year.

There is no mystery in this. Our standard of living rose rapidly because we were induced to buy articles which, once we possessed them, we found useful and desirable. We became a nation of motorists because automobile manufacturers succeeded in interesting us in their wares. Without advertising the American automotive industry might have been as small as that of many European nations. The automobile was invented abroad and popularized in the United States.

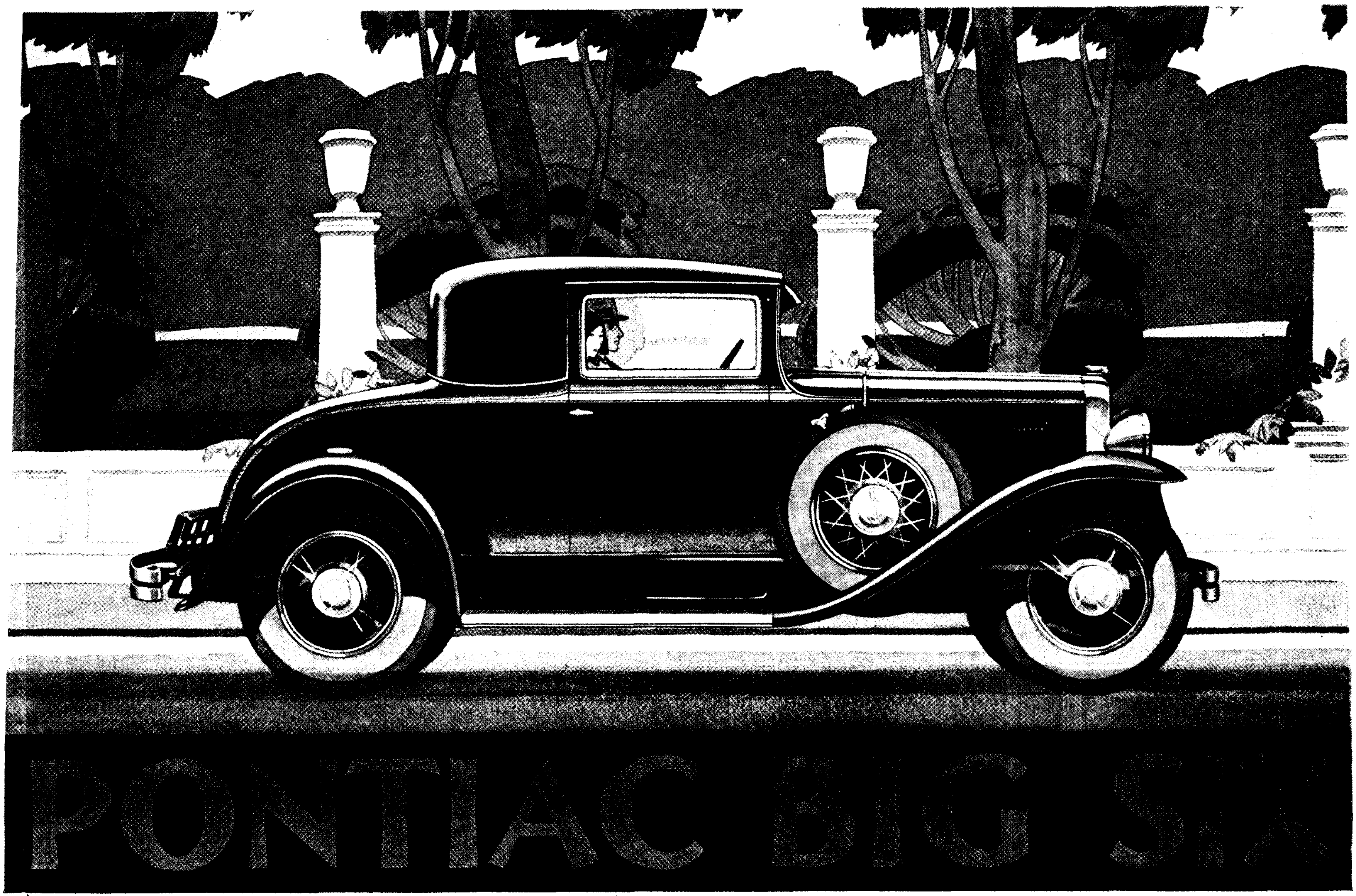
Lacking automobiles, our standard of living would be hardly higher than that of countries still in the pre-motor age. Possessing cars, we took the great step upward in the material standard of life. Advertising supplied the selling force.

We have learned during these last years that national prosperity rises as the circle of those who share the good things of life is widened. If we do not buy, others cannot buy and soon we feel the consequences of our own conservatism.

That gets us nowhere.

The men and the corporations that will be prosperous in the years ahead are those which today dare to appeal to their consumers.

For our own sakes and for the general good we need to be aroused. Now is the time to buy wisely what you actually need. Spend thoughtfully with an eye to the future. If we satisfy our healthy desires we will speed up the motion of industry and hasten the rise of prosperity to a higher level. Incidentally we benefit ourselves not only in the enjoyment of new facilities but also in the assurance that whatever our vocation our own services will be in better demand.



The Sport Coupe, Body by Fisher

High Power—delivered with exceptional smoothness at a cost surprisingly low . . . .

High power is developed with ease in the Pontiac Big Six because its engine is exceptionally large—the largest, in fact, to be found in any six of Pontiac's price. And this engine is highly efficient in its power development, due to the G-M-R cylinder head—an oversize carburetor equipped with accelerating pump—and a positive gasoline pump assuring adequate fuel supply at all speeds.

When you drive swiftly along the open stretches, accelerate in traffic or climb the hills, you will find, moreover, that Pontiac delivers its high power with exceptional smoothness. This is true because its engine speed is moderate no matter how fast the car is traveling—because the Harmonic Balancer assures a smoothly turning crankshaft—and because new type rubber mountings completely insulate the power plant from the frame.

And the most remarkable fact about Pontiac is that it gives you all this big car power and smoothness at extremely low cost. Ask your local Oakland-Pontiac dealer for figures showing Pontiac's unusual economy in gasoline, oil, tires and maintenance. They'll convince you that it is not necessary to pay big money in order to enjoy big car advantages if you choose the Pontiac Big Six.

Seven body types. Prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. For an interesting booklet illustrating and describing the design of the Pontiac Big Six, write to the Oakland Motor Car Co.

$745
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MILLERS OF GOLD MEDAL "KITCHEN-TESTED" FLOUR

12 of America's most famous cooking stars, working with the noted GOLD MEDAL expert, Betty Crocker, have collaborated in preparing an All-Star set of 15 *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes to simplify home baking.

The Simplified Marble Cake above is one example. Of 268 women trying it, not one failed in getting perfect results the first time!

It, and 14 other greatly simplified recipes are being distributed in every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. *You'll find them all in any sack of this flour you buy.* (And the recipes are changed every 3 months.)

What "KITCHEN-TESTED" *Means*

By the development of a new-type of flour—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—baking has been remarkably simplified for the housewife. *And the cause of most baking disappointments banished*—lack of uniformity in the flour used; the chance of two sacks of the same brand varying greatly in result.

GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour means flour that has been tested in a home oven just like yours, *for uniformity of result,* before it goes to you. Every batch tested for home baking of cakes, pies, pastries, breads, by a number of experts directed by the noted cooking *authority,* Betty Crocker. Thus results are unvarying. Home baking simplified amazingly.

For the Great Kitchen Thrill, try this way today. Get GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour at any grocery store. Betty Crocker's All-Star recipes—including the one pictured here—are inside the sack.

The best bakers today are using GOLD MEDAL Cake Flour and other well-known high grade ingredients for making a variety of delicious cakes. Have you tried them? Many of these bakers are making the cake shown in this advertisement.

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY
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